

modern screen

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the inside story on

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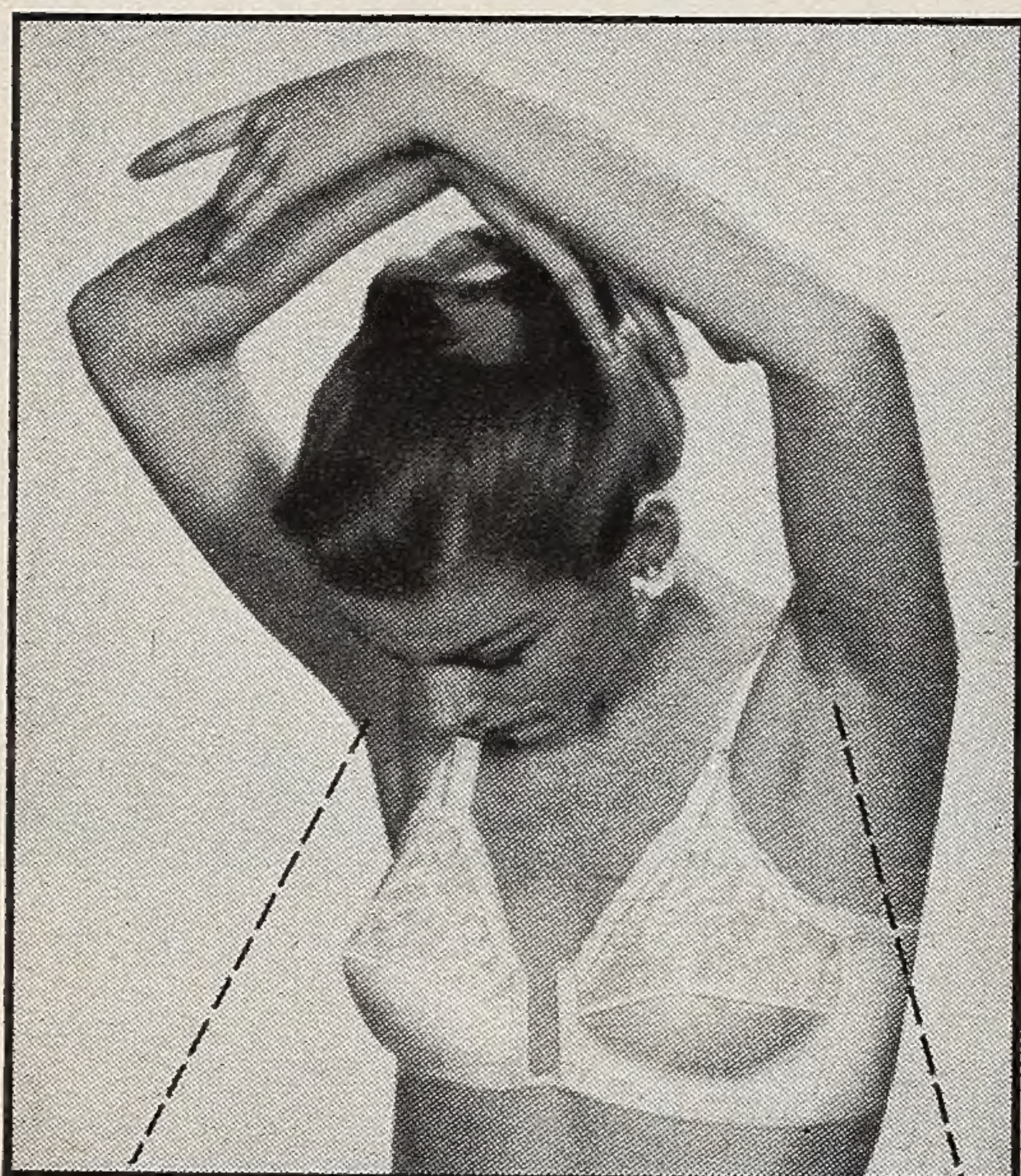
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NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
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or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

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with long-
lasting M-3
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December, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

MODERN SCREEN'S 8-page gossip extra

LOUELLA PARSONS IN HOLLYWOOD

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*Color portrait of Grace Kelly by Bud Fraker. Grace's next film will be Paramount's *Country Girl*. Other photographers' credits on page 84.

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the man whose songs
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and Guest Stars

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ROSEMARY CLOONEY	GENE & FRED KELLY
JANE POWELL	VIC DAMONE
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"Greatest
array of
musical talent
in all picturedom!"
—HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

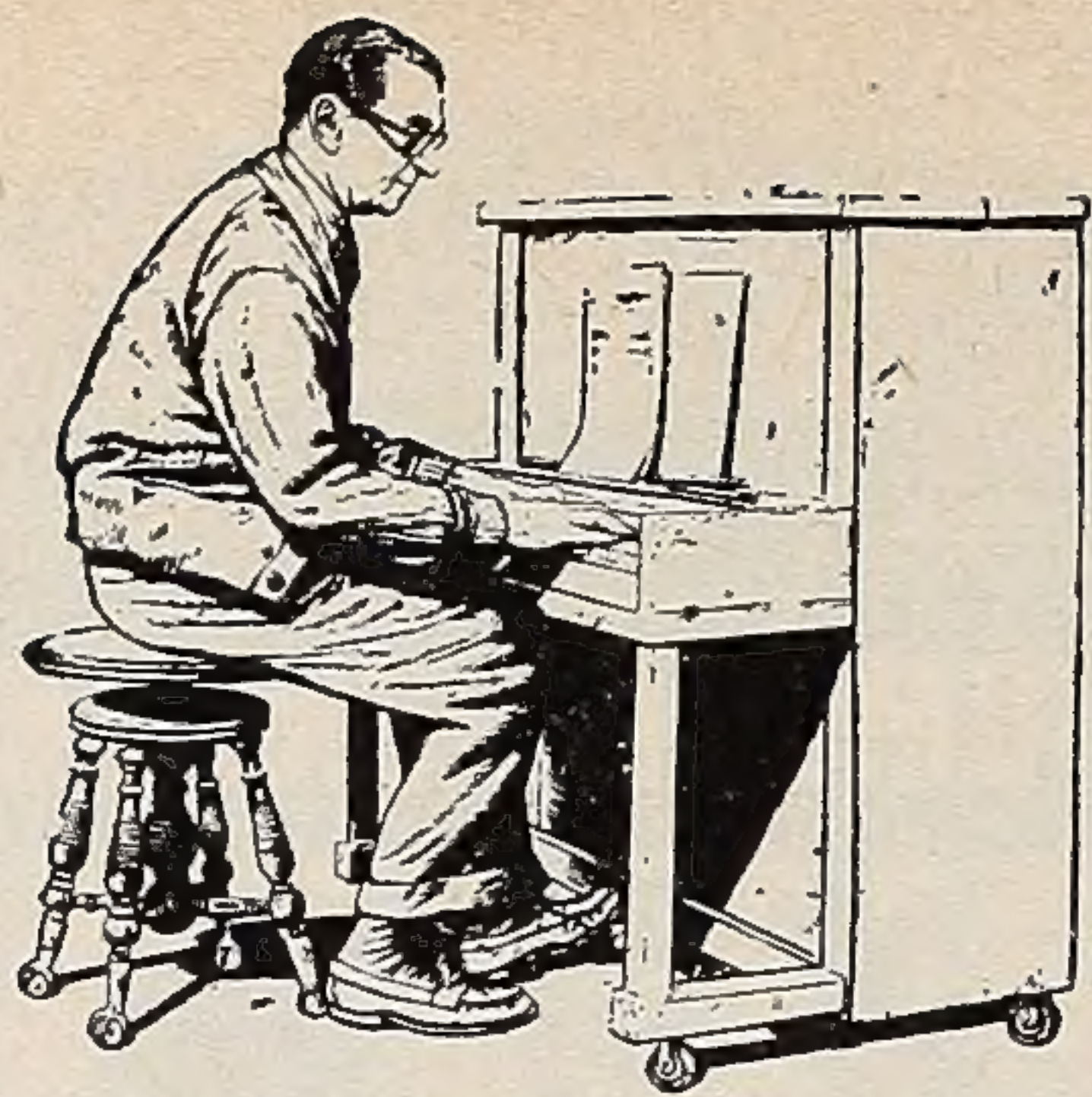
SUCH HIT SONGS!

"MR. AND MRS." • "ONE ALONE" • "LEG OF MUTTON"
"LOVER COME BACK TO ME" • "SOFTLY AS IN A MORNING SUNRISE"
"I LOVE TO GO SWIMMIN' WITH WIMMIN'"
"YOUR LAND AND MY LAND" • "WILL YOU REMEMBER"
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SCREEN PLAY BY **LEONARD SPIGELGASS** • From the Book by **ELLIOTT ARNOLD** • Photographed In **EASTMAN COLOR** • Print By **TECHNICOLOR** • DIRECTED BY **STANLEY DONEN** • PRODUCED BY **ROGER EDENS**

AN M-G-M PICTURE



¢ I'm dream-ing of a



BING
CROSBY • **DANNY KAYE**
starring
with DEAN JAGGER • Lyrics and Music by IRVING BERLIN
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by Robert Alton • Written for the screen by NORMAN

IRVING BERLIN'S *White Christmas*

PRESENTED THROUGH

VISTAVISION

MOTION PICTURE ... HIGH-FIDELITY

THE BEST THINGS HAPPEN WHILE YOU'RE DANCING"

WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GENERAL"

"SISTERS"

"GEE, I WISH I

WAS BACK IN THE ARMY"

Your fondest White Christmas dreams are going to come true! The teaming of Bing and Danny for the first time will warm you all inside...like Christmas punch. And the way they sing and dance, along with Rosemary and Vera-Allen, to put across those nine terrific new Berlin tunes is guaranteed to set sleigh bells jingling in your heart. You'll *never* forget this soul-warming story that begins with Bing singing "White Christmas"—as never before—and winds up on the most joyous note ever echoed from the screen!



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ROSEMARY
CLOONEY • VERA-ELLEN

Produced by ROBERT EMMETT DOLAN • Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

with NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK • A Paramount Picture

Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

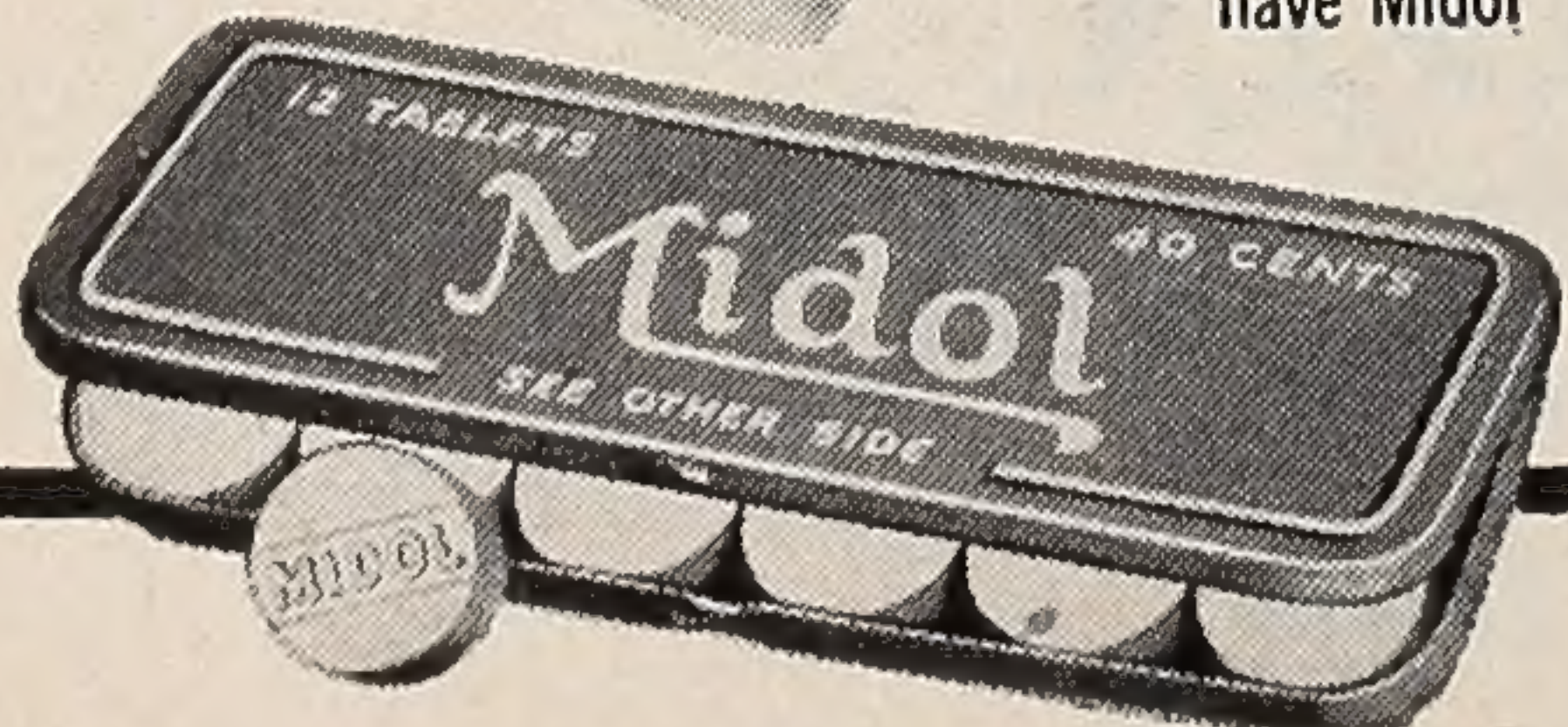
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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-124, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores
have Midol



THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal.** The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. I read in a movie column that Marlon Brando had invested \$100,000 of his own money in *On The Waterfront*. Is this true or false?

—E.F., CANON CITY, COL.

A. False.

Q. Did Jeff Chandler ever have a big thing with Joan Crawford?

—J.P., SAN JUAN, P. R.

A. Just a working acquaintance.

Q. When Jane Russell was little, her brothers had a pet name for her. Do you know what it was?

—B.T., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A. "Bones."

Q. How many times has Vic Mature been married?

—G.T., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A. Three times.

Q. How long has Ann Blyth been in show business and was she ever in love with Charles Fitz-Simons?

—E.L., ELMHURST, L.I.

A. Ann has been in show business 19 years; Fitz-Simons was just a friend.

Q. Was Vera-Ellen heart-broken when Rock Hudson didn't marry her?

—N.E., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

A. Just disappointed.

Q. Is it true that Virginia Mayo and Jan Sterling are both out of the same chorus line?

—G.R., CRESTVIEW, FLA.

A. They were both featured in Eddie Cantor's Banjo Eyes.

Q. I understand that 20th Century-Fox is going to make *The King And I* from the book *Anna And The King Of Siam*. Hasn't that studio already made *Anna And The King Of Siam*?

—H.E., N.Y.C.

A. Yes, but *The King And I* is the musical adaptation by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein that was such a success on Broadway.

Q. How old is Lucille Ball and was she ever a model in New York's garment center?

—D.R., DENVER, COL.

A. Lucille Ball is 43, once worked as a fashion model.

Q. When Doris Day sang with Bob Crosby and his Bobcats in Chicago's Blackhawk, what was the color of her hair? Also did Crosby give Doris her name?

—R.K., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. Doris was a brunette. It was band-leader Barney Rapp who changed her name from Kappelhoff to Day after she sang "Day After Day."

Q. How does Sheree North feel about her first husband?

—F.R., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. She hates to identify or discuss him.

Q. What is the tieup between Jean Simmons, James Hanson and Audrey Hepburn?

—V.K., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. Hanson is the Englishman who used to date Simmons, later became engaged to Audrey Hepburn.

Q. Was Jeff Chandler ever a star swimmer?

—T.T., MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF.

A. Never.

Q. I've been told that ever since they made *Young In Heart*, there's no love lost between Frank Sinatra and Doris Day. Is this on the level?

—B.T., BURBANK, CAL.

A. Yes.

Q. Are the Audie Murphys quarreling?

—V.E., ENID, OKLA.

A. Audie is not the easiest man in the world to live with.

Q. I understand that many movie stars are afraid to play opposite Joan Crawford in a picture. Is that why most of her leading men are newcomers?

—S.U., CLARINDA, IOWA

A. Miss Crawford is a screen veteran who knows all the angles; she loves to give newcomers an opportunity.

Q. Is it true that Stewart Granger is really of Italian descent and is 51 years old?

—D.R., LONDON, ENG.

A. James Lablache Stewart (Granger's real name) was born on May 6, 1913 at Coleherne Court in Kensington, London. There is some Italian blood in his family on the maternal side.

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
ALAN LADD

DELMER DAVES'
"DRUM BEAT"

They called him
the Wanderer
because a horse
was his home...

they called him
'Injun-Lover'
but never
to his face...

**BUT THEY
CALLED ON HIM
WHEN EVERYONE
ELSE HAD RUN
AWAY!**



ALL THE SPECIAL BEAUTY AND DRAMA OF
OREGON'S MODOC LAVA-LANDS IN

CINEMASCOPE

AND **WARNERCOLOR**

CO-STARRING

AUDREY DALTON · MARISA PAVAN

with

ROBERT KEITH
RODOLFO ACOSTA

· WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY DELMER DAVES · A JAGUAR PRODUCTION · PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.





Bobbi is perfect for this new "Martini-que" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, casual looking waves. No nightly settings necessary.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for the "Kismet" hairdo. With Bobbi you get curls and waves *exactly* where you want them.



Casual, carefree—that's the "Catalina" hairdo—thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents give you soft, care-free curls and waves right from the start.



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. \$1.50 plus tax.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Cherie" style. Bobbi is so simple to give—no help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—and *that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS **in hollywood**



Wedding bells for Audrey Hepburn

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News

'The Champion Strut'

I nominate Mitzi Gaynor

Party of the month

Marilyn in New York

About Barbara and Jeff

The letter box

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS



Audrey Hepburn looked pale, but very lovely, all in white, when she and Mel Ferrer were married in a beautiful Swiss chapel with just a few friends and some Swiss villagers present.

AUDREY HEPBURN and Mel Ferrer were married in Buergenstock, Switzerland. The chapel where the wedding took place is located high on a mountain, only accessible by cable car across the lake from Geneva.

In this secluded spot they spent the first day of their honeymoon in a hotel owned by a friend.

I received a wire from them and had the first story printed about their marriage, which some people thought would never take place.

Audrey has been rumored in love many times. James Hansen, the young British industrialist, followed her to Hollywood from London and she was engaged to marry him. The supposed Gregory Peck romance never was anything but a friendship. They became friends in Rome while Audrey was making *Roman Holiday* opposite Greg.

She never loved anyone but Mel. His influence over Audrey when she was playing opposite him in *Ondine* on Broadway was the subject of much criticism but I personally know he realized her health is not robust and felt she needed as much rest and protection as possible. This is the real reason he made it difficult for some reporters to reach her.

I was very pleased to receive their cablegram telling me of their intention to wed, which gave me a scoop.

Audrey is considered the finest young actress in many a year. You have to be good to win an Oscar and this she did with *Roman Holiday*. Then within a week she also won the Antoinette Perry Award for her stage performance in *Ondine*.

Mel is a fine actor, producer and director. So it's two great talents united.

THE CHUMMIEST PALS in town are Alan Ladd and his about-to-be son-in-law, Richard Andersen, who play golf, tennis and go horseback riding together every spare minute they can find.

Fact is, good-looking Dick has made such a hit with his future in-laws that Alan says, "If Carol Lee doesn't marry Dick, Sue and I will."

For a wedding gift the senior Ladds have presented the couple with a beautiful lot adjoining their own home in exclusive Holmby Hills.

First photos of "The Champion Strut!"



THE WHOLE TOWN'S talking about the "Champion Strut," introduced by Marge and Gower



at the Dance Masters of America banquet, held in the Hotel Statler here in Los Angeles.



It's divided into the four stages these pictures show—with a high kick for the third



and I hope these photos will start youngsters all over the country doing it. It's cute!



Eddie and Debbie will probably be married around the first of the year. "We fell in love so fa-a-ast," Debbie says. "All of a sudden we found ourselves just sitting, grinning like idiots."



Esther Williams and Ben Gage opened their "all-dry" nitery act at their own restaurant.



Sonja Henie, back in Hollywood, threw a wonderful party, saw friends like Joan Crawford.



Shirley Temple, now mother of three cute kids, saw The Egyptian with husband Charles.



Carol Lee Ladd's engagement to Dick Andersen has made Alan happy; he loves golfers!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



I nominate for stardom: **MITZI GAYNOR**

■ That not-so-new little twinkler, Mitzi, has never in her career been better than she is in such high-stepping company as Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey and Donald O'Connor in *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

Walter Lang, who directed the 20th musical, says, "Mitzi is on her way to the top. She has sparkle and verve, and she's gained the experience that separates the starlets from the stars." Ironically, Mitzi's 20th contract ended with this picture.

She's been engaged to Jack Bean for such a long time many people think they are secretly married. They ain't. She's just announced her fourth wedding date—and who knows—by the time you read this the pretty, peppery dancer may really be Mrs. Bean.

Mitzi makes a habit of long engagements. Before Bean came into her life she was "engaged" to attorney Richard Coyle for two years.

Born in Chicago, the daughter of musical director Henry Gerber and dancer Pauline Fisher, Mitzi has been in show business as long as she can remember. She was a ballet student at the snappy age of four and has been twirling and tapping along ever since on stage and screen.

MGM has big plans for her in musicals opposite Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire. Watch Mitzi from here on in—she's headed for the big league.

PERRY COMO should be busting his buttons with pride. Bing Crosby just named him his favorite singer in a newspaper article—and hold on—he says Bob Hope is his second favorite comic!

Bing puts Danny Kaye in the No. 1 spot as his favorite "all around" entertainer because Danny can dance, sing and wisecrack while "Hope is a lousy dancer!"

THE PARTY OF THE MONTH: You think movie stars aren't fans at heart? You should have seen the excitement that ran through the crowd when Liberace, yes the Liberace, got up to play the piano at the party given for my houseguests from London, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, at the private



The Alan Ladds huddled with the Van Heflins, listening to Frances brag about their new son.



Irene Dunne and Norma Shearer looked stunning. Norma's chic velvet "tam" may start a fad!

room of the Los Feliz Brown Derby.

Believe it or not, many of the movie guests had never seen Mr. Piano in person, including Alan Ladd and Sue, who seldom go to parties. "If that guy will play all night I'll sit here and listen to him," Alan whispered in my ear.

They can crack all the jokes they like about Liberace, but he is one of the most gracious and charming young men I have ever known—and has a sense of humor as well.

No one laughed louder than he when the piano was moved into the center of the room and someone put a candelabra atop it when he sat down to play.

Let me tell you just a few of the stars who

dropped in between the hours of 6:30 P.M. and 2 A.M. to greet the popular Bebe and Ben, two of the most loved people in show business:

There were Bob Hope and Gracie Allen and George Burns, Dinah Shore, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Irene Dunne (another who seldom attends parties), Ann Miller and her favorite beau, Bill O'Connor, Cesar Romero whirling Ginny Simms around the dance floor, Clifton Webb and Nancy and Ronnie Reagan.

One of the prettiest girls there was Mrs. Van Heflin. Frances is looking wonderful. It was hard to believe that she almost lost her life—and her baby, just a few months ago when the Heflins' first son was born.

Frances was in all-white with a beautiful white fox around her shoulders, a gift from Van, the happy father.

When the strolling Spanish musicians came onto the floor, I spotted Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas sitting quietly in a corner holding hands as honeymooners should, and Fernando was softly singing to the beautiful Arlene under his breath.

The redheaded Arlene was a vision in an emerald-green-with-white overskirt dress. Fact is, emerald green was a popular color among the gals. Norma Shearer's "tam" hat was a bright green and she wore a gorgeous emerald necklace.

If I were to tell you about all the parties given for Bebe and Ben during their Holly-

Everyone came to see Ben and Bebe and nobody wanted to leave!



Ginny Simms sang, and when Liberace joined Jimmy McHugh the guests just went wild!



Everyone was so glad to welcome Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon in from England. George Montgomery and Dinah Shore hugged them and everyone in Hollywood threw parties for them.



Ronald Reagan and his sweet wife, Nancy Davis, danced with each other all evening.



When Liberace and I were interviewed by Mrs. Larry Finley, I was completely charmed by his graciousness. No one gets more of a kick out of the candelabra jokes than Lee does, by the way



What happened when Marilyn hit New York



*This is only part of the crowd that swarmed around Marilyn when she landed in New York to shoot a few scenes for *The Seven Year Itch*.*



Marilyn arrived alone. Later, Joe flew in to join her—but it was their last public appearance together before the split-up took place.



In one scene she tossed shoes out the window to Tom Ewell. In the film, the street was empty.



Actually, it took ropes and policemen to hold back the crowd that gathered to watch Marilyn.



In the wee hours of the night she was photographed with her skirt blowing over a subway grating (they installed a blower underneath!) but the crowds stayed up to watch!

wood visit, it would take up all the space in this department, so I'll just say that more stars were present at this one than you could shake a stick at (who wants to shake a stick at stars?) and it rates as the best party of the month.

JUNE ALLYSON, who is playing the witch of a wife in *The Shrike* with Jose Ferrer, has two autographed pictures of gents on either side of her mirror in her dressing room.

One is from Jose and reads, "To the worst wife in the world—but I love you, (signed) Joe"; the other is from Dick Powell: "To my little dame, the best wife in the whole world."

DON'T LET ANYONE TELL YOU that Jean Peters' marriage to wealthy socialite Stuart Cramer hasn't struck a temporary snag.

When you read this, things may be patched up, but at the time Jean returned to Hollywood to resume her career there was definite trouble afoot.

There's little doubt but that Cramer resented his bride's coming back to fulfill her movie contract with 20th Century-Fox. I can't say this is anything new when movie girls marry outside the profession. It's an old story when one partner is in "private life" and the other is a professional.

Cramer's work keeps him in Washington, D.C. (he does government jobs) and I get it straight that he was a miffed young man when his bride left for Hollywood four months after their marriage.

FRANK SINATRA was on the set with the morning newspaper in his hand the morning the front page story broke on Ava Gardner's furniture breaking-spree in Rio and her departure from an exclusive hotel by request of the management.

Although everyone in the *Young At Heart* company pretended to be looking out the window, they were still pretty interested in Frankie's reaction.

After carefully reading the item not once but twice, Frankie folded the paper and stood up.

"What's holding us up?" he said to the director. "Let's go."

And that was that.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Bob Mitchum got sick at their tummies watching real operations at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, preparing for their doctor and nurse roles, respectively, in *Not As A Stranger*.

Mitchum got as white as a sheet and almost fainted while observing a kidney stone surgery.

IT WAS A LAUGHIN', liltin', happy Judy Garland who called me on the telephone with the news that she's expecting her third child.

"Now don't ever say I don't tell you first," she laughed. "I just found out myself five minutes ago!"

There's a girl after my own heart, and I told her so.

The baby is expected in April and although Judy and Sid Luft have a darling daughter, Lorna, and Judy has a little girl by her marriage to Vincente Minnelli, she isn't particularly pulling for a boy.

"That would be nice," she conceded, "but



This is the most recent photograph of Barbara and Jeff and baby Chris.

I'm so sorry about **BARBARA and JEFF**

■ After telling me she was "so shocked" and "so surprised" to return from Europe and read that she and Jeff Hunter were having trouble, Barbara Rush is now divorcing him!

They both blame it on the fact that they've been separated by long location trips so often during their five years of marriage. Once again, as always in these cases, the innocent victim is their two-year-old baby.

Jeff told me, "There's no other girl for me and no other man for Barbara. There's been a personal problem between us for two years, but we didn't want to make a definite break before we both tried everything in our power to bridge our difficulties."

When these kids were struggling for success in Hollywood they were the most "in love" pair I ever saw. When they were invited to parties or took a night off to go nightclubbing they danced only with each other.

Just as recently as the premiere of *Magnificent Obsession* in Westwood, Jeff was beaming with pride over Barbara's fine performance. When she left for Ireland to co-star with Rock Hudson in *Captain Lightfoot*, they were a lovey-dovey pair at the airport.

When Barbara returned to Hollywood, Jeff was away in Mexico making *White Feather*. But she cheerfully assured me she was flying there to be with him. She never made the trip—and within a few weeks admitted their marriage was ended.

This is really a case in which we can ask in the vernacular—wot hoppon?



the letter box

CAROLYN MATTHEWS, of Detroit, Michigan, is 15 years old and she has this to say about Clark Gable: "I saw him for the first time in the reissue of *Gone With The Wind*. He's the *greatest*! No actor on the screen today can hold a candle to him. To those who say he is old—I say I'd like to marry him." *So would lots of belles between fifteen and fifty, Carolyn.*

Writes JANET THOMSON, San Francisco: "I collect souvenirs and I sure would appreciate it if you will send me your invitations to the weddings of both Jane Powell and Pat Nerney and Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher." *As this is written I haven't received either "invite," Janet.*

From MRS. BILL WEISMANN, Atlanta, Georgia: "Marlon Brando is the greatest actor in the world. *On The Waterfront* proves it." *A great many critics in this country and in Europe agree with you.*

A.E.Y. (that's the way she signs herself) of Redwood City, California, believes Robert Taylor is making a mistake turning thumbs down on publicity about his new bride, Ursula Thiess, and his new home. "We fans aren't prying—we're just interested," she says. *Take note, Bob and Ursula.*

VIVIAN VAN ZANDT, New York asks: "How could Ava Gardner date bullfighter Louis Dominguin in New York on her recent visit here after the way he talked about her, saying he'd never marry her because she's been divorced too many times?" *Ava's an unpredictable girl, my friend.*

MRS. JOSEPH FAIRAIGE, of my home town, Los Angeles, wants to correct the impression that Simone Silva, the girl who posed minus a brassiere with Bob Mitchum, is a French girl. "She is Italian born—and they are welcome to her."

RAYMOND KASPER, age 16, Rochester, New York, writes: "You and your daughter, Harriet, have done much to help Debbie Reynolds' career. Now will you please ask your daughter to do as much for Barbara Ruick as she did for Debbie in *Susan Slept Here*." *I'll take that up with producer Parsons, Raymond.*

I love little girls and so does Sid. You know we have a little boy, by Sid's former marriage."

When I look back just a few short years ago and remember how unhappy Judy was, a really miserable girl who was beginning to believe that the cards were stacked against her—and when I listened to this same wonderfully happy woman she is today—I believe she has really found that magical "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" she sings about.

DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH until Guy Madison hurries down to Mexico to pick up a quickie divorce from Gail Russell so he can marry Sheila Connolly.

Sure, Guy has a big crush on Sheila, the girl who looks enough like Liz Taylor to be her sister—if not her twin. He's bought a new house and if he and Sheila feel as they do now a year from this time—when his California divorce is final—well, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Sheila becomes Mrs. Guy.

But Guy himself tells me he's not going to do anything foolish like a Las Vegas or Mexico divorce.

EVE ARDEN'S adopted daughter, nine-year-old Liza, was the first person next to papa Brooks West to get a look at the nine-pound boy born to "Our Miss Brooks."

As Liza was carefully looking her new brother up and down, the baby suddenly belched and threw up.

"You'd better cut that out," the little girl said to the baby, "or your privileges will be taken away from you."

IT'S MY PRIVATE OPINION that Hollywood can jolly well skip these foreign film festivals in Europe in the future. The recent affair in Venice was so markedly anti-American that the picture which drew the most applause, *On The Waterfront*, didn't win, and one of the two American stars present, Rock Hudson, most certainly got the "B" treatment. (Gloria Swanson was the other American.)

To get back to Rock: he writes in a letter to a friend:

"I don't ever expect to be handled with kid gloves. But I must say I was surprised when I was seated in the second row at the festival instead of the first row, which

was roped off for the visiting stars of all nations.

"Although I was invited as a guest, as were the other stars, I was handed a bill for everything, including my hotel suite!

"Marlon Brando's superb performance in *Waterfront* got the greatest applause from the audience. But he did not get the acting award."

I've heard from others that the anti-American feeling was so thick against everything and everyone from this country that it could be sliced with a knife.

So I say: why should we trouble to send our best pictures and most popular actors to these foreign events only to receive slights which are deliberate insults to our entire motion picture industry?

PERSONAL OPINIONS: My biggest chuckle of the month came when I saw the pictures from Paris of Jane Russell wearing one of Dior's new "flat look" dresses. The "flat look" looked like a small mountain range across the front!

The real reason Edmund Purdom didn't get to the big Hollywood premiere of *The Egyptian* is because he and Mrs. Purdom had a tiff just before leaving the house. . . .

I've never seen Ann Miller in the same cocktail or evening gown twice. . . .

Ginger Rogers will get the loudest, longest and last laugh if her husband, Jacques Bergerac, becomes a big hit after the fans see him in their foreign-made movie, *Twist of Fate*. She did everything to sell her good-looking bridegroom to Hollywood producers who kept looking the other way. . . .

I sincerely believe that Gene Tierney's illness was brought on by heartbreak over the ending of her international romance with Prince Aly Khan. I talked with Gene about her feeling for Aly and believe me, she was a girl in love. . . .

Silly to say Pier Angeli used to date James Dean, the Broadway actor in *East of Eden* because he looks like Kirk Douglas. And how about Vic Damone? He doesn't look like Kirk. . . .

Of all the gag wires Dean Martin sent Jerry Lewis during Jerry's illness, this struck me as the funniest. Said Dean: **EITHER GET WELL OR DIE. I DON'T KNOW HOW I STAND.** . . .

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



Dr. Peter Lindstrom, Ingrid Bergman's ex-husband, has a bride, Dr. Agnes Rovnanek.



Shelley Winters attended the gala Glamorama Beauty Show, escorted by Tom Hennessey.

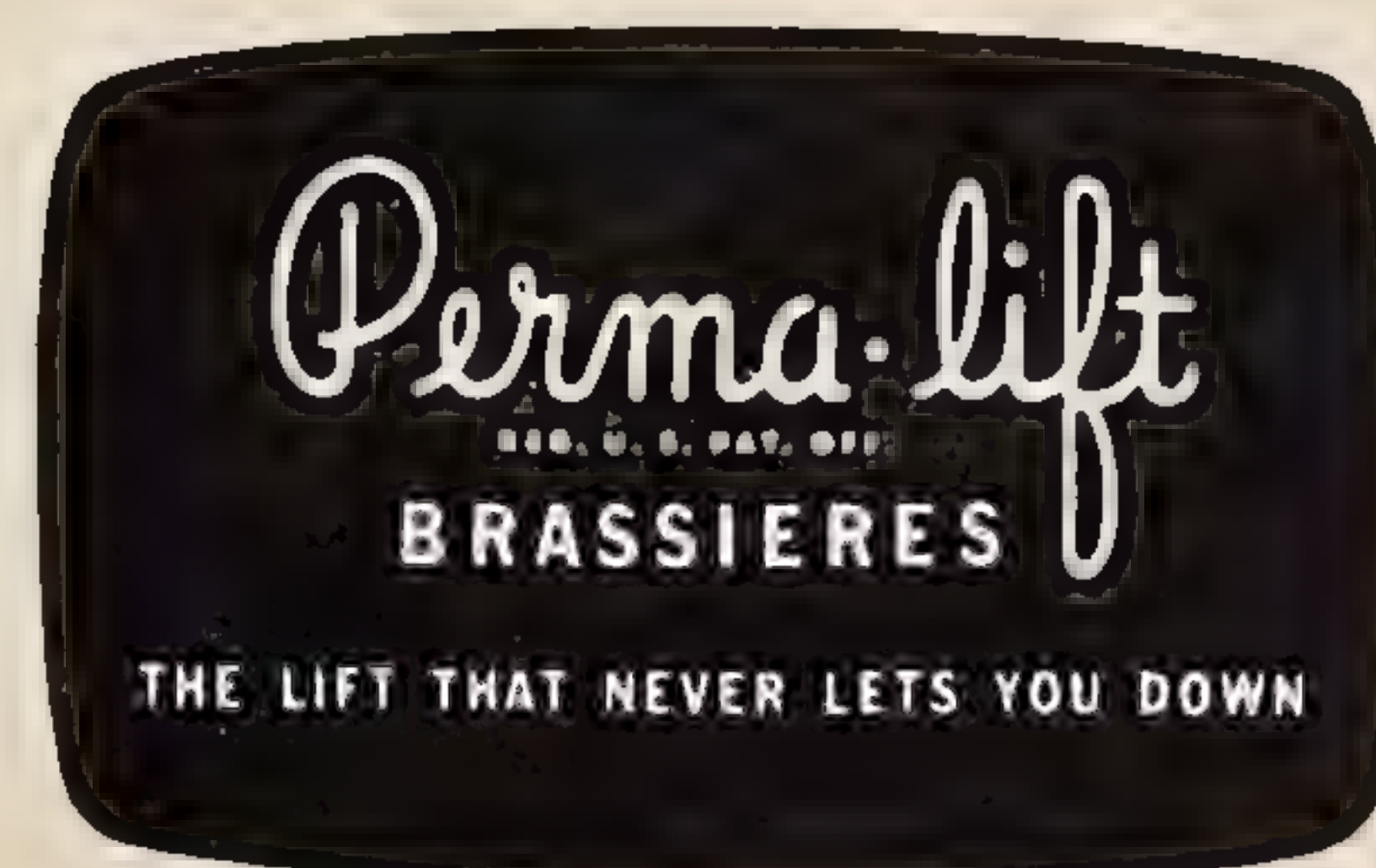


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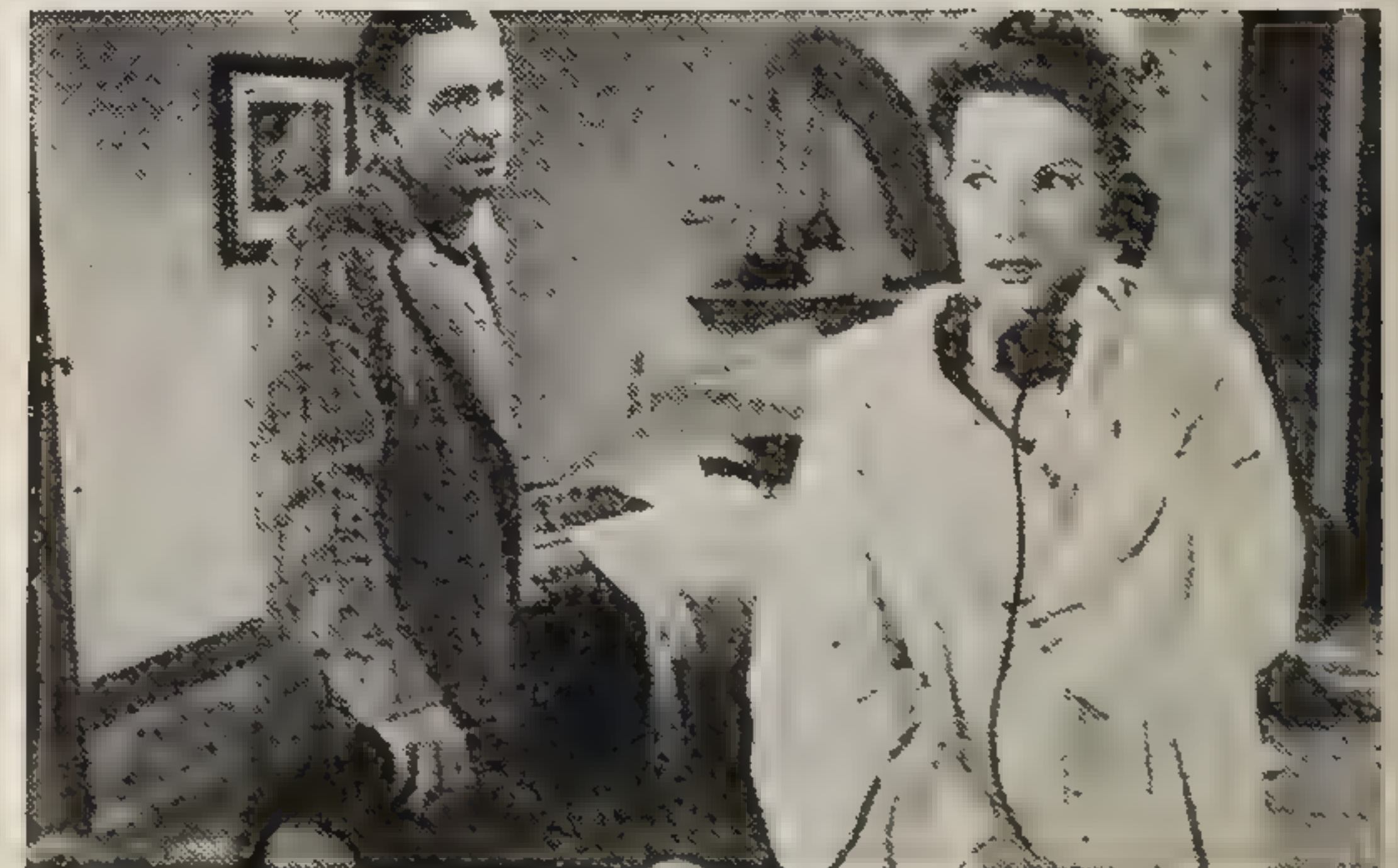
Picture of the Month: WOMAN'S WORLD

■ Some movies are wonderful because they look so expensive—that's the biggest charm of *Woman's World*. Those gorgeous gowns lavishly distributed between Arlene Dahl and Lauren Bacall, those flashy automobiles of the future sparkling like jewels on display, those breathtaking, panoramic views of New York, the Wonder City. And seven movie stars generously sharing the Technicolor light. Clifton Webb is here with his urbane, supercilious manner, as president of Gifford Motors, an outrageously prosperous business empire. He's looking for a new general manager to replace the old one, now dead. He invites the three brightest men in his organization to New York. More important, he invites their wives. The ladies, in fact, will be the decisive factor in his choice. Fred MacMurray, his ulcer and his estranged mate, Lauren Bacall, arrive from Philadelphia. Out of Texas come Van Heflin and the powerfully seductive Arlene Dahl. And Cornel Wilde planes in from Kansas City with his very lovable but painfully unsophisticated spouse—June Allyson. There follows a tense, grueling struggle for position which starts at the swank Plaza Hotel and plays itself out on a Connecticut estate where Webb's sister (Margalo Gillmore) gives the candidates a final once-over. Much is revealed about husbands, wives and worldly ambition in this slick, entertaining film. CinemaScope.—20th-Fox

More Reviews on Page 20



HANSEL AND GRETEL Once upon a time, there was a man named Michael Myerberg who was dissatisfied with people as actors, and decided to invent some better ones. The results are called Kinemins and they cost \$2,500 apiece. When you've seen this delightful Technicolor fairytale, you'll know why. His little people, animals, angels and witches can go through the most astonishing contortions—and look better-than-real while doing it. His Gretel is certainly one of the most adorable little girls to appear on any screen and the witch (the voice by famous comedienne Anna Russell) could hardly be improved upon. Whether she's wiggling her nose, crash-landing on her broomstick or doing a coy striptease behind a curtain, she is guaranteed to delight children and absolutely not to terrify them. The kids may wriggle a little during the opening scenes, which are more music than movement, but adults will love Humperdinck's arias, and as soon as Hansel and his sister get lost, the kids will be enraptured. Mildred Dunnock, Constance Brigham lend their voices also.—Myerberg



FIRE OVER AFRICA This is about a smuggling ring in Tangiers and another ring hi-jacking the smugglers and so many secret agents skulking around it's dangerous even to talk to yourself. The only guy anyone can trust is a deaf and dumb doorman who apparently communicates with the higher-ups by mental telepathy. The police of four countries are trying to crack open this circus but it takes hot-blooded, redheaded, reckless Maureen O'Hara to do it. Single-handedly, almost. A former OSS agent, she gets a job in Binnie Barnes' nightclub and the entire criminal element of Tangiers (that is, everybody but the doorman) is shortly grovelling at her feet. Including Macdonald Carey, smuggler extraordinaire. Red and Macdonald are made for each other but before they get together she plugs him full of bullet holes. No use explaining the plot. Enough to say it races, jumps, crashes across the screen till it reaches a completely improbable and most satisfying conclusion. I liked it. If you go for foreign intrigue, you will too. Technicolor.—Col.

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says ESTHER WILLIAMS. Radiant-skinned Miss Williams and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in "Skin Tones" which flatter their complexions.

Helena Rubinstein, famous cosmetic authority, agrees that complexion beauty doesn't stop with a well-powdered nose. She advises that leg glamour requires misty-dull

stockings which flatter the color of the skin.

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HIGH AND DRY What happens when a high pressure American businessman comes up against an immovable object—like an old Scottish sea captain who thinks time is eternal—should happen more often. Paul Douglas, the American exec, has to transport all these bathtubs and other modern equipment to a castle he's fixing up for his apathetic wife. Hubert Gregg, Douglas' hopelessly prim and supremely incompetent agent, can't find a boat to charter in all of Glasgow. So Captain MacTaggart (Alex Mackenzie) finds him. Pretty soon all those bathtubs are sitting precariously in a broken down "puffer" which, out of simple pride, refuses to sink. Douglas wants to get his cargo off that boat, but MacTaggart's too cagey. He's determined to deliver the goods—eventually. Douglas finally gets on board the puffer but he sure doesn't take it over. *High and Dry* is funny and human and oddly moving.—U.I.



ROMEO AND JULIET Here's a Juliet (Susan Shentall) Shakespeare might have dreamed of, and a Romeo (Laurence Harvey) no Juliet could resist. He's a Montague, she's a Capulet and those two lordly families spill each other's blood whenever they meet. So when Romeo and Juliet fall in love you know their moments are not only stolen, they're numbered, too. Friar Mervyn Johns marries them secretly. But Romeo is more or less compelled to slay a Capulet soon after and is banished from the city. Juliet's father (Sebastian Cabot) promises her to Paris (Norman Wooland). The Friar gives her a potion that will simulate death on her wedding day, enabling her to be reunited later with the exiled Romeo. But the plan miscarries and tragedy follows. Verona comes to life in exquisite Technicolor, and never mind how well you know the play, you must see this production. With Flora Robson.—U.A.



OPERATION MANHUNT Once there was a Russian code clerk named Igor Gouzenko who took his life in his hands by exposing a Soviet atom spy ring in Canada. That was nine years ago but don't think the Russians have forgotten. That's why he lives under an assumed name, under police protection, with his wife and children. This is an exciting film based on his experiences. His one contact with the outside world is through his publisher (Robert Goodier). One day Goodier gets a letter from someone in the Russian embassy at Ottawa. This someone (Jacques Aubuchon) says he wants to break with the Soviets and must meet Gouzenko (played by Harry Townes). Gouzenko agrees to a very dangerous rendezvous in Montreal. As it happens Aubuchon is acting under orders. He's supposed to kill Gouzenko, but until the end of this drama, you're not sure who Aubuchon will shoot when he pulls the trigger.—U.A.

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THE BLACK DAKOTAS Trouble with these Westerns that take place during the Civil War is you can never figure what side anyone is on. Except for the Sioux, who are always on the safe side and will play for any team that pays. Now Abe Lincoln is sending them over one hundred thousand pieces of gold so they can plant corn in peace. But the deliveryman never makes it. Gary Merrill kills him, takes his place. Gary's supposedly on the side of some southerners who want that gold for their crippled army. Actually, Gary's on his own side, like the Sioux, and naturally he pretends he's on the Union side. I don't know about Wanda Hendrix. Her father's hanged for being a rebel and all his best friends (Noah Beery Jr., included) are rebels working with Merrill. Maybe Wanda would be a rebel, if it weren't for John Bromfield, who is not a rebel. I got lost in the middle, but didn't mind. Technicolor—Col.



THE HUMAN JUNGLE So many lawbreakers going berserk in the city it nearly drives Gary Merrill mad. He blows his top at the police station where he was formerly employed (he's just passed his bar exams and is ready for law practice) and Police Chief Emile Meyer makes him captain of the station. Seems a striptease dancer was murdered the other day, but who cares? She was nobody's mother. She was only Chuck Connors' ex-girl and he is not a very high class type. In fact, his present girl, dancer Jan Sterling, provides him with a perfect alibi. Everybody believes it except Gary. He'll pin the rap on Connors and what's more he'll clean up the whole district, ruled by happy little gangster Florenz Ames. The press blasts Merrill, his underlings resent him, even his wife (Paula Raymond) gently complains of neglect. He's a very refreshing fellow who, I'm glad to report, finally triumphs.—Allied Artists



THE STEEL CAGE These three episodes based on the book *The San Quentin Story* look suspicious. They look like tv dramas—and when they start turning old tv dramas into new movies that's too much! First episode, "The Chef," stars Walter Slezak, whose culinary talent is so great that everytime he's put on parole the inmates frame him so he'll come back. He gets even, though. "The Hostages," with John Ireland and Lawrence Tierney, offers a few tense moments. Tierney's a psycho who nabs a gun, locks up two state officials and thinks he can walk out of jail. He gets out—in a box. The best story, "The Face," is about an eager young chaplain (Arthur Franz). Lifer Kenneth Tobey, an artist, agrees to freshen up a painting of The Last Supper. Christ and disciples take on the faces of various inmates under Tobey's brush. Paul Kelly, warden, narrates, Maureen O'Sullivan is his wife.—U.A.

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THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA The original Cinderella story ended happily but in real life a beautiful girl who comes out of the slums into stardom doesn't have it so good. Sometimes all that fame and all that money is a dream that turns into a nightmare. This is the story of Maria Vargas (Ava Gardner) who, in three years, is transformed from a dancer in a tawdry Madrid cabaret into the Contessa Torlato-Favrini, toast of several continents and various decadent playboys. The movie opens at her funeral because, sadly enough, the Contessa meets violent death. The drama begins when a delinquent young millionaire (Warren Stevens) decides to produce movies and find a "new face." Flanked by his lackeys—broken down director Humphrey Bogart and opportunistic publicity man Edmond O'Brien, he discovers Ava. Bogart is the man whom Ava trusts—and he makes a comeback with her success. But Ava's unhappy; she doesn't fit anywhere; she can't find love among the upper classes and settles for cheap affairs. Until the day she meets her prince—Count Rossano Brazzi. But that Count, tortured and bitter, marries her for strange reasons. Inevitably, the girl who's been living a fairy tale is brutally disillusioned. There's some very good dialogue, some lovely scenery in Technicolor, some telling, brief glimpses of international society. With Marius Goring, Valentina Cortesa, Mari Aldon.—U.A.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BRIGADOON (MGM): Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Van Johnson, singing and dancing all over the Irish countryside in a sentimental, Technicolored fable that includes hit songs like "Almost Like Being In Love."

THE DETECTIVE (Col.): Alec Guinness is at his best—and you can't beat that for laughs—in a delightful story of a priest determined to reform a master thief before the police get to him.

SHIELD FOR MURDER (U.A.): Top acting by Edmond O'Brien puts this one in the really-exciting class. Story of a trigger-happy cop who'll stop at nothing to get his man. With John Agar, Marla English.

AFRICA ADVENTURE (RKO): If you're interested in what a safari is really like without the usual prettying-up for the cameras, this frank and exciting picture is for you. Pathecolor.

WHITE CHRISTMAS (Para.): Much-heralded Technicolor musical, with Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Vera-Ellen and Rosemary Clooney singing and dancing to new and old Irving Berlin creations. First movie ever filmed in VistaVision.

SUDDENLY (U.A.): Frank Sinatra gives another startlingly good performance as a half-crazed killer out to assassinate the President.

BROKEN LANCE (20th-Fox): This dramatic story of early ranchers is not an ordinary Western. Fast-paced and well written, it deals with the struggle for power between rugged Spencer Tracy and his scheming son, Richard Widmark. Bob Wagner, Katy Jurado are on Spencer's side. There's romance with Jean Peters as well as plenty of action. CinemaScope and Technicolor.

REAR WINDOW (Para): The best Hitchcock thriller in some time, this one has Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter and a quietly terrifying performance by Raymond Burr. Besides top-flight suspense, the dialogue sparkles, there's humor, romance and Technicolor.

THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS (U.A.): This one is destined to become a classic. One of the most charming, warmly humorous movie ever centered around children, this deals with two wonderful little boys, Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter, who steal a baby because they think their grandfather, Duncan Macrae, doesn't love them enough.

ON THE WATERFRONT (Col.): One of the year's best films, this tense and exciting story of longshoremen vs. corrupt union bosses stars Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, lovely Eva Marie Saint. Directed by Elia Kazan.



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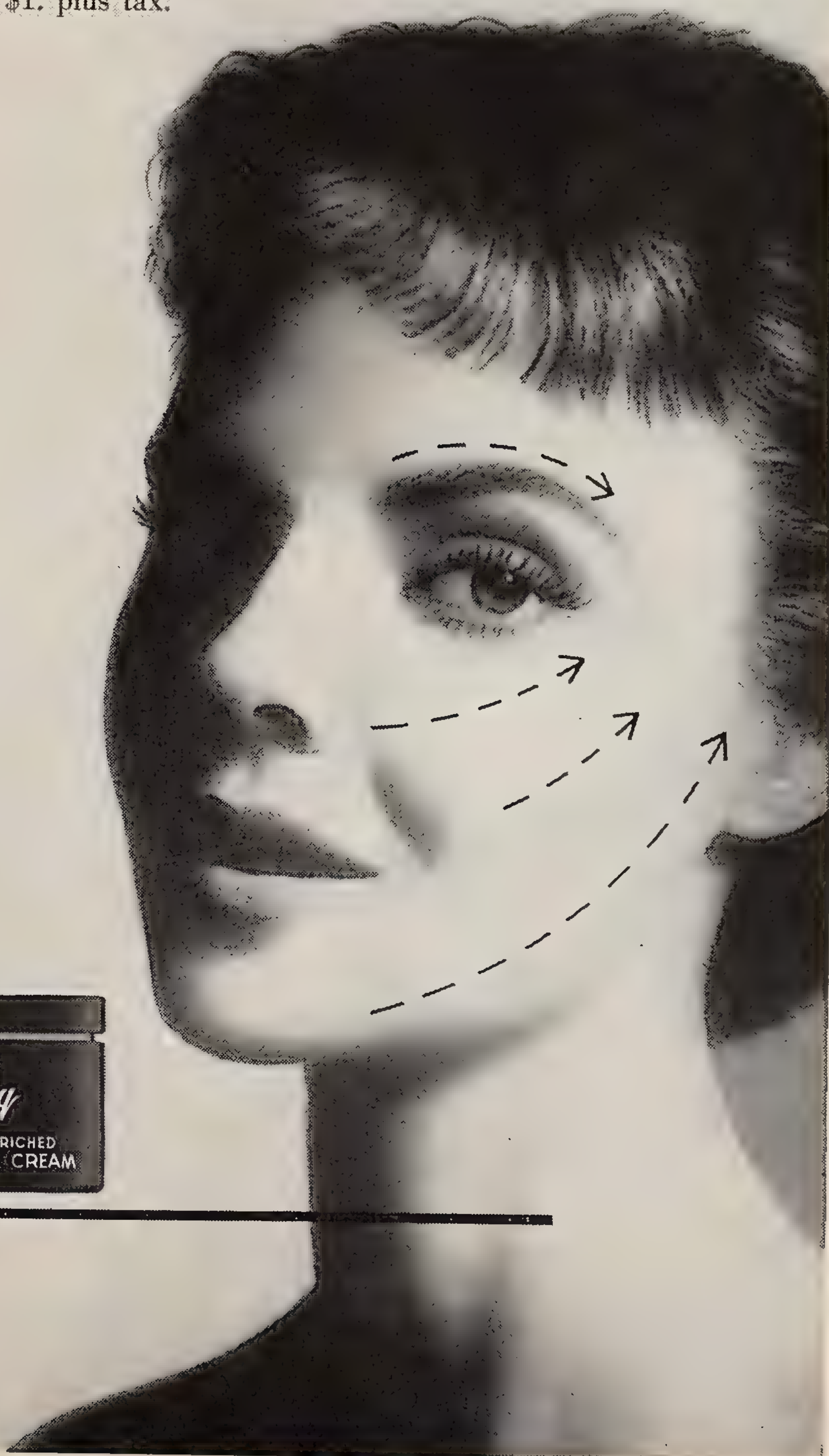
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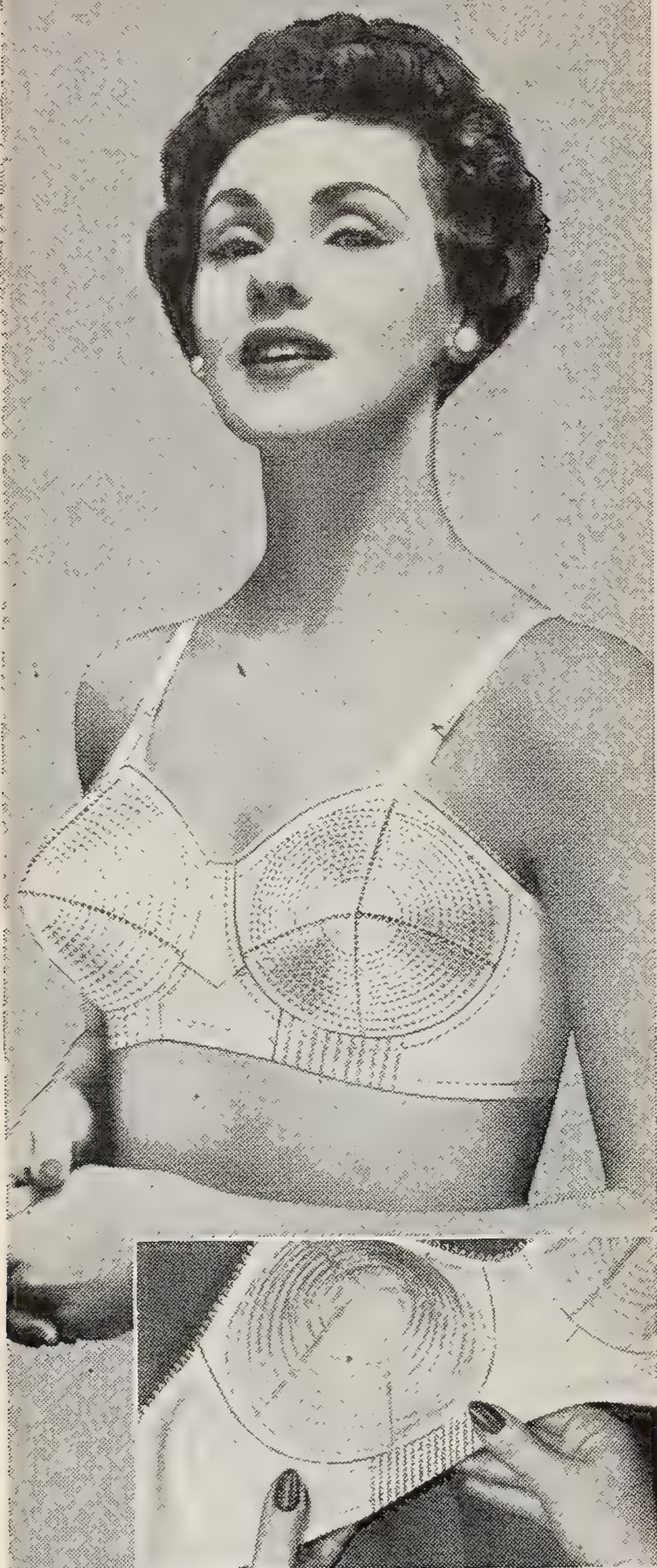
JOHN'S OTHER LIFE

*Offscreen, Derek's neither
a toughie nor a pretty boy!*

■ Most Hollywood females wouldn't be married to John Derek on a bet. They say it's not because he's too moody or always subconsciously worried because he's too darned good-looking. As one puts it: "I don't know how his wife stands the gaff. The way I hear it, if I were married to him, about the time I wanted a new mink cape, he'd buy me a new horse, and you can't wear a horse around your neck to Ciro's. On top of that I hear he once bought a couple of burros to be company for his horses. If I were married to him, I'd demand a wife-sitter." No such complaints come from his wife Patti, who, if she has some reservations about John, doesn't talk about them. She has endless patience with Mr. Fixit Derek, who one week is working on sculpture he probably won't finish and the next taking lessons in wrestling or bullfighting. She might like a little relief from his endless appetite for broiled steak and hamburger, but any and all of these husbandly shortcomings are offset by the fact that no man in Hollywood has more physical courage. J. Derek is completely without fear. He is also the most doting father in the world to daughter Sean Catherine and son Russell, the kind of a guy who would rather take his family to a drive-in movie than go to a nightclub, and a husband who never growls when friends drop in at almost any old hour. Being married to John Derek, besides all the hazards listed, is an honest life and a loving one—even if it includes only *one* Cadillac.



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TV TALK

What's with Orson Bean? . . . Sid Caesar becomes The Big Boss . . . paging Danny Kaye

Everybody thinks **Orson Bean** is from Boston, but he isn't. He lived there for a while, and his father works in Cambridge, just across the river, as a cop on the Harvard campus. But Orson is from Vermont, and his grandparents and an uncle are still there. His name isn't Orson Bean, either. He was born Dallas Burrows and comes from quite a prominent family: One ancestor ran for the Vice-Presidency, another served as Mrs. Calvin Coolidge's secretary in the White House. Orson changed his name as a gag one evening in a nightclub. He just decided to give himself a funny name, and "Orson Bean" popped into his head. He's used it ever since. Orson does lots of things on the spur of the moment, and his best tv performances occur when he doesn't have any script at all. When he *does* have a script, you can bet that he—almost alone among comics—has written ninety-nine per cent of it himself. He can also, being a devil-may-care lad, get himself into trouble. He really doesn't much care what he says just as long as it amuses him, and he's been known to take off after his sponsors, his network and almost everybody in tv in general. He means it when he says he hates television and practically all the people in it. He much prefers staying at home and looking at his Laurel and Hardy films (he owns reels and reels of them) to going out and getting rich doing his own filming. Money very honestly means little to him. He is very happy in his fifth-floor walkup, renting at fifty-four dollars a month, and has never paid more than eighty-four dollars a month for any place he's lived in. His ambition is not to move to a fancy place; he'd much rather be the tenant in the shepherders' hut in Central Park (an impossible ambition, of course; the city won't allow anyone to walk in the park after midnight, let alone live there). Orson is so different from everybody else that he doesn't even gamble when he goes to Las Vegas! . . . You should see **Sid Caesar's** new office! You can't help but wonder why he also needs a Park Avenue apartment. It's a very plush penthouse, just off Fifth Avenue, and Sid's suite is the envy of every other performer—or would be if they could see it. Getting in it is as hard as getting out of jail. A visitor has to get past a corps of secretaries, a long hall, a flight of stairs and two—not one, but two—locked doors. Once inside, you see an enormous room, carpeted wall to wall and furnished with two couches, a bar stocked to the hilt, and the biggest, most impressive desk in town. The walls are covered with paintings, modern ones and very good, too. All the lighting is indirect, and Sid looks like a little boy with a new train for Christmas when he flicks them on and off and on again. Sid's clothes are just as startling as his office. He goes in for big padded shoulders and quite a drape shape. And he loves jewelry. His cuff links are the biggest ones you've ever seen—as large as a fifty-cent piece—and the biggest ring anywhere perches on his pinkie. Sid is very happy this year. He misses **Imogene Coca**, but at last he is his own boss. Sid likes that. He also, of course, likes the fact that he owns his new show—and thus makes much more money than he did last year when he was just the star. But mainly he is in his element because he is

The Boss. His word goes for everything on his show, and he can do anything he wants to with it. Sid hopes that he can sit behind his big desk, smoking his big cigar and surveying his tv domain for a long time. We do, too . . . Did you know that **Ann Sothern's** hair is gray? Everyone thinks it's still a bleached blonde, the way it was when she played Maisie in the movies. But it's a gray-white, not a yellow-white. She is still quite plump, by the way, but she sure looks wonderful for someone who was so sick for so long . . . All the television nabobs cluster around **Danny Kaye** whenever he comes in sight. They are all dying to get him for a show, you know; but we'll bet anyone any amount that he will never do more than make an occasional quick appearance for a favorite charity. He's been using the same routines for years—and they're still good for millions of dollars more on tour if he doesn't use them on tv. Danny's just too smart a businessman to throw money away . . . Another smart businessman in tv is **John Daly**. He can read more small print in contracts in less time than anyone around. John's so smart that he could quit work tomorrow and still draw a salary. *That's* how well he reads small print . . . **Audrey Meadows** is so little that it's always a surprise to see her sister **Jayne** (the new **Mrs. Steve Allen**). Jayne is a great big girl. But Steve is a bigger man than he looks on tv, and they make a very handsome couple. Seems to be a happy one, too . . . One big Hollywood star made herself quite unpopular in New York when she finally deigned to make her television debut. She was acting with one of the great ladies of the American theatre, but she made all the trouble on the set. She also took longer to learn her lines than anyone else. Some people heaved a sigh of relief when she finally decided not to do a situation comedy after all—especially the cameramen who would have had to work with her. She has never allowed but one side of her face to be photographed, and there just isn't time in tv to arrange every shot that carefully . . . **Jane Wyatt** looks just as trim and almost as young as she did when she made all those movies you see late at night on tv. And **Robert Young** looks better than he did then! But Jane gets a lot more chance to talk when she's acting with Bob than when they're together offscreen. He never hesitates to speak. People are talking about how **Robert Montgomery** needs to memorize his lines. He doesn't have much to say on his show (or as much to do with it as people would lead you to believe) but he keeps muffing his introductions. And you certainly can tell he uses a Teleprompter! Watch his eyes as they go back and forth across the lines . . . Everyone is raving over **Tallulah's** looks in her hit play, *Dear Charles* (which will probably keep her off tv for quite a while). She hasn't looked so slim in years. Incidentally, Tallulah is a very loyal woman. Some of the other players in *Dear Charles* did not get very good notices, and she knew they wouldn't. But Tallu also knew that she could carry the thing on her own shoulders—few people even look at anyone else on the stage when she is on it. So she kept one actor in just because she knew he needed a job.



BRIGHT 'N CLEAR



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lipstick that stays
bright and clear on your
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*the brightest jewel of all
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Here's an amazing, new lipstick
achievement—a brilliant, bright, clear
red that really stays that way on your
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BRIGHT 'N CLEAR keeps your lips
velvet soft...more youthful...smoother
and lovelier hour after hour.

Here is proof: You can stop

***A national research laboratory* proves
Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested
for stopping detergent damage.***



Recently, 447 women made a grueling test. It was conducted by a national research laboratory. The purpose: to find the answer to the most serious skin problem housewives face today—"detergent hands."

These women soaked both their hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated. Skin scientists supervised these important tests.

The amazing result. In just 3 or 4 days, untreated hands were reddened and roughened, even cracked and sore. Yet the hands given Jergens Lotion care were soft, unblemished, smooth, white.



Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion for stopping detergent damage. Not even 100% pure lanolin did a better job (and no hand care contains more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens formula, improved over 50 years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all hand problems. It's never sticky or greasy.

Now every woman can be assured of lovely, smooth, feminine hands! If you have not tried Jergens lately, now is the time. You will find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. Still 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Jergens Lotion positively stops "Detergent Hands"

"Detergent Hands" with Jergens Lotion



These are the hands of Beth Anderson, one of the 447 women in the experiment. Both her hands were soaked in detergents. Her left hand was untreated. Her right hand was cared for with Jergens Lotion. The difference was astonishing! Jergens Lotion will work as well for you, or your money will be returned. **This photograph is unretouched.**

**NOTICE to doctors and dermatologists: A summary copy of this independent research report is available to you. Write on your letterhead to The Andrew Jergens Company, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.*



A Modern Chest with unusually smart, graceful lines. Blond oak, equipped with self-lifting tray. Model #3082. Lane Table #257. Chest price, **\$59.95***

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AS A "FRIEND OF THE BRIDE" a Lane Cedar Chest is *the gift that gathers more gifts* ... it's soon brimming with fine linens, lingerie and all the lovely things a girl wants for her future home.

As a beautiful piece of storage furniture the most precious woollens and linens can be

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Lane Chests are sold at most leading furniture and department stores ... and *just one nice garment saved from moths can pay for a Lane!*

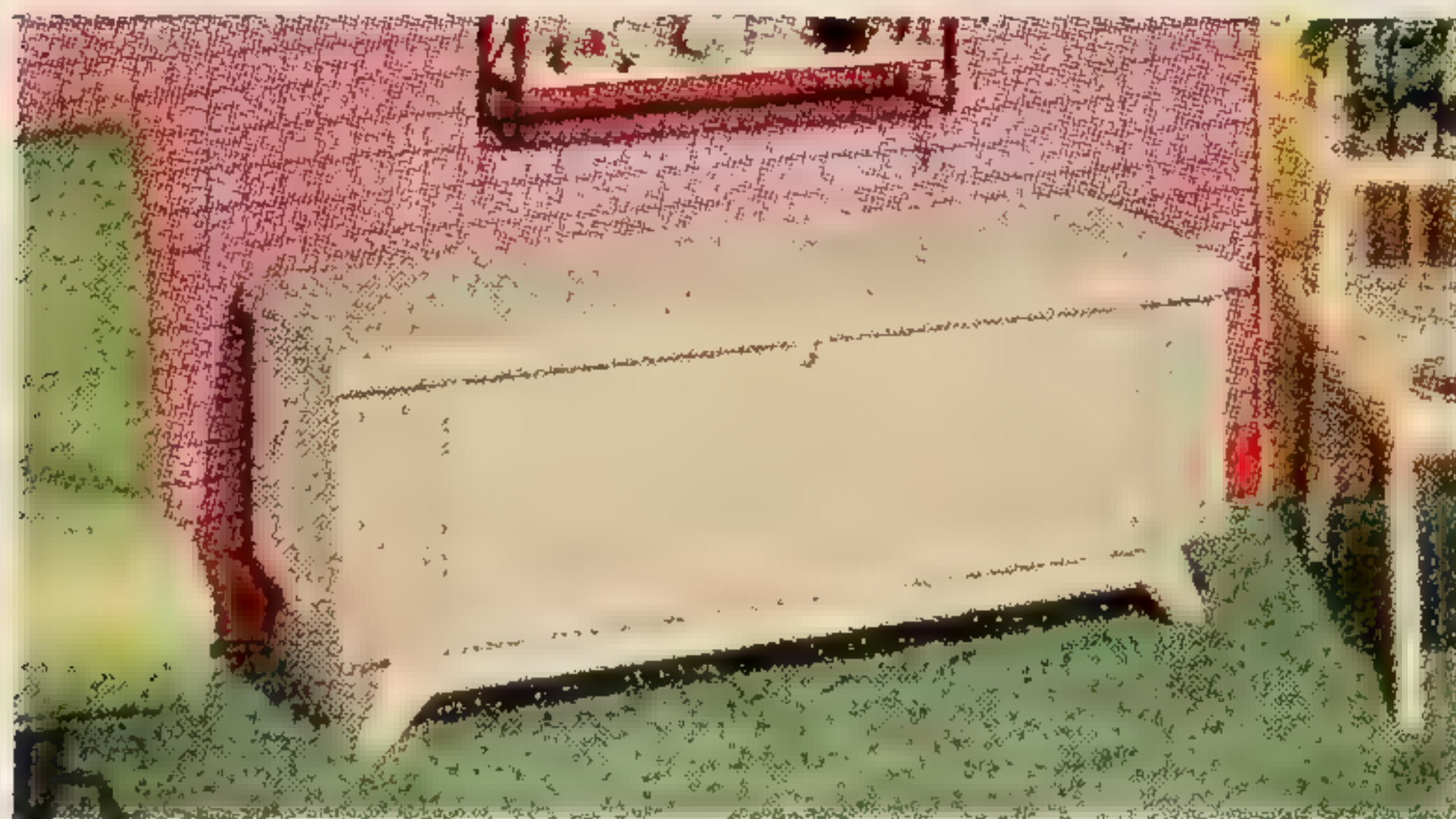
Lane is the **ONLY** pressure-tested, aroma-tight cedar chest. Made of 3/4-inch red cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, with a free moth-protection guarantee, underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies, issued upon proper application. Helpful hints for storing are in each chest. The Lane Co., Inc., Dept. Z, Altavista, Va. Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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Over 100 styles and finishes. Many at ... **\$49.95*** Easy terms

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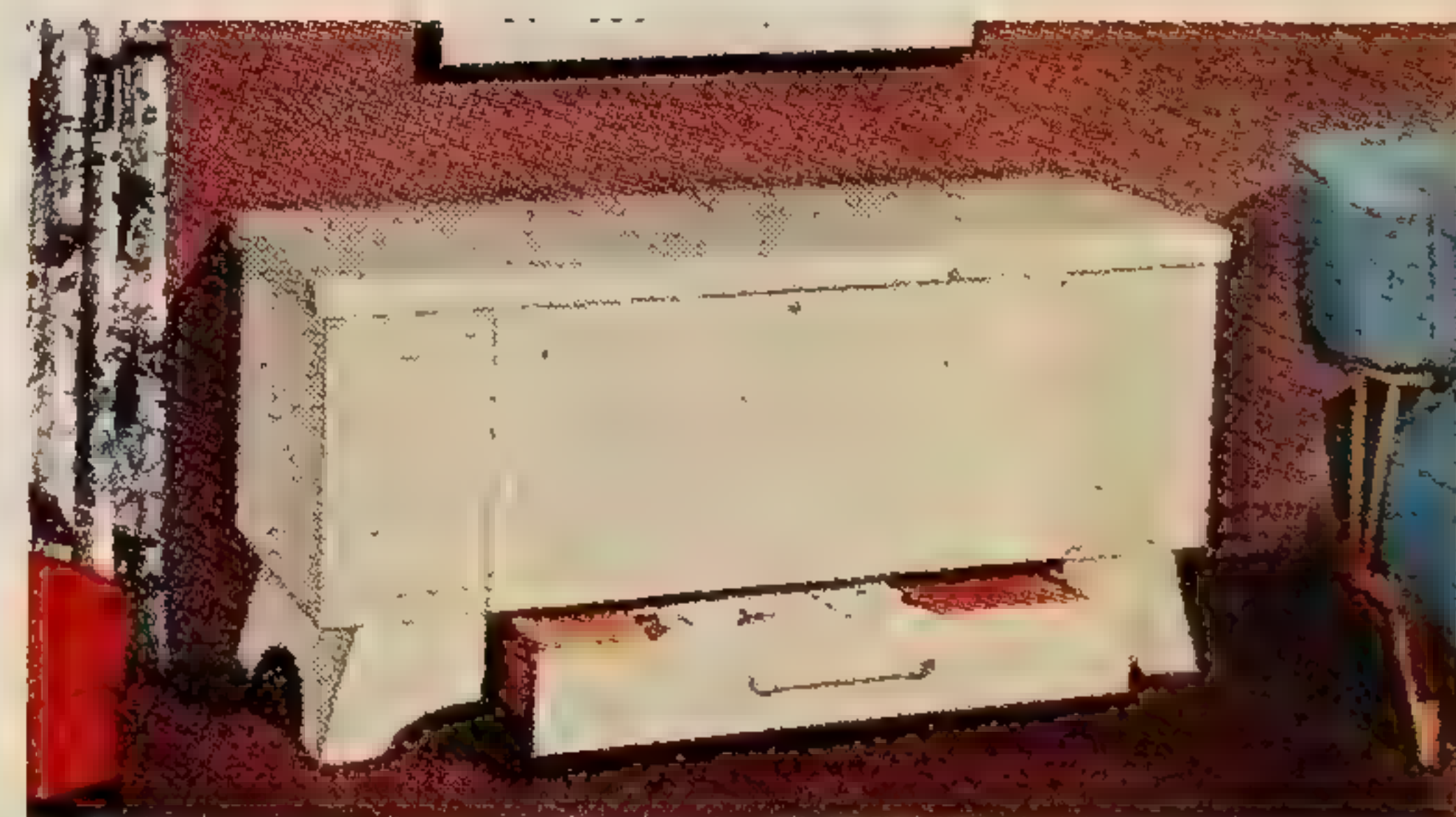
BEDROOM

Blond Oak Chest with convenient self-lifting tray. Model #3081. \$49.95*



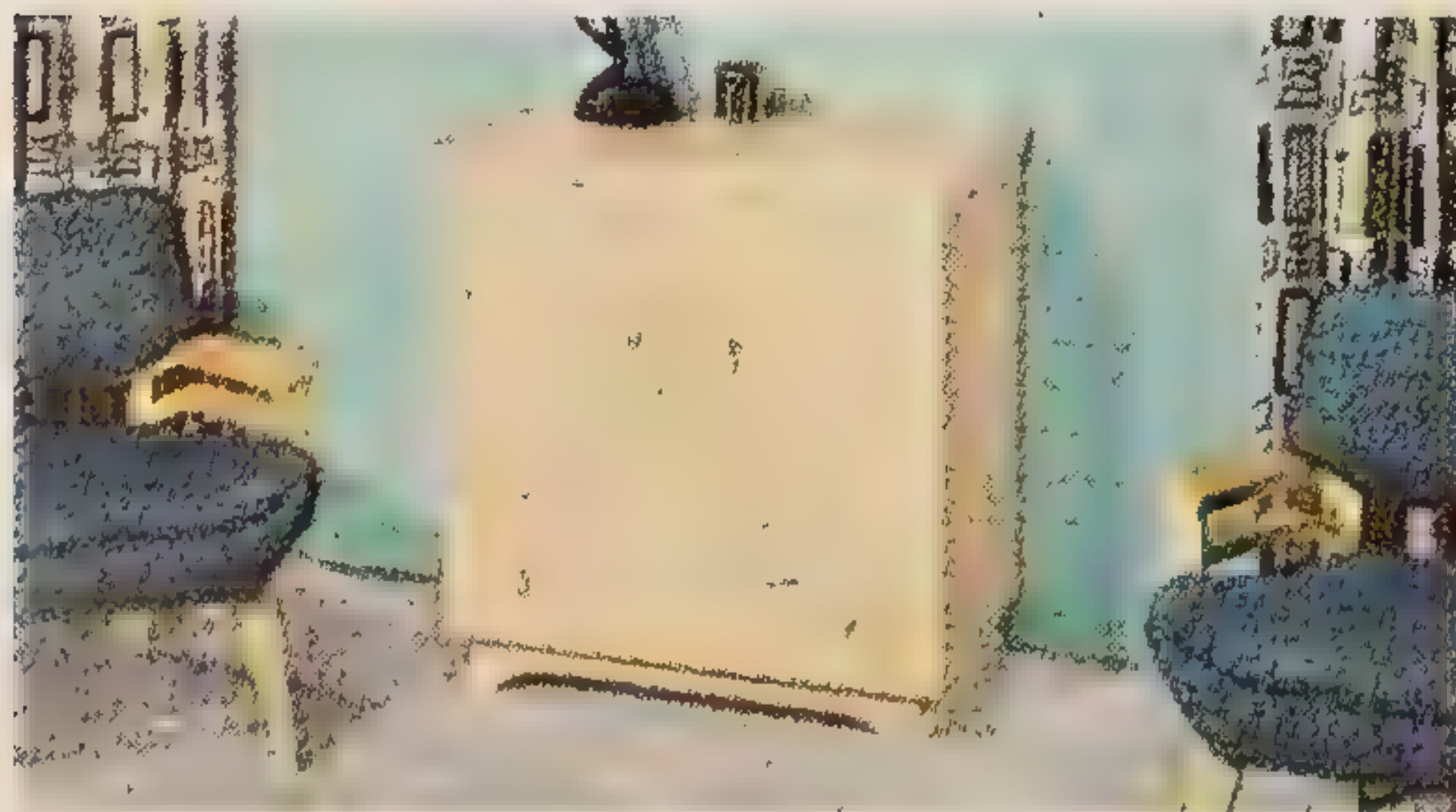
LIVING ROOM

Space-Saver Chest. Blond oak. Opens front, 2 pull-out shelves. Model #C-128. \$69.95*



BEDROOM

Modern Chest in Seafoam mahogany. Self-lifting tray. Model #3086. \$69.95*



LIVING ROOM

Space-Saver Chest. In blond oak. Opens top, drawer in base. Model #3100. \$59.95*



FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in mahogany. Self-lifting tray. Model #2601. \$59.95*



LIVING ROOM

Unusual Modern Chest in blond oak, drawer in base. Model #2852. \$79.95*

So there we were,
the seven of us, living
in a single room I hadn't
paid for yet, having a
pillow fight to keep our
minds off food . . .

Aim for The Stars

by **Eddie Fisher**

■ Today I know that Frank Sinatra is the greatest interpreter of a popular lyric. I love to listen to him and while I listen I feel I am learning something. But the first time I heard Frank I was not yet fifteen. He used to sing at Convention Hall in Philadelphia at some of the great basketball games we had then. Then I didn't realize how good Frank was, and, not knowing (which means that I knew nothing of love or how you would interpret such emotion in a song) I figured that I was better than he was.

Something told me not to tell this to anyone who knew anything about singing. After all, who was I? Let me give you just an indication of *what* I was. At that time, when I thought I sang better than Sinatra, I had been combing my hair for only two years. Until I was thirteen I used to sling a cap on the back on my head and any hair that the cap didn't hold down could stick out any way it liked.

I would sit and listen to Frank, and while he was singing I, too, would sing, but silently. I would listen to my own voice as I imagined it pouring out of me, and compare it with (Continued on page 82)





Grace with Cassini (Gene Tierney's ex.)



BY STEVE CRONIN

■ Until a few months ago Grace Kelly, Hollywood's current sensation managed to mix business and pleasure on every film.

When the ladylike blonde from Philadelphia was making *Mogambo* with Clark Gable she dated Gable. When she was co-starring with Ray Milland in *Dial M For Murder*, she dated the tall Welshman, who at one time was so smitten that he was contemplating breaking up his long-standing marriage. And when Grace Kelly was working with Bing Crosby on *Country Girl*, she dated him.

For a year or so, all of Grace's dates were with her leading men.

When other actresses wondered what Grace had that they had not, they were told that "Kelly is quietly beautiful. She isn't obvious in her display of her physical charm. Kelly is refined and soft-spoken. Kelly is a lady. Kelly's father owns an \$18,000,000 contracting outfit in Philadelphia, and rich girls have always attracted actors, maybe because most of them were poor in their boyhood days."

As to the concentrated demand by Hollywood studios, it was explained further, "Every few years Hollywood gets the demure, wholesome, refined actress. Twelve years ago it was Greer Garson; six years ago it was Deborah Kerr—both English girls. Now it's Grace Kelly. She's hot right now because she's the first American lady-type actress in more than a decade."

At twenty-six, there is no doubt that Grace Kelly is a lady. Most important of all she looks like a lady, talks like a lady, dresses like a lady and acts like a lady.

The only unlady-like behavior attributed to (Continued on page 80)



Always poised, Grace is as reluctant to talk about romance with Cassini as she was to publicize dates with Crosby, Milland, Gable. Friends, however, don't hesitate to say they disapprove of Oleg as husband material, hope they aren't already married.

Is she planning to marry Cassini? The lady won't talk, but friends do—they're saying Oleg is wrong for Grace!

HAS KELLY FOUND HER MAN?

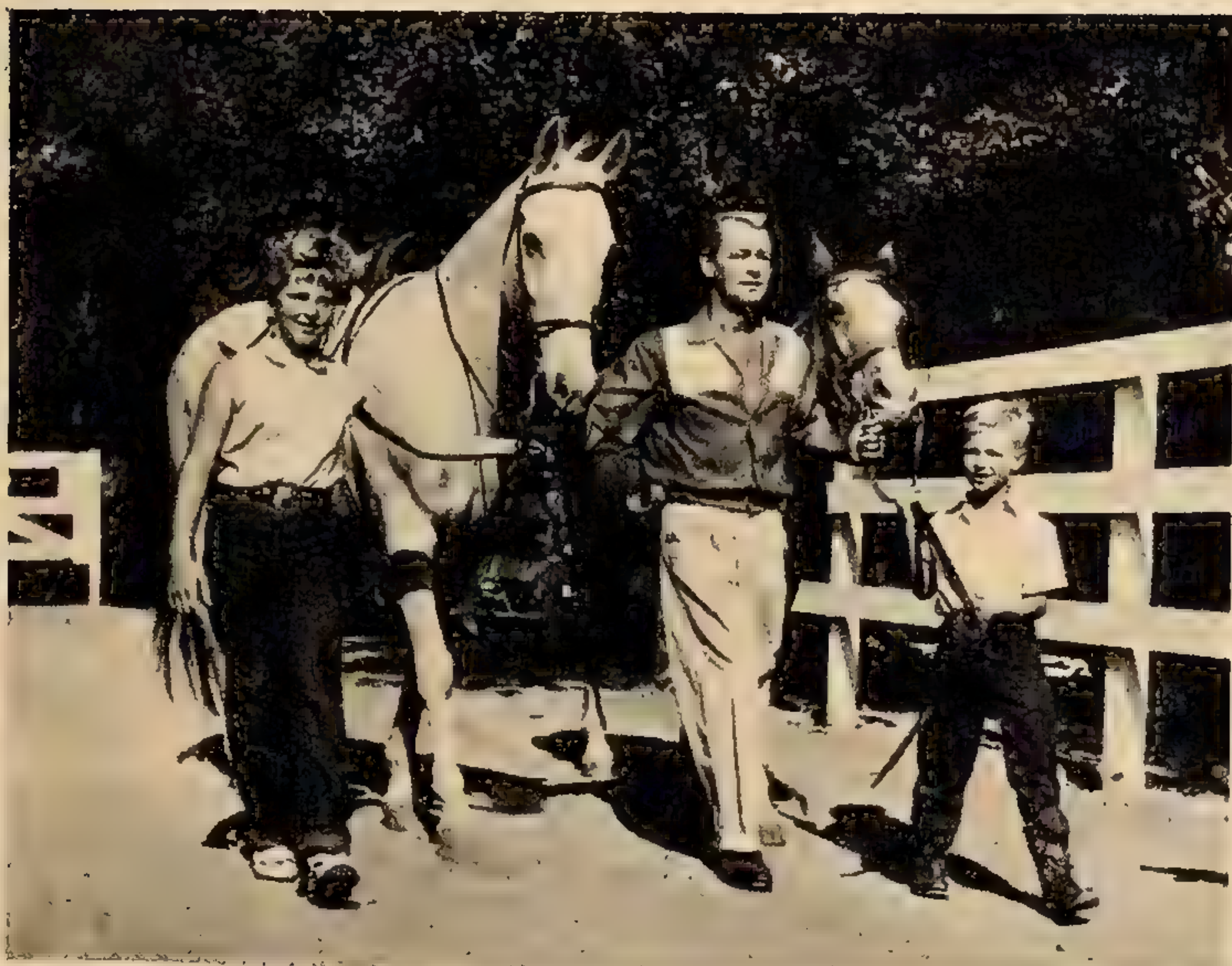




It's not the safest way to live,
but it works out well for

Alan Ladd who has turned his life
into a story of four loves!

BY JOHN MAYNARD



First of Alan's loves is Sue (left) and kids. Unlike many movie dads, he hopes the kids will act.



Second comes his ranch (and the animals). "But to have it, I have to leave it," he mourns.

ALWAYS LEAD WITH YOUR HEART

■ If Alan Ladd were in your shoes, two things are highly probable. One: his feet would hurt, since you don't wear the same size. The other: he'd make a few minor changes around the house, this otherwise delightful place you live in.

Knock down the west wall, for instance, and put in a picture window. Turn the two front rooms into an L-shaped living area. Put a jog in the driveway.

Furthermore, you might do well to listen to him. The chances are excellent that he's right.

His preoccupation with interior and exterior design has led to a fairly widespread belief that in the event he foresakes films, he would turn to building—and very likely succeed in the business, particularly if he specialized in ranch dwellings.

Among those who share this opinion is the foremost authority on Ladd, his wife and ex officio biographer, Sue Carol. While it is not quite conceivable to Sue that Alan would leave pictures any way other than feet first, she occasionally joins with her worrier husband in the thought that there is no such thing as a pat hand.

Alan habitually sees disaster riding up over the nearest hill, a chap on a black horse with a dirty look, and a whip labeled "A. Ladd." Sue doesn't see it, but she's willing to talk eventualities, gloomy and implausible as they may sound.

There are the chickens, for example. On the Hidden Valley ranch, Alsulana Acres, the Ladds are pretty successful chicken farmers. Self-sustaining, and that's pretty successful. The chickens lay the eggs, the eggs go to Chasen's restaurant or the Paramount (*Continued on page 91*)



December BEAUTY FAIR

**GLAMOUR IS MADE, NOT BORN. HERE IS
HOW EIGHT PRETTY GIRLS MADE THEM-
SELVES OVER INTO EIGHT GREAT BEAUTIES.**

by Sally Simms

■ One of Hollywood's most repeated myths is that all screen beauties are born beautiful.

According to the legend started and perpetuated by press agents, each star entered the world endowed with flawless figure, classic features, milk-and-roses complexion.

Not true.

The truth is that most movie actresses are attractive. But beautiful? Well—not necessarily.

In Hollywood more than anywhere else the difference between a good-looking girl and a real beauty is a finely drawn line. And the line that divides the average from the extraordinary depends on one major factor—*awareness*.

Those girls who acquire the aura of true beauty do so by being as much aware of their weak points as they are of their strong ones.

True beauty is founded upon the softening and correcting of imperfections. No one in Hollywood was born perfect. Liz Taylor came close to it, but even she, as you will see, has had to improve upon nature's endowments.

One example of a basically attractive girl who has grown into a beauty is Janet Leigh.

When Janet first reported to MGM seven years ago, as a result of Norma (*Continued on page 65*)

More pictures on following pages

LIZ TAYLOR Undeniably, Liz had a head start on almost everyone. Perhaps too lovely naturally, she thought her looks would take care of themselves without help—even after she gave birth. It took strenuous reducing to bring her back to shape. Now she grooms with care, watches her weight.

DEBRA PAGET A lady still in the dark, Debra has experimented with every beauty type from sweet-and-simple to sleek-and-sophisticated. Willingly, she has dyed and re-dyed her hair, altered her makeup, changed her personality. But one can have too much of change, too. It's time she made up her mind.



December
**BEAUTY
FAIR** continued



BETTY GRABLE



JEAN PETERS



SUSAN HAYWARD

BETTY GRABLE An all-time favorite beauty queen, Betty attributes her still-perfect figure to the strenuous exercise it gets when she dances, recommends workouts. She's an advocate of the study-yourself method, keeps an eye out constantly for ways to perfect herself.

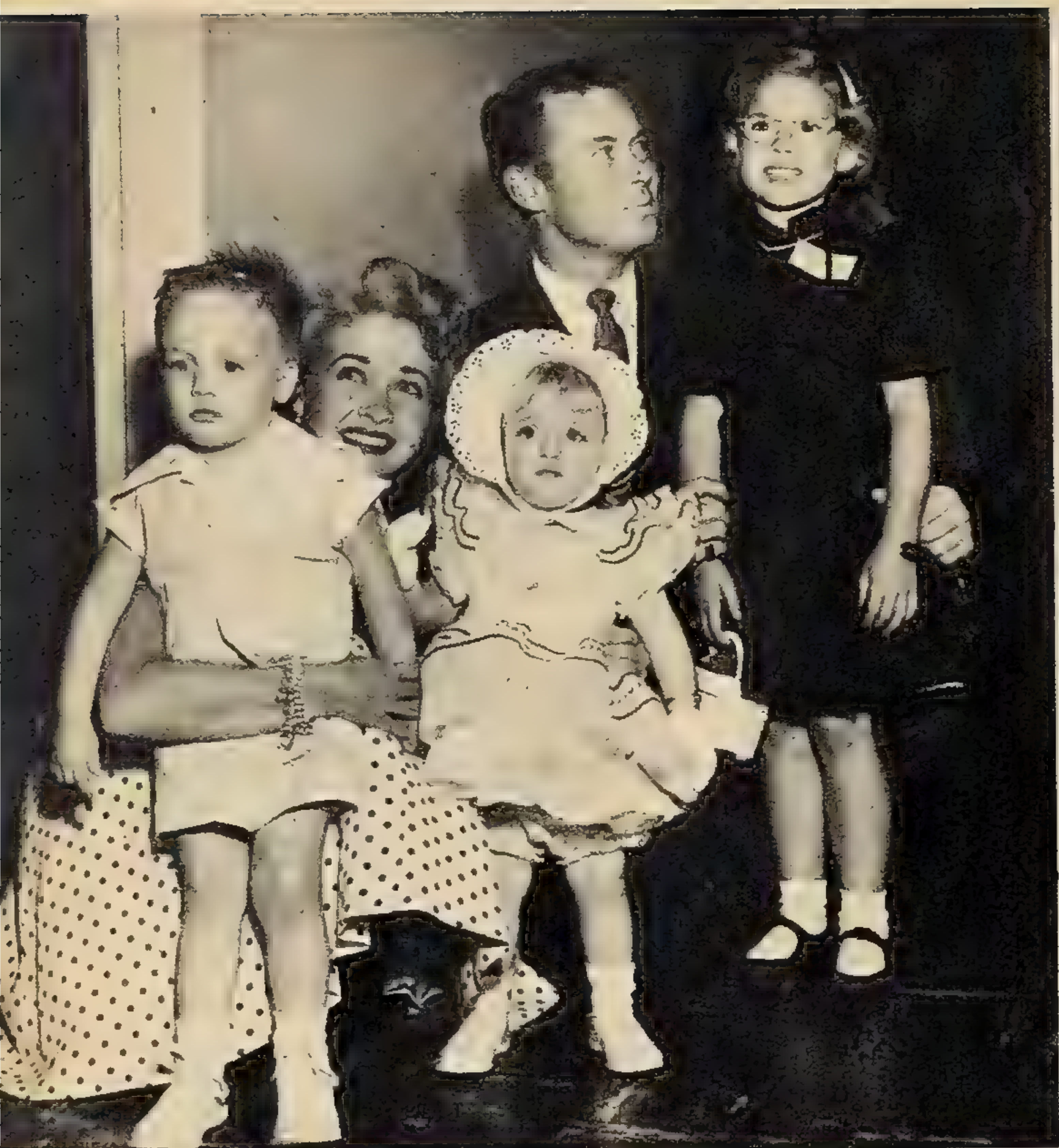


DORIS DAY

SUSAN HAYWARD Susan believes in placing strong emphasis on one outstanding feature; in her case, her masses of auburn hair. She tones her make up down so that it does not detract from the effect, dresses in colors which blend harmoniously with her long, thick hair.

JEAN PETERS A tall girl, Jean found that her hairstyle made a great difference to her overall appearance: swept up and out, it helped proportion her head perfectly to her body. Jean's mature face is set off by her personal poise, will grow still lovelier with time.

DORIS DAY Unsuccessful as a glamour girl, Doris came into her own as the fresh, young, outdoorsey type. Her short, casual but not careless blonde hair, the freckles she never tries to hide, the wide smile and bubbly atmosphere she generates all fit together most appealingly.



Mona Nerney, Pat's seven-year-old, gets along beautifully with Janie's Geary, Jr., and Sis. Monie's mother, Mona Freeman, encourages her daughter's friendly relations with Jane—even when it includes telephoning Miss Powell at seven A.M.

■ By the time you read this, give or take a few days, Jane will be Mrs. Patrick Nerney. She wants a small, simple wedding, preferably just for the family. If her present plans hold, she'll be married in blue. "We'll match," she says. "Pat will wear a navy blue suit and a light blue tie." The exact date depends on the windup of *Hit The Deck*, her current picture. She thinks November 8 would be lovely, if possible. It's the anniversary of her first date with Pat.

His first call took her by surprise. She knew his name from the newspapers. They'd met once, briefly, sitting across from each other at a big dinner party. She thought how intensely alive he seemed and forgot all about him. Nor had he appeared to show special interest in her. Then the phone rang and the voice said, "This is Pat Nerney. I wonder if you'd let me take you to dinner tonight."

"Why, yes, I'd like that," she heard herself saying, and a few minutes later wished it unsaid. At least, in a way she did. Between Jane and Jane, the debate went something like this:

"You should've played a little hard to get."

"Bother, I'm sick of sitting around at home."

"Why didn't you tell him you're busy tonight, maybe next week?"

"Because I'm not busy tonight."

"That's just the point. What'll he think, snapping him up like that the first time he calls?"

"To tell you the truth, I don't care what he thinks. He's a nice red-headed guy who means nothing to me. I've been cooped up too long. I just want to get out and see people and laugh and dance."

Having squelched the other Jane, her mind should have (Continued on page 86)

PAPA LOVES



MAMA

The bells are ringing for Jane
Powell and her Pat. This time
nothing is going to jangle the love-song.

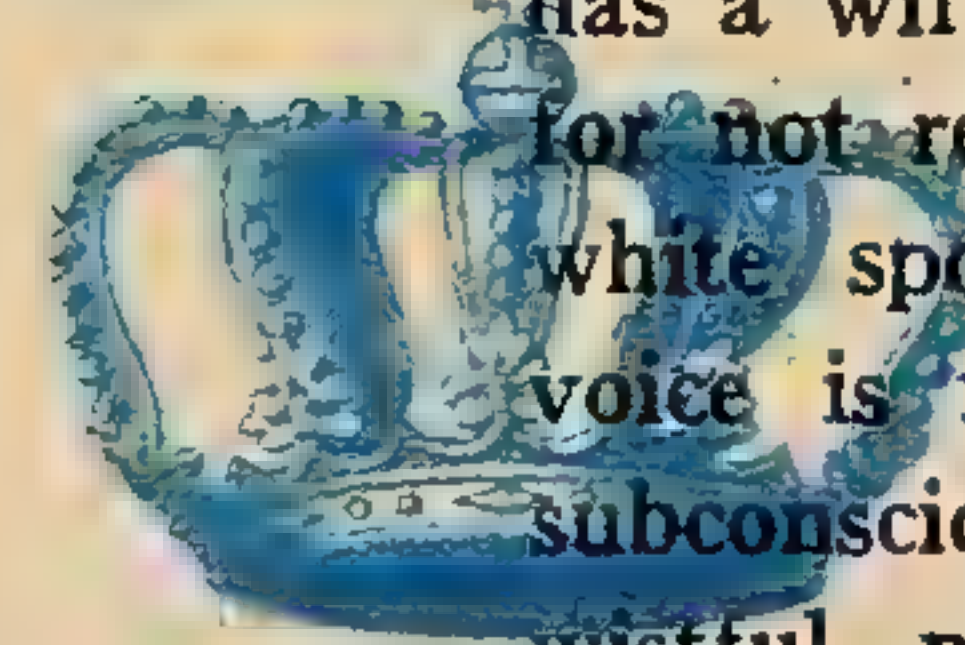
BY IDA ZEITLIN



TYRONE POWER Too good looking as a boy, Ty acquired hardness in the Marine Corps, added maturity in his early forties to become a screen lover more to be mauled than mothered. Should the star of *The Long Gray Line* ever ask the ladies of the nation to welcome him into their livingrooms via tv he'll be asking a lot. No woman of any age will ever get a good night's sleep again.

WILLIAM HOLDEN Oscar winner, perfect father, never a playboy, Bill is walking proof that if you ignore a couple of million females long enough they'll be your slaves. *Bridges At Toko-Ri* may bring him another Oscar; his very happy marriage has brought him peace, prosperity and a reputation as one Hollywood star who really means it when he says he doesn't believe in divorce.

GREGORY PECK People may blame Greg for occasionally seeming to forget that he has a wife—but it's hard to blame the girls for not reminding him. In a dark room, a white spotlight or in *Moby Dick*, Peck's voice is more penetrating to the feminine subconscious than a bath in My Sin and his wistful, moody face, like Jimmy Stewart's, calls out every female instinct known to man.



For ten years these stalwart standard-bearers of sex appeal have been unchallenged champs. All the bright young men haven't unseated them yet—and they may reign for ten more. Long Live The Kings!

KINGS' ROW



More pictures on next page





GARY COOPER Once, at the height of his career, he was reputed to have asked a gas station attendant where he could find a date. He was even more confused later about his marital situation. Now he and Rocky seem to understand it, but no one else does. The girls swooning over *Vera Cruz* don't want to understand. They're content to swoon.

JOHN WAYNE American girls don't much mind if the star of *The Conqueror* marries Latin Pilar Palette. Duke's fascinating combination of bigness, a dash of rascality and a liberal dose of extreme nonchalance make his appeal so great that if all the men in his home state did as well with the ladies there'd be a mass migration to Iowa.

BURT LANCASTER His training as a circus acrobat gives Burt more animal appeal than anything in Hollywood—with the possible exception of Alan Ladd, Lassie and Jerry Lewis' monkey-shines. The reaction to *Gabriel's Horn* is expected to be a stampede, with a herd of females of the species longing to invade any jungle that holds Burt.

ROBERT TAYLOR This vigorous newly-wed will no doubt have the distinction of being one of the few leading men who can say goodbye to Grace Kelly when *Quentin Durward* is finished—and forget her. At forty-three Bob has achieved more conquests with a profile than most lads can behind drawn blinds—and been a gentleman throughout.

CLARK GABLE The giant from Cadiz, Ohio, still swaggers at the age of fifty-three, swashbuckling his way through *Soldier Of Fortune*. He was mobbed by teenagers recently while shopping for socks at Saks, and there seems no doubt that the Clark Gable of 1954 is Clark Gable. His offscreen romantic-hero life does no harm—but then, what could?



COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

FOR ANN BLYTH THEY ADD UP TO TIM, JIM, HOME AND WORK—SUCH A HAPPY COMBINATION



Ann op
Diego.
worked

How
an ang
tradem

A sop
severo
It's th



Ann opened her nightclub act at Topps, a dinner club in San Diego. "I'll never give up entertaining," she said there. "I've worked so long and I love it so much. Jim understands."



"How do I look?" she asked friends before she went on. "Like an angel," they said. Her fragile appearance is one of Ann's trademarks, but Dr. Jim says, "She's stronger than she looks!"



A sophisticated angel in second costume, black, Ann stayed several days, drove home before filling her next engagement. "It's the times with your family that count most," she explained.

Ann went on tour but she never left home—by more than a few hours travel. Phone calls kept her in constant touch with Timmy.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR



Trip squeezed in visit to vets at San Diego Naval Hospital.

■ Last March Ann Blyth McNulty sang "My Secret Love" at the Academy Awards show. When Ann was finished, Donald O'Connor, the master of ceremonies and one of her dearest friends, turned to the audience and said, "That number was sung by Ann Blyth and family."

Ann smiled happily at the applause, and some twenty-seven million television viewers learned that Ann Blyth was pregnant.

"A few days later," Ann recalls, "the gifts started coming in. The wonderful fans I have sent rompers and baby shoes and blankets. And—well, it was surprising, and I'm very grateful to everyone."

The interest in Ann's pregnancy was overwhelming.

"It's very simple," explains Mario Lanza, who played opposite Ann in *The Great Caruso*; "this girl has proven to the public that a Hollywood star can have the same desire for a happy home and a happy family life as any other typical, wholesome girl. She's charming and gracious and helpful, and people love her the same way they used to love Shirley Temple. That's why they're interested in everything about her."

Ann, since her marriage to Dr. Jim McNulty, has been called "The Doctor's Wife" in the movie colony, and as such she's been the beneficiary of the best available medical advice.

Most girls are fairly squeamish during their first pregnancy, but not Ann. She worked in *Rose Marie*, she rehearsed her nightclub act, she flew to Las Vegas to catch her brother-in-law's show (*The Dennis Day Program*) and in general she was (Continued on page 71)

WAS THIS WHAT CHILLED ROCK HUDSON'S ROMANCE?



Rock met Italian Countess Maria Coagne at the Venice Film Festival—which he attended without Betty.

by KEVIN BURKE

■ This is the way they tell it. The shooting of *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland was almost over. Most of the cast and crew were gathered in their usual location hangout, a quaint Irish restaurant, when Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott walked in. Everyone waved, of course, and said hi, but no one was surprised that the two preferred a quiet corner table by themselves to joining the crowd. They had a lot to talk about, obviously, and they had both seemed thoughtful lately. Not so much as to interfere with Rock's ever-improving emoting or with Betty's efficient handling of her script-girl chores—but still thoughtful, a little abstract, not quite the carefree, bubbling kids who had arrived on location fresh from a European auto trip with Barbara Rush.

Tactfully, no one paid any attention to the young pair after they were seated. If they wanted to hold hands, maybe whisper a little—well, everyone knew that they were practically engaged. Why, the American papers, arriving only a few days late, carried speculations about Rock and Betty in almost every gossip column. And if Rock had had a few dates in Venice with the charming young Countess Maria Coagne—well, there was nothing wrong with that, was there? Betty knew all about it. So, after a paternal glance or two, the crew went back to their talk. But it wasn't long before it became apparent that there was little hand-holding and less whispering going on at the corner table. There was talk, then there was a discussion, then there was something that sounded like an argument—and (Continued on page 88)



Still working on the same lot, Rock and ex-best-girl Betty Abbott refuse to discuss the quarrel which sent Betty home from Ireland alone.





It's
bad
Tony

LOVE CAME FIRST



It's a rare moment when Tony, always on the go, sits down. His first date with Cyd went badly because he dashed around all evening. Later she received many warnings that Tony was too restless, too used to charming women. Cyd smiled, and loved him for it.



Having Tony, Jr., kept Cyd from playing in *American In Paris*. She couldn't have cared less, although it was her biggest break to date.

The world's
worst wives are
ballerinas? Crooners
make lousy husbands?
Everyone says so
but Cyd and Tony.
They're upsetting
the statistics!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ Six years ago when Cyd, a soft-spoken, long-legged dancing beauty, drove up to Santa Barbara and married singer Tony Martin, the Hollywood gossip columnists had a wry old time.

"I predict," wrote one, "that this marriage will last all of ninety days." "It should surprise no one," remarked another, "if Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin don't make a go of it." A third wrote, "If this one lasts, I'll regain a little of my long-lost faith in Hollywood matrimony."

Behind these predictions of marital mishap lay several valid reasons.

Cyd and Tony had both been divorced, and Cyd had a son by her former marriage.

It is axiomatic in film circles that two show-business careers in one family mix about as well as oil and water.

Tony Martin is a crooner, and as a group, crooners are noted for inconsistency. They wander around the country from supper club to nightclub, separated from their wives for long periods of time. They are continually assaulted by predatory females. In order to be successful, crooners must direct charm and sex appeal at women.

Without elaborating on the hectic marital history of Frank Sinatra, Rudy Vallee, Billy Eckstine, Dick Haymes and half a dozen others, crooners don't make the best of husbands.

Ballerinas are not noted for success- (Continued on next page)

(Continued from page 49) ful marriages either. Some say they cannot and should not divide their time between art and a family. Supposedly, these are incompatible and success at one usually means failure in the other.

Despite all these reasons why it should have failed, the Cyd Charisse-Tony Martin marriage is today one of the happiest and most secure in Hollywood.

The Martins live, at the moment, in a rambling, colonial house. They have just sold it because they are building a new home up the hill from Elizabeth Taylor's new estate. It should be finished almost any day now.

TONY AND CYD are very much in love and no one has yet seen them quarreling with each other, not even their servants. As a result the most skeptical die-hards now predict that if any Hollywood marriage is destined to last "until death do us part," this one is it.

The major share of credit for the blissful and still-promising situation must go to Cyd Charisse.

Tony Martin is not the easiest guy in the world to live with. Tony, as everyone in Hollywood knows, is sports crazy.

His house is filled with such souvenirs as—well, let Cyd tell you. "We have baseball bats signed by the champion New York Giants of 1951. We have a cricket bat from Don Bradman. All sorts of autographed baseballs from Leo Durocher. Leo is one of Tony's best friends. We have footballs from St. Mary's and golf clubs from a dozen different matches.

"When the Giants lose a baseball game, I usually try to keep the newspaper away from him or lock him in his room. He is the Giants' number one rooter. He even owns the jacket that Bobby Thomson wore when he hit that pennant-winning homer in 1951."

In 1948 when Tony married Cyd, he insisted upon taking her east for her first World Series although she didn't know the difference between a fielder's choice and a run batted in.

She knows the difference now. She also knows a lot of other new things. Living with Tony means living with a small army of music arrangers, press agents, musicians, song-pluggers, TV executives and visiting athletes.

"Tony," Cyd explains, "cannot follow just one sports event at a time. While he watches one on tv, he has another going on the radio."

Cyd takes all this cheerfully and graciously. She is the perfect wife because she has consistently refused to succumb to any temptation to try to change her husband. And she has never let her career interfere with her second marriage.

"Even before I was married to Tony," Cyd recalls, "people used to warn me about him. 'Tony Martin's a wonderful guy,' they'd say, 'but he's always on the go. He'll never be able to settle down and you'll never be able to change him.'"

"What they didn't realize," Cyd continues, "is that I loved him for what he was and didn't want to change him."

As to the old problem of career versus marriage, Cyd decided months before she married Tony that for her marriage would always come first.

SHE HAD AN opportunity to confirm this resolution early in 1949 when she and Tony returned from their European honeymoon.

At that time Cyd was assigned the lead opposite Gene Kelly in *An American In Paris*, the musical extravaganza that was later to win the Academy Award. This, Cyd felt, was the big break she'd been waiting and working for. A month later, however, she dropped in one afternoon to

see her doctor. He told her she was pregnant. A big, happy smile on her beautiful face, Cyd drove to MGM and raced into the office of producer Arthur Freed.

"Arthur," she announced joyfully, "you'll have to get someone else for the part. I'm going to have a baby."

Freed, who has admired Cyd for years, offered his congratulations, sincere and heartfelt; but presently, a small coterie of well-intentioned emissaries descended upon the Martin household. Subtle as the Rocky Mountains, they told the expectant mother about the movie star who always works during the first six months of her pregnancy, performing all sorts of acrobatics.

"You can have a baby any time," one particularly jaded actress advised, "but a role like yours comes once in a lifetime."

The tall, graceful dancer from Amarillo, Texas, listened—Cyd always listens—and she thanked these people for their solicitude and counsel. But she stayed home.

She wanted her baby and she would take no risks by working while she was pregnant. She resolved to carry the baby without complaining, carping or causing her Tony any needless worry or aggravation. And she did.

IN HER PREVIOUS pregnancy, Cyd had been very annoying to her first husband, ballet master Nico Charisse. She had awakened him at two and three in the morning, sent him scurrying to the corner drugstore for milk shakes, asked him to satisfy her every whim. She was only sixteen, and understandably she was panic-stricken at the first approach of morning sickness.

"For nine months," Nico Charisse recalls, "she gave me a bad time. She was young and she worried a lot. She sent for her own childhood nurse from Texas. Later her mother moved in on us. Then her brother. She made it a real big thing. Of course, she was just a child herself and our marriage was a mistake. Mostly, I guess, it was my fault. I was too old for her. But young girls have given birth to babies since the world began. No need to drive a man nutty just because you're bearing a baby."

Two years after the arrival of Tony, Jr., Cyd saw the actress who had advised her against stopping work.

"See?" said the actress, "American In Paris won the Academy Award. If you had worked you might have had an Oscar today."

Cyd merely smiled. "Some people," she says, "are cursed with perverted values."

The values Cyd Charisse is blessed with today, the outlook and demeanor that make her one of Hollywood's best-loved actresses, are the result of all her former experiences.

CYD HAS BEEN dancing since she was six years old. She came to Hollywood when she was twelve. She has traveled widely and seen much. She knows what it is to be eaten by ambition. She knows, too, that a successful career is not enough for a normal woman. Love and children and a good husband count most.

It wasn't always like this, of course. Cyd is from Amarillo. She was born at 1616 Tyler Street and named Tula Ellice Finklea. She was sent to dancing school to build up her thin body. Two of her dancing teachers, Constance Ferguson and Rosalee Raymond, told Mrs. Finklea one day, "Your daughter has great natural talent. It should be developed."

The Finklea family vacationed in Hollywood the summer Cyd was twelve. She danced for Nico Charisse, one of the most popular dancing instructors in the film colony then. (Continued on page 85)

hollywood approves your Xmas gifts

■ To give—or to own! Whisper into Santa's ear—or—surprise those you love by giving these gifts! Mitzi Gaynor, Debra Paget, Sheree North, Terry Moore, Marilyn Monroe and Donald O'Connor (as Santa Claus), members of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Christmas Board, chose and approved these wonderful gifts to fulfill your heart's desire. Be sure to see The MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board Members, Marilyn Monroe, Mitzi Gaynor and Donald O'Connor in the 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope film, *There's No Business Like Show Business*. Also see the other wonderful 20th CinemaScope productions, *White Feather* starring Debra Paget and *Pink Tights* with Sheree North.

1. Rain Dears—jewel-like boots that daintily, safely and surely protect your footwear from rain or snow. These boots come in clear or smoke plastic for flat, cuban or high heels. About \$2. By Lucky.

2. Lane Cedar Chest—handsome and, practical. Just right as a decorator's item—ideal for storing and protecting every kind of treasure. Features cedar lined compartment, velvety-lined drawer. This model in blond oak. About \$60.

3. Famous perfumes by Dana. Platine, Emir, 20 Carats and Tabu—exciting, stimulating, enchanting—world-renowned fragrances that delight the heart, make dreams come true—make him remember!

4. Ship 'n Shore's gay Toreador shirt in washable gingham plaid with black crochet trim on the Peter Pan collar and pleated ruffle. A peppy, perky, practical pick-up to give dash to every girl's wardrobe. Fashion colors. About \$4.

5. Sheer, lovely Bur-Mil Cameo Skin Tone stockings that flatter and beautify every leg complexion. Packaged in the famous petti-point Cameo box, or prettily and especially gift-wrapped for Christmas giving by Bur-Mil Cameo.

6. Court Lady by Rose Marie Reid—a boned sheath of elasticized bengaline. Sure-fire swim glamour for hours under the southern sun or at indoor pools in northern climes. Beautifully fitted. Also available in aqua, sapphire, moss green, amethyst, black or white. About \$20.



Modern Screen Christmas Gifts



More fashions on page 62





CHANGE of HEART

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EDITOR'S NOTE:

A few hours before we went to press with this issue, Pier Angeli surprised us all by announcing her engagement to Vic Damone. The news was particularly surprising because Pier had been spending most of her time with Jimmy Dean who appeared to be her best beau. What follows is our writer's report on the events leading up to the engagement, Pier's own words as she explained why she would not become Mrs. Dean. Between the lines you find the key: Mrs. Pierangeli never approved of the match. Vic Damone is an old friend, a charming, personable young man who is just right for Pier.



Announcement of Pier's engagement to Vic Damone (left) caught the press looking in the wrong direction—still watching her now-ended romance with Jimmy Dean (above).

BY ALICE HOFFMAN

■ It was very funny to everyone except Pier Angeli and Jimmy Dean.

Pier and Jimmy were having a small tête-à-tête in Pier's dressing room on the set of *The Silver Chalice*. Jimmy had come over from the sound stage a few doors away where he was making *East Of Eden*.

While Jimmy and Pier were talking, Pier's mother, a strict Italian matriarch from the old school, walked in.

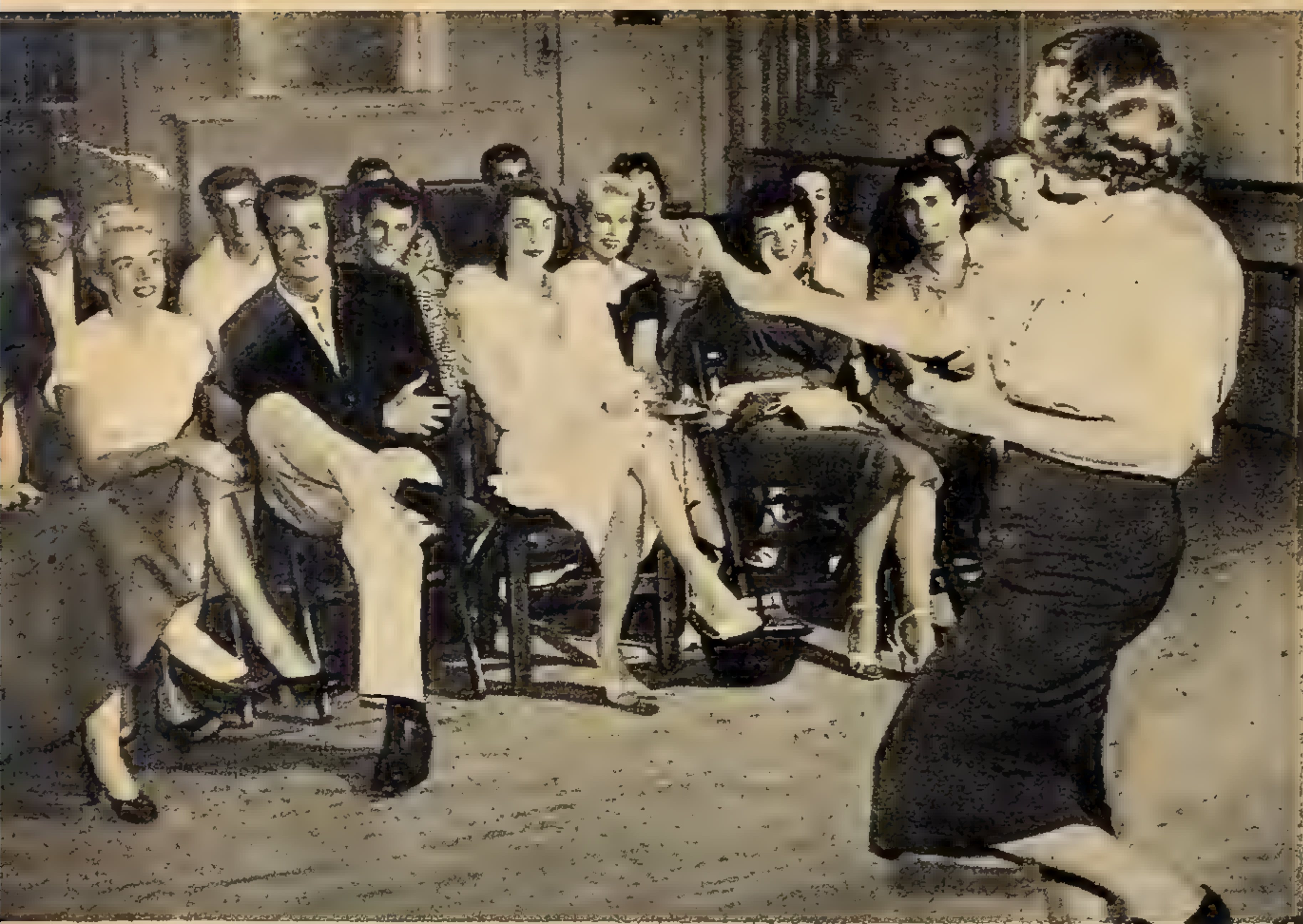
With Mrs. Pierangeli was Count Carlos Franchesioni, a family friend from the old days in Italy, who wanted very much to watch Anna work. Anna is Pier's real first name. Her whole name is Anna Pierangeli, and everyone who knows the fragile, green-eyed, little gazelle calls her Anna.

When the Signora Pierangeli encountered the T-shirted Dean in her beautiful daughter's dressingroom, she grew mildly livid.

Dean looked at Mama Pierangeli, muttered something like "Oh, brother!" and got out of the dressingroom in a little less than nothing flat.

A few hours later the story was (Continued on page 76)

"Why, of course, being a star has changed my life," Bob says cheerfully. "Now I like oatmeal!"



With four pictures completed, Bob still attends classes conducted by good friend Botomi Schneider, Universal's drama coach. "But I don't have to sweat blood over every scene any more," he says.



A close personal friend since he became her pupil, Bob looks on Botomi and husband Benno as "my second parents," often stayed at their home in the lean days before he got his big break in *The Caine Mutiny*.



Bob's father and mother expect him to handle any situation. "We looked after Bob, but we let him take care of his own affairs," his ex-postman dad says. "That's the way to make a boy a man."



Bob has an interest, personal and financial, in a sports shop, once owned three in partnership with brother. The outdoors is still his great love. "Sports?" he says honestly. "You name it—I can do it!"

HEAR THAT RUMBLE IN THE FAR, FAR WEST? THAT'S THE SOUND OF EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD

SOUND of THUNDER

by Toni Noel

■ When Robert Charles Francis took his first tentative steps into a school yard, he was wearing a Buster Brown suit. Probably you don't even remember what you wore on your first school day, but with good reason Bob has total recall of that event in his life. "They beat my brains out," he says, "they" being the young animals otherwise known as small boys.

"Mother," said he in a childish treble when he returned home in tatters that afternoon, "I don't think this bit is going to sell."

It was apparent to Mrs. Francis that her second son had been fighting, but the reason behind this unseemly behavior was too elemental for an adult mind to grasp—to wit: any kid in a Buster Brown has got to get his brains beat out. "Nonsense," said Bob's mother, a great believer in individuality. "Never follow the herd, son. Make them follow you."

Next morning, garbed in a similar costume, Bob reappeared in

She's only a little bit
of a thing—but then, so
is the atom! The differ-
ence being that they're
both going up, but
Maggie may go higher!

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

MEET MAGGIE McNAMARA

■ The dining car steward slipped a menu under the nose of the pint-sized girl and said, "Miss O'Brien, I wonder if you'd autograph this—after you order, of course. You've been my favorite movie actress since you were a little girl *that* high! My," he beamed, "you're getting to be quite a grown-up young lady now, aren't you?"

The dainty Irish face rewarded him with a sweet smile and the hazel eyes fluttered innocently. "Yes indeed," the girl agreed. "I certainly am!" Calmly and carefully she wrote, "Gratefully yours—Maggie."

Then she winked at the man seated across the table, living evidence that she was indeed quite a grown-up young lady. She was his bride, and they were on their first trip together to Chicago where she'd star on the stage in *The Moon Is Blue*.

This was her first autograph request from a movie fan and Maggie McNamara saw no good reason to disillusion her admirer by explaining that she wasn't Margaret O'Brien. The situation appealed to her Irish sense of humor, and (Continued on page 77)



RIGHT GUY

New freedom, new life, new girls
add up to new problems for Madison—
but he's meeting them all in the old, quiet
way he learned in the harder years.

BY JACK WADE



Guy built 16-foot skiff, "We Go" with . . .



help of brother Wayne (Chad Mallory) . . .



who goes fishing and hunting with him.



Guy's frequent dating of starlet Sheila Connolly has created romance rumors. She shares his love of sports.



But Guy is still playing the field, dates Barbara Warner almost as often . . . and has developed a minor taste for nightlife.



"Hunting—or in any situation—Guy calls his own shots," says close pal Rory Calhoun. "Nobody stampedes Guy and makes him lose his head."

■ "I call Guy Madison 'Tiger,'" says his friend Rory Calhoun, "because that's what he reminds me of—a sleeping tiger. He's quiet. But all the time he knows what's going on and how to handle it."

Rory has known Guy since their beginning days at Selznick studios. Guy calls the six-foot-three dark Irishman "Blackie." Tiger and Blackie cottoned up to each other from the minute they met. "Maybe," says Rory, "because we both fell out of a tree on the way to Hollywood. I was a logger and Guy was a telephone lineman. I dropped 'em down; he put 'em up. However it happened, I'm one of the lucky ones. Guy is my friend."

Rory and his wife, dark-eyed singer

Lita Baron, see Guy about every day. He might drop in any time, leave just as suddenly, without explanation. They never ask him questions, he tells them little. All through his unhappiness with his wife, Gail Russell, he never mentioned his troubles, although he knew they knew. They have seen him grim-lipped and silent. And they've seen him riotously gay.

Last New Year's Eve, for instance, when Lita was appearing at Mocambo, it was Guy's idea to stag it there with Rory and surprise her. That night Guy put on a performance that would do credit to a Parisian *boulevardier*. Toggled out in dinner clothes at a ringside table, he danced, sang, donned paper caps, tooted horns and

tossed serpentines around the place. Not until it closed in the small hours did he leave—packing champagne bottles under each arm—to lead a caravan of cars full of friends they'd collected out to Rory's house to carry on the rest of the night. "And then suddenly he was gone," remembers Lita. "The champagne bottles were on the floor by the chair where he'd sat. Still unopened. He doesn't like to drink." He doesn't need it to celebrate when he feels like it. Next day while Lita and Rory were recuperating, Guy was out in the valley roping calves for practice.

Such impetuous sprees do not surprise Guy's friends, the Calhouns. Nor to them (*Continued on next page*)

*The road back to health
is a rough one for Lanza.
Your letters can
help him make it.*

IF YOU LOVE MARIO . . .



When in shape, Lanza's shoulder spread is huge. Expanded, his chest measures over 50"

■ Ever since the release of *The Student Prince*, featuring the voice of Mario Lanza, there has been a revival of interest in Mario.

The millions of music lovers who boomed his *Student Prince* record album to a number-one best-seller are asking, "When will Mario make another movie? What's wrong with him? What's he doing?"

You can help make sure that the answer is: He's doing fine, he's feeling great! In his fight for health, mental and physical, Mario needs encouragement, the assurance that the public he loves is behind him. Write and tell him so, addressing your letters to Mario Lanza, MODERN SCREEN, 261 5th Avenue, New York.

Mario's big trouble is emotional immaturity. Garrulous by nature, he loves people. When one of them hurts or angers him, he goes to pieces and reacts by indulging in tremendous eating and drinking sprees.

The day after Mario broke with his personal manager, Sam Weiler, he ate thirty hot dogs, drank thirty-two bottles of beer. The day after he read the audited report of his dire financial straits, he wolfed down twenty-four sandwiches, drank fifteen quarts of beer.

When various members of his family were sick, he stayed up night after night with them. When they recovered he would celebrate with four or five bottles of champagne.

After two years of indulging in

self-sympathy, Mario last September decided to turn over a new leaf.

He checked in at the Las Encinas Sanitarium in Pasadena, weighing a little under 300.

"I must lose a hundred pounds in thirty days," he told the doctors. "I've signed to make my television debut on the Chrysler Show, and I must be in shape."

"That's pretty impossible," Mario was told. "The human body, no matter how strong, can't stand so great a weight loss in so short a time."

Lanza grinned. "All my life," he explained, "I've been fat and thin. One time I weighed 287. I dieted and went down to 157. I know I can do it again. I must do it again."

In thirty days Mario dropped more than forty pounds. The doctors were amazed. Mario seemed to thrive on no more than 500 calories a day.

By the time you read this he will have made his debut on TV—although the doctors wanted him to postpone it to Thanksgiving Day. He may even have dropped to 190 pounds which is his weight for films.

At last Lanza is trying. He has snapped out of his morbid lethargy. He is looking to the future with hope and vigor.

In the last three months he has received forty-five starring offers from film companies.

"All I want," he says now, "is to sing, to reach as many people as possible."

(Continued from page 59) do they presage danger of his succumbing to the soft life. Both Rory and Lita, who share Guy's passion for archery, camping, hunting and fishing, have been with him where a man's true mettle gleams through unmistakably, and to them it is inconceivable that Guy could ever put himself in a posture of danger in Hollywood or elsewhere. They've had too much proof.

RORY HAS HUNTED in all kinds of rugged country with Guy on expeditions with bow and arrow, stalking dangerous game. "People ask, 'Haven't you and Guy ever been in any tight squeezes?'" But I can't remember many. The reason is that Guy doesn't let himself get in danger. He's a deadly, tenacious hunter, but an alert and cautious one. And that's the way he is in most predicaments—calling his own shots. Nobody's going to stampede the Tiger and make him lose his head." The only time Rory ever saw Guy blow his top was, he cheerfully admits, when Rory lost his own good sense. That was during a pig hunt on Catalina Island a few years ago.

"It's my boar story," Rory grins. "Maybe 'bore' story is more accurate—I've told it so many times. But I like to because it gives such perfect line on the unimpressed and unchangeable way Guy reasons."

When you hunt this most dangerous of all quarry (and Guy's favorite game), Rory explained, you're safest sticking together. It takes only a few seconds for an enraged hog to charge from the brush and rip you to ribbons with his razor sharp tusks. With arrows, as Guy and Rory prefer to do it, it's twice as risky solo.

As Rory tells it, this time they were stalking up a canyon which suddenly forked. "You take that one and I'll go up this way," Guy decided. "Travel fast and I'll meet you at the top of the mountain. Don't stop for anything."

However, on his way up Rory spied what they'd both been looking for and instead of hiking back for Guy to back him he waded in, let fly and bagged a beauty with his first arrow. Meanwhile Madison had toiled to the top. When Rory didn't show he began to worry. When he heard some wild goats go "Ba-a, baa-a," his anxiety translated that to cry of "Bob! Bob!" (Guy's real name and what he likes to be called by his friends). With visions of Rory pinned under a furious boar Guy scrambled over ridges, gullies and hills to the other fork only to find his partner grinning widely. He flamed, bawling out Rory for not keeping his word.

"But look," exulted Calhoun. "I got one!" and pointed to the tusker at his feet. Guy was impressed but not enough to change his one-track mind. Instead of compliments, blue blazer words singed Rory. "When I say keep going and meet me," stormed Guy, "I mean it. You want to get killed?"

LIKE THE CALHOUNS, Guy's other best friend, Howard Hill, knows the stuff Madison's made of. Howard, a bold-nosed, soft-spoken Alabaman is the most formidable hunter with bow and arrow in the world. He's skewered everything from rattlesnakes to elephants and if you saw his African game picture, *Tembo*, you don't need any more buildup. Howard Hill has known Guy since he was a fourteen-year-old kid roaming the irrigation canals of Bakersfield, California, hunting small game. He has taught Guy everything he knows about expert archery, and like Rory, has been his companion on countless big game hunts. The pair tracked elk together through the snows of Idaho and Utah last October. As this is written, they are both in (Continued on page 68)

In these three hours your skin "dies" a little

Every day for "danger periods" of 1 to 3 hours, your skin is open to trouble, dermatologists say. This is immediately after you wash your face. In washing away dirt, you also remove natural skin protectors. Your skin takes 1 to 3 hours to re-establish its defenses. Meanwhile, real trouble can start:

Dryness . . . cracking . . . "shriveling"
Enlarged pores, coarseness

*Read how women noted for their
beautiful complexions keep free of these skin problems . . .*

**After each washing—
"re-balance" your skin**

The more obvious signs of skin "un-balance" show up right after washing.

The tight-stretched feel of your face.
Flakiness; often a splotchy look.

These are the first, small warnings of skin "un-balance." But in the 1 to 3 hours that Nature takes to re-protect your skin, more serious problems can take root. Dryness. Shriveling. Clogged "pores"—forerunners of blackheads.

Should you avoid washing your face? "No," leading skin doctors say. "But after each washing, 're-balance' your skin *instantly*..."

60 times faster than Nature

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "re-balances" your skin in one minute—at least 60 times faster than Nature does. It combats dryness, shriveling. Keeps pore-openings cleared—keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

And, remember, a film of Pond's Cold Cream under make-up gives *continuing* skin "balance" all day.

A deep clearing at bedtime

Besides instant "re-balance" after each washing, most skins need a thorough *clearing* every night. A *deep* Pond's Cold Creaming dislodges stubborn, water-resistant dirt. Stimulates circulation, awakens skin to its full beauty!

Do begin this simple, complete beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. After each face washing—a quick "re-balance." At bedtime—a *deep* Pond's clearing. You've probably never tried a treatment so effective. You'll soon discover *how* effective, when your friends say, "Your complexion is looking *wonderful* lately!"

Among social leaders who use Pond's

S.A.R. LA PRINCESSE MURAT
THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY
THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT
MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART

Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss—This lovely young New York social leader—slender, vibrant, very fair—says, "Every woman who uses water as part of her face care should know what a major difference a follow-up with Pond's Cold Cream makes in the texture, and *good looks* of her skin. And a deep Pond's clearing at bedtime is a *necessity* to me."



The world's most famous beauty formula—never duplicated, never equalled. That's why more women use and love Pond's Cold Cream than any other face cream ever made! Get a *large* jar today.

Modern Screen Gifts



■ Lovely Mitzi Gaynor poses with a Lane Cedar Chest of fine modern design, a wonderful gift any girl would be proud to own. Blond oak (as shown) or mahogany—roomy drawer in base, top drawers simulated. About \$80. Hostess outfit—suede leather pants and iridescent snakeskin jacket by Samuel Robert, Leather Industries. Matching snakeskin slippers, Capezio. Famous *Heart-Rest* foam *Latex* pillow (available in three heights) by Playtex. Costume jewelry, Volupté. Kerchiefs, Logan.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVES YOUR



■ Glamorous Denise Darcel holds a special Christmas gift package of Dana's provocative *Tabu* perfume fragrance and cologne. This "*forbidden*" fragrance is famous the world over! Perfume and cologne, about \$5 (plus tax). Gown, Ceil Chapman. Pearl earrings, Duchess. Rhinestone dome ring, Ciner. Furs, Ritter Bros. Halvorson gift Christmas tree. Denise's holiday movie is the Hecht-Lancaster production *Vera Cruz* co-starring Burt Lancaster and Gary Cooper—released by U.A.

Engstead

Prigent

■ Cleo Moore and Roberta Linn know how to protect all their lovely holiday shoes with Rain Dears Deluxe rainboots by Lucky. Designed for rain, sleet or snow—these soft, seamless, molded plastic rainboots (triple-thick, deep, non-slip tread) have easy-on-and-off bow-tie tape and snap fastenings. Smoke or clear. Universal-Fit for all types of shoes; Fashion-Fit for high and cuban heels. About \$2. Raincoats and hats, Lawrence of London. Umbrellas, Mespo. See Cleo in the Columbia film, *Women's Prison*; Roberta is a famous tv and recording star.

XMAS GIFTS

more fashions on page 64





modern screen fashions

■ Dramatize your holiday frocks—wear them over Lovable's glamorous *Dance Time*. This easy, comfortable all-in-one assures a beautifully molded, natural look with bosom uplift. Embroidered nylon sheer with *Leno* elastic sides and back—three-quarter cups, padded under-sections. White or black. About \$5. By Lovable. The high-fashion six-strand pearl necklace is by Duchess. Another favorite luxury, the intricately designed hand mirror, is by American Beauty.

(Continued from page 35) Shearer's having sent her photo to the studio, she was no prettier than dozens of other coeds from the College of the Pacific in Stockton.

First, she was a little too plump, at least for the movie cameras. They have a way of enlarging everything. Secondly, her hair was too fluffy. It fell down around her forehead, broadening the entire facial structure. Her eyebrows were sharply angled at the ends, her clothes fussy.

Like many young and inexperienced girls, she knew very little about applying makeup. What she used, she used too heavily in the wrong places.

In the words of one MGM makeup man, "Janet was a sweet kid but she was too much of muchness."

It took time, of course, but honest, objective self-appraisal and learning a few basic makeup skills gradually brought out Janet's true loveliness.

First she gave up completely her beloved peanut butter sandwiches and pastry. For these she substituted cottage cheese and tomato salads. She also gave up all soft drinks, a sacrifice which even today drives husband Tony Curtis slightly mad as he can drink them ceaselessly without any visible signs of weight increase.

Having lost weight, Janet began giving away her dirndls and ruffled blouses. They had served only to make her look heavy. She began to buy suits and matching shoes. Today she is always well dressed, usually in one-color outfits.

Marilyn Maxwell and tiger got a telegram from Osa Johnson, who hunts tigers: "Do I try to sing? Stop horning in."

*Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter*

She calmed down her hairdo. She brushed her hair back over her face instead of letting it droop. To highlight her face and accentuate her eyes, she used a makeup shade three tones lighter than her base color. Because her upper lip was a little thin, she gave herself a thicker one.

Janet developed into one of Hollywood's foremost beauties.

A few years ago, however, not long after she had married Tony, Janet, for reasons known only to herself, suddenly began to go to extremes. "I guess I just wanted a change," she says.

She dieted too strenuously. She let one hair-stylist cut off her long bob and lighten her naturally honey-blonde to a startling platinum. Simultaneously she began buying some pretty daring clothes. She looked strained and devastatingly out of character. Her new acquisitions did not seem to match her personality.

JANET IS an open-minded and intelligent young woman. A half dozen candid photos and a long, unbiased look in the mirror soon proved to her that she had swung the pendulum too hard and too far.

Now Janet is in the process of seeking a near-perfect balance.

She is gaining weight with a doctor-recommended diet re-enforced by frequent milkshakes. She has started to wear her hair long and loosely waved again and two shades darker. Her clothes are a bit more on the conservative side.

At the premiere of *The Egyptian* a few months ago, it was Mrs. Tony Curtis who took the limelight. Wearing a high-necked white lace sheath, softly feminine and expertly fitted to show her figure, she set the fans to screaming.



You and your lovely clothes are safe with Fresh

Are you always Lovely to Love?

You're lovely to look at, lovely to be near—only when underarms stay dry, odorless.

That's why lovely women use FRESH Cream Deodorant, always!

Tests in a leading university laboratory show that new FRESH with "Moisture-Shield" formula has up to 180% greater astringent action than other leading cream deodorants. And it is this astringent action that keeps underarms dry and free from odor. Use gentle, effective FRESH daily.



ONLY FRESH HAS THIS NEW "MOISTURE-SHIELD" FORMULA TO KEEP UNDERARMS REALLY DRY!

Fresh is a registered trademark of The Pharma-Craft Corporation. Fresh is also manufactured and distributed in Canada.

BEAUTY FAIR ANALYSIS CHART

NAME	FIGURE	HAIR	EYES	MOUTH	POWDER	ROUGE	BEST COLORS	BEST STYLES
JANET LEIGH	38" bust 24" waist Tendency toward thinness	Honey blonde	Uses brown mascara and brown eye-pencil	Clear tones. Lipstick is only make-up accent	Light	None	Blue	Sports clothes, form-revealing and feminine
ELIZABETH TAYLOR	Size 12 Post-pregnancy weight problem	Blue-black Italian cut	Blue-green eye shadow	Lipstick matches clothes	Olive	Dark red	White	Tailored blouses, tightly belted full skirts
DORIS DAY	Size 12 Tall-type (5'7")	Cut short to look casual, but neat	No eye shadow	Lipstick matches clothes, follows natural line	None Lets her freckles show	None	Tan and beige	Peddle pushers, shorts, all sport clothes
SUSAN HAYWARD	Size 10 Loves butter, diets before pictures	Natural auburn Heavy, shoulder-length bob	Greenish eye shadow	Pale pink or light orange, depending on clothes	Little Has the good complexion of a redhead. Freckles show	Burnt orange	All shades of green	Soft black cocktail dresses, short evening gowns
BETTY GRABLE	Size 10-12	Platinum Very short cut	Eyebrow pencil	True red lipstick	None	None	Any pastels	Tailored suits, shirts, slacks
VIRGINIA MAYO	Size 10	Blonde Long bob	Brown eye pencil, mascara, artificial lashes	Slightly fuller than natural. Color blends with clothes	None	Peach-colored cream type	Red and pink	Cocktail, full glamour treatment for evening
JEAN PETERS	Size 12	Brown Sleek, well-brushed, shaped upward for height	Doe-eyes Brown mascara, greenish eyeshadow	Red	Little Likes a tanned, scrubbed skin	Little	Brown-grey to deep brown	Suits, evening dresses
DEBRA PAGET	Size 8	Red (at the moment) Short, sculptured cut	Doe eyes	Bright shades	Base color	Reddish	Pastels, prints; went through violet phase at one time	Everything dramatic from full skirts to sheaths

To her admiring public Elizabeth Taylor is the ultimate in natural beauty. And to a great extent this is true. But like many happily-endowed individuals Liz used to take her beauty for granted. She never thought much about careful grooming.

She'd succumb to a manicure only when there was nothing more exciting to do. Her luxurious head of curls, shaped by studio hairdressers since she was a child, continued to be shaped by them.

When Liz was off-salary she'd cut her hair with nail scissors. And insofar as weight was concerned, well, Liz used to eat pretty nearly everything as a youngster, and because she was athletic, she gained little.

When Liz married Mike Wilding, however, she reached the turning point. She gave up her careless childhood habits and began to look more womanly. But she could not or would not give up her eating routines. When she became pregnant, she continued to eat as she had always eaten. But her exercise was cut down.

You all know what happened. Liz gained thirty-five pounds during her pregnancy, twenty of which stayed on after the baby's birth.

Under normal conditions, Liz would have bounced back in six months. However, the studio didn't give her six months. Vivian Leigh suffered a nervous collapse during the filming of *Elephant Walk*, and Liz was loaned to replace her.

LIZ HAD THREE weeks in which to take off twelve pounds. It was a painful experience consisting of appetite-curbing pills, steam baths and strenuous massage. But it started a new phase in Liz Taylor's approach to beauty and to health.

She now watches her weight very carefully, never letting it rise more than three pounds.

Because she's been around studios all her life, Liz knows a great deal about makeup. According to an MGM makeup man "Elizabeth Taylor is one of the most proficient actresses in the art of cosmetics. She has studied her own coloring and has a thorough understanding of her own special problems. One of the major ones is her heavy eyebrows. Liz has learned that she needs eye shadow to balance her eyebrows and violet eyes. Although few people are aware of it, she uses a lot of eye makeup. And in her case it's absolutely necessary or the brows would become the focus of attention rather than her beautiful eyes."

Liz is also extremely careful to match her lipstick to the color of her costume. She knows how to apply lipstick carefully. She uses a small amount of lipstick, evenly distributed in one thin layer.

DORIS DAY is not often listed as one of the outstanding screen beauties, and possibly it's her own fault. Ever since she became a star, Dodo has been saying that she isn't really very good-looking.

The truth is that she has a fresh, bouncing personality. Her face is freckled, her blue eyes sparkle. Her blonde hair is not natural, but it looks it.

Doris, however, knows what she is doing. "People look upon me as the girl next door. That's why I wouldn't let the studio try and turn me into a belt-line beauty. I think it would make me lose what individualism I have. There's nothing wrong with freckles. Why cover them up? There is no point in looking like everyone else."

When Doris sang many years ago with Bob Crosby and Les Brown, she tried to look like the popular conception of a star. She wore her hair long and down over the back of her neck. Her eyebrows were pencilled too darkly and her mouth make-up was much too large for her face.

When Mike Curtiz signed her for *Romance On The High Seas*, however, Doris learned that the fans liked her as "a friendly, typical American girl—with blonde hair."

That's when she decided that the freckles considered a liability by many girls were really her greatest asset. She also learned from studio makeup men that she didn't have to dye her eyebrows to go with her hair, that dark eyebrows and blonde hair offer a vivid contrast. She learned the value of artificial eyelashes and the youthful appearance short hair can give. Her looks blend with her personality.

TWENTY YEARS ago a Brooklyn girl named Edythe Marrener obtained her first modeling job. Although she was only sixteen and not too much to look at, she was smart. She fully realized that it was the heavy crown of auburn hair on her head that set her apart from other models.

Edythe Marrener is now known as Susan Hayward. She still knows that her beautiful hair is her outstanding endowment.

The advent of color movies and the popularization of Technicolor has probably done more for her than for any other actress because of her photogenic hair.

She always makes it a point to wear the palest of pink or orange lipsticks offscreen. Neither clashes with the red of her hair.

Susan is very careful about clothes. She

chooses greens, beige, black and always simple styles. Nothing to detract from her hair.

Susan has extremely white skin. She freckles easily and any kind of a sunburn blisters her skin badly. As a result she avoids overexposure like the plague.

She is more the screen siren than actresses like Doris Day or June Allyson. In her case, it pays to camouflage the freckles. She does this very easily on her face with basic makeup, but the freckles on her arms and shoulders are too numerous to hide, so she doesn't try, merely relaxes and forgets all about them.

WHEN IT comes to all-time beauty queens, Betty Grable is a popular choice to head the list. "Dancing has always kept me shapely," Betty offers, "and that's why I've never had any trouble with my figure."

On the subject of facial beauty, however, she insists that her features are not exceptional, but merely "adaptable."

"Over the past ten years," she says, "I've studied myself and from time to time made some pretty radical changes."

Betty has worn her hair in every conceivable style from upswept to poodle. She's varied her lip-line, re-done her eyebrows, modified her makeup. All this is important, but Betty's greatest asset is her voluptuous figure. Her greatest effort goes into maintaining that.

SELF-STUDY is the one thing all movie actresses have in common. This self-study must be honest, constant and searching. Actresses cannot kid themselves. When age catches up with one beauty feature, they compensate by concentrating on another.

Virginia Mayo is typical of the actresses who study themselves with professional candor. Admittedly, Virginia has been gifted with delicate coloring and near-perfect features, but she claims that isn't enough for true beauty.

She believes that her skin tone, the lustre of her eyes and the sheen of her hair depend on inner health. She scrupulously follows a doctor's diet for health.

Virginia weakens rather easily. "There is a lot of hard work and nervous pressure in this business," she says. She eats hefty meals of steak, eggs, beef and other high-protein foods. She takes vitamins at each meal and goes to the doctor every six months for a checkup.

"It's impossible," she maintains, "to look really well unless you feel well. Health is the key to beauty. At least for me."

JEAN PETERS believes in taking excellent care of her health, too. But while bad health may ruin good beauty, good health will not necessarily turn a girl into a raving beauty overnight.

At 20th experts re-did her hair, studied her facial features and taught her a good deal about makeup.

Because Jean is fairly tall, her hair was brushed up to make sure that her head was perfectly proportioned to her body. Jean also learned that the modern look is natural rather than artificial, that beauty technique should never be obvious, but hide itself gracefully. She learned, too, that poise and feeling at ease are as important as any physical reconditioning.

Jean Peters has the sort of face that grows more beautiful with maturity and love. Now that she's married, she is looking prettier than ever and has decided to "leave whatever features I have alone, at least for the time being."

DEBRA PAGET, on the other hand, is in the throes of experimenting with her appearance. One day she wears her bru-

nette hair shoulder length. Next day it's red and short.

She is equally indecisive about clothes. With amazing rapidity she shifts from seductive sheath dresses and fantastic jewelry to the demure skirts and flats.

Debbie simply cannot make up her mind. Neither can her studio. Some executives think Debbie should be publicized as a "sweet and innocent June Allyson type." Others think she is too sexy for that. They say, "She can become an Ava Gardner, a regular *femme fatale* over night."

At twenty-one, Debra Paget cannot put off a definite decision.

LIKE EVERYONE else, movie stars make plenty of errors when it comes to makeup. Not as many, however, as the girl who has no expert to advise her.

"The average girl," according to famous makeup man Ben Nye of 20th Century-Fox, "has a wrong idea of what good makeup consists of."

"The desired result of good makeup should be naturalness, balance and understatement. No one feature should stand out too dramatically. Sometimes this is necessary for the Technicolor cameras, but it definitely is not necessary in real life. And yet many of the girls I see around town wear too dark lips or over-blackened eyebrows or exaggerated mascara lines."

"It is a good idea to emphasize the good points and detract from the bad. But too much emphasis, too much coloring, throws the good feature way out of balance and deprives it of its natural loveliness."

Ben Nye says, too, that he sees from day to day, "a lot of faces where the eyebrows have been badly plucked. The girls thin them out at the ends and leave them heavy near the bridge of the nose. The result is a painted scowl, not a pleasant expression."

He adds: "I would like to make a plea for eyebrow pencils with sharp points. The points should be so sharp that when used they make short, hair-like strokes."

When it comes to home beauty aids, Nye thinks they're swell. He likes eyelash curlers because when straight lashes are turned-up the eyes seem larger. He also approves heartily of the highlight sticks now on the market.

"They're easy to use," he asserts, "and effective in covering blemishes and lines."

For women with dry skin, especially those who live in dry climates, Ben recommends face creams.

The answer to oily skin, he says, is a good grade of soap and at least two thorough washings a day.

Nye's makeup philosophy is summed up in the adage, "Make the best of what you've got." And don't ruin what you've got in the process of making it better.

ANOTHER outstanding Hollywood makeup expert is Keester Sweeney. He, too, is an advocate of the razor-sharp eyebrow pencil. But Keester adds that the trouble with many eyebrows is that they are incorrectly spaced. They should correspond, he asserts, with the inner corner of the eye. Keester is also fond of the eyebrow line that finishes with an upward stroke or "wing" at the end.

On the subject of lipstick Sweeney recommends that the bow be spaced neatly apart but not to an extreme. He warns not to make the lips full toward the outside but to finish the mouth with a slight upward lift.

In other words, the girl who, with her makeup, applies a little common sense, a great deal of care and, whenever possible, the advice of an expert, will without doubt improve her looks. She may stand a chance of becoming a beauty. It's a chance worth taking.

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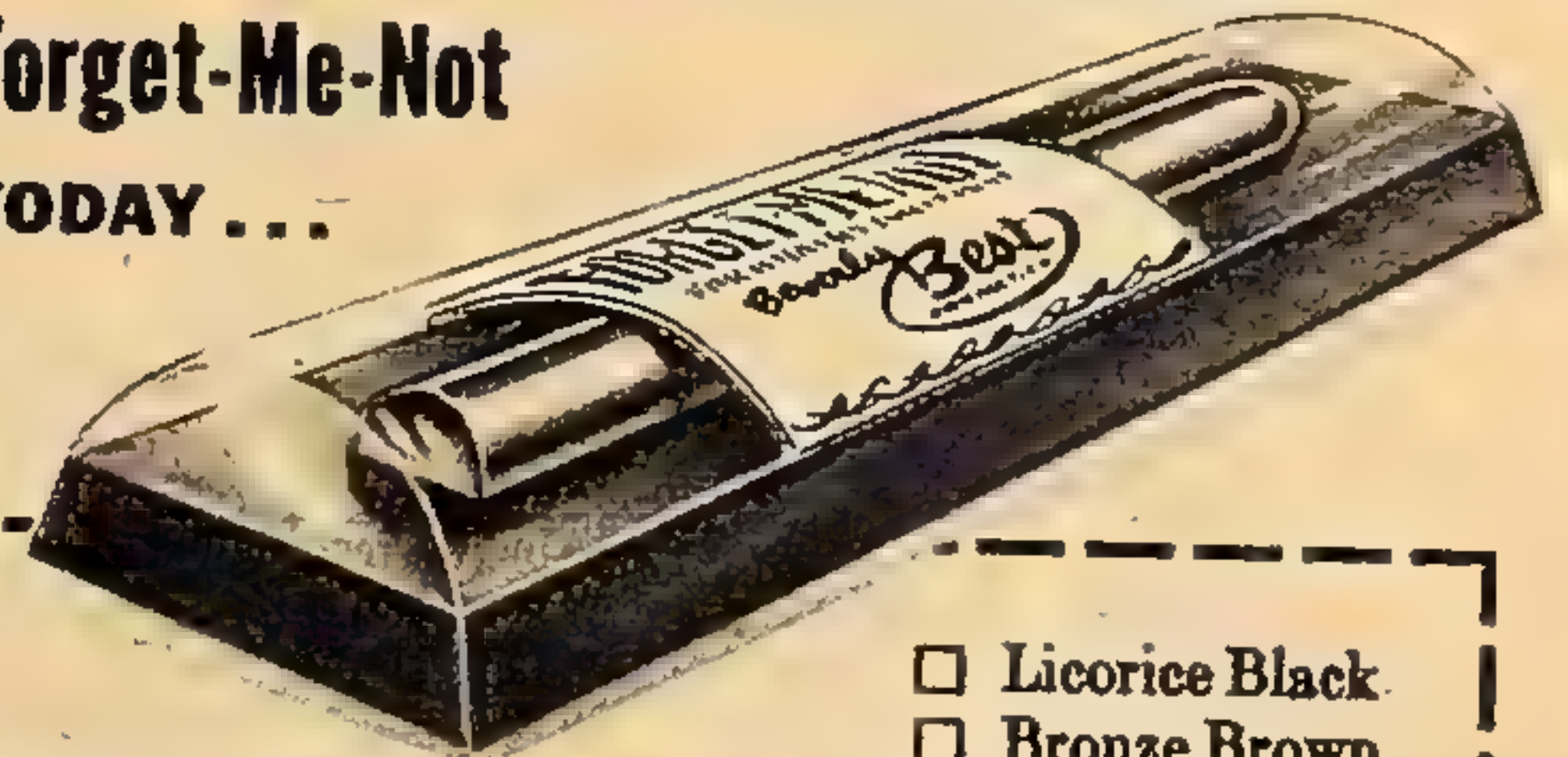
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right guy

(Continued from page 60) Wyoming after antelope. Howard still favors a game leg smashed when Guy veered their hunting jeep too sharply and threw him out. But he wouldn't let a little thing like that change his admiration for Guy.

"A fine boy and as fine a hunter," says Hill, bestowing his greatest praise. "I don't know much about Guy and Hollywood. He doesn't tell me his personal affairs. I don't want to know—none of my business. But if you ask me, Guy doesn't fit in Hollywood. He's above it. There's nothing phony about him. He's straight as—well—an arrow. And if it takes courage or stick-to-itiveness to keep on the trail he wants to travel, he's got it. Don't fret about that."

Hill's favorite tale concerns a tough bargain Guy made—and kept. That time they were after lowly rabbits with two other hunters in the Simi Valley back of Hollywood. Guy's favorite shot is a jackrabbit he speared once at forty yards from a racing jeep. To him they're a better test of his archery than any other game. This morning, the four hunters split into teams and made a bargain: The pair who came in that night with the fewest rabbits would skin and draw them all. "I had a pretty good boy named McDermott with me," recalls Hill. "So we won. But everybody had good hunting. All in all there were 174 rabbits to dress. That's a lot of rabbits."

It was such an awesome job that Hill and his partner, dog tired as all were, proposed sleep and the chore in the morning. But along about five o'clock he was awakened by sounds and lantern light. "There were Guy and his partner still at it," he chuckles. "Been skinning rabbits all night while I slept. Just four were left. I felt right bad about it and reached for those rabbits. But Guy slapped my arm down before I could grab one. 'No, Sir!' he barked. 'This is my job. You're not going to get to say that you helped!'"

"From what I know about Guy he's made a bargain with himself to stay what he is, movie star or not. If that's right it'll sure be kept!"

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to see how Guy Madison got that way if you know his family. Guy grew up in Bakersfield, California, the son of a ranch hand and railroader named Ben Mosely. His parents named him Robert Ozell Mosely and until he was renamed after a cupcake on a Dolly Madison bakery billboard in his unrealistic Hollywood debut, people called him Bob or Mose. His friends and his folks still do.

The Moselys' house is a small, neatly

whitewashed adobe on Brundage Lane. All around is country. And Sunday dinner there is a fine country dinner, too—fried chicken and brown gravy, mashed potatoes, watermelon pickles and at the end a mountain of strawberry shortcake with the kind of cream you can't buy in supermarkets. Most of Bob's family ring the table—his dad, Ben, mother, Mary Jane, brothers Harold and Wayne and his Grandma Holder, until she died just this past year pushing ninety. They say grace. Both Guy's grandfathers were Baptist ministers. Both sides of his family are pioneers. They came originally from the Ozark mountains of Missouri. Bob's dad jolted west in a covered wagon, carrying his own sick father to the sunshine of New Mexico homestead—and got burnt out and broke in a drought. He brought his rancher's daughter bride to California, settled in the rich San Joaquin Valley and worked hard to raise five kids. But money was always scarce and often the family fare was very different from today's Sunday feasts—just cottontails the boys shot and pinto beans from the back yard garden patch.

Guy was always tongue-tied about himself, but his schoolday pals can tell a lot about him. Like Guy they are an impressively muscled, manly bunch.

They agree that their pal Mose was and always had been nobody's man but his own, straight down the line. Furthermore, that he was stubborn and unswerving and determined in whatever he tackled—the kind of kid who never came back from a hunt with an empty bag, who always made whatever team he went out for and who could handle any random situation that arose. His chum, Si Santiago, told about the scrap he had over his best girl Betty. Guy was forced into the fracas by a bully boy who fancied the same charmer his exclusive property. At a high school dance he chose Guy and the word got around. So a cavalcade of jalopies rolled out into the fields after midnight, formed a circle of headlights as, stripped to the waist, they settled the argument. It took over an hour and the going was bloody. Bob hadn't fought much, was younger and slighter than his opponent, locally famous as a murderous mauler. But that night he picked the wrong guy. Bob took Betty home unaided. The bully saw a doctor.

Outside of banging "bad men" for the cameras, Guy Madison hasn't had a scrap in Hollywood. His temper is taut but kept under control. But he has had his battles of another kind with even more shifty opponents against whom Guy was twice as green as he was for that schoolboy challenge. The brassy, sharpshooting big league of show business that snatched him

by his middy-blouse took him years to lick, almost licked him, although Guy never believed it could. Asked not long ago if, in the dismal days when the publicity balloon had popped and he was struggling to learn his business, he ever considered chucking the works and going back to the animal husbandry he'd studied in junior college, commercial fishing or some other-kind of job, he said, "Not for a minute. I knew I'd get going here again."

**Movie exec who has the sign
THINK in his office found someone
had added OR THWIM.**

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

Guy had just as much confidence in his marriage and dogged determination to make it work. Lita Calhoun, for one, believes that is why he won't talk about his troubles. "Guy has never failed at anything before," she says. "He hates to admit this one—if you can call it his failure." Few people do.

GUY AND GAIL met when both were in Luther Lester's dramatic school at Paramount. Their tragic love story is purely a tale of Hollywood, though not the usual kind of married partners who are professional rivals. Rather, Gail's battle and defeat was with and by herself. "She never really wanted to be an actress," a friend says. "It was the idea of her mother and the friends who made Gail a high school beauty queen. Sure, she got to be a star but always against the grain. She wasn't strong enough to meet the emotional drain that demanded. So she cracked up. Guy had even less experience, aptitude and, until recently, success. His struggle was really harder. But he had the nervous equipment and stamina to handle it."

Guy Madison's loyal but losing effort to save his marriage, the girl he loved first and truly are well known. These very ordeals, his career flop and his frustrating marriage which made him practically a recluse for four years, are the very things his friends point to as his insurance against spreading himself now that he can. "Nobody," they point out, "has been through the sobering mill Guy has."

"What Guy's after now is security," believes his pal, Rory Calhoun. "In all departments. He's saving his emotions just like he's saving his money—and at that he's hard to beat." Rory doesn't mean Guy is tight—on the contrary, the Calhouns are the first to point out his generosity. Guy's favorite meals are barbecued wild game and usually the cooking takes place in the Calhoun back yard. Recently a friend surprised them with a new charcoal burner, and teasingly Lita kidded, "What—no electric spit, no hood, no serving table, no set of pottery?" Guy heard her. Next morning he sent them out, to her utter embarrassment.

But what Rory means is that Guy has learned the worth of a dollar the hard way. His income certainly warrants the few extravagances he allows himself but he is taking precautions to see that most of it sticks. He has hired a business manager, incorporated himself once and plans to do it another way soon so he can produce his own pictures. Guy is the only western movie star who doesn't stable a horse or spend a fortune on high style outfits or own a ranch.

Guy's greatest extravagances are his own hunting trips, but he's acutely conscious of their cost. Recently, he toted some wild boar sausage over to his agent, Helen Ainsworth. "I hope you appreciate this. It cost me about \$100 a pound."

In moments of relaxation these days, the ordinarily silent Madison sometimes

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tilts back his lean profile and bursts into full-throated song. Always it's the same tune, "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World."

Frankly, the way Guy renders this upbeat ballad is nothing to send Mitch Miller scurrying west to twist Madison's arm with a recording contract. In fact, according to one girl who often hears it—Lita Calhoun—Guy's voice wanders erratically through "six or seven keys" and suggests the tortured howl of a trapped coyote. Just the same, to Guy-Madison and all his friends the ditty has an extremely pleasing and timely ring.

Last year, for example, Guy dragged in \$100,000 from Hollywood movies and another \$60,000 from tv and radio, besides an incipient but swelling trickle of gravy from commercial tie-ups and novelty doodads. In the same stretch he turned down \$5000 a day for personal appearances because he didn't have time, and rejected twenty studio starring offers for the same reason. This year he'll make even more money and be even more in demand.

Only recently a national poll summed up Guy Madison's career status with two superlative accolades: (1) The best western actor in movies and (2) the best western star on tv. His *Wild Bill Hickock* show was likewise tabbed the Number One western show and *The Command* is a box-office hit. When Guy sallies forth to meet the people they almost murder him with adulation. Last year scattered metropolitan department stores and theatres almost came apart when crowds stormed in to see Guy. In one city 35,000 fans collected, and each month 18,000 swamp him with admiring missives. One imaginative and confident midwestern girl surprised Guy with this note:

"Dearest Guy:

"I'm expecting you to be my house guest for the month of August. But you'll have

to leave on the 31st. Clark Gable's coming in September."

Guy had to decline that invitation, with polite thanks, and presumably so did Clark. But at the same time it handed Madison a jolt. Being bracketed with The King is something even the above evidence hadn't prepared him for. Yet as he read it, the fact was far more than mere peerage in a girl's fancy. Guy had already signed to co-star with Clark in *The Tall Men*, which he'll make this February as the first job on a new Twentieth Century-Fox contract set to pay Guy around \$1,000,000 over the next seven years.

GUY MADISON's fantastic return to undreamed of star heights after a pretty boy publicity inflation a decade ago—and subsequent deflation—is a story that is well known and widely chronicled. Nothing quite like it has ever occurred before in Hollywood's history. Another story is yet to be told and probably will be in the months to come. In fact, it is already unraveling—and the question it will answer is simply this: What will all this fame, money and Hollywood pressure do to Guy Madison himself? Will it and can it change him and, if so, how?

Only thirty-two last July, Guy's still a comparative babe in the tv and movie hero game, and it will be a good long time before his curly brown locks fade to silver. He's twelve pounds lighter than the golden gob who got yanked to public life off a life guard's lookout at California's North Island Navy station in 1944. And except for a neck injury suffered in a surf-swamped lifeboat at the same place, which still gives him occasional trouble, there's nothing wrong with Guy Madison's whip strong body or his chiseled, slightly ski-snooted profile, either. Moreover, by now Guy is no be-

wildered male Trilby. He's learned his stuff the hard, fast-shooting way through radio and tv.

As veteran comic Andy Devine, his *Wild Bill Hickock* partner croaks, watching Guy pop confidently in and out of scenes like a gopher, "I've just about got 'Bink' housebroke. Yessir, the boy's about raised." That video horse opera shoots a half-hour movie in two fast days; already Guy has made seventy-four without a serious fluff or slip-up, besides three mike-shows a week running into the hundreds. This has made him handy. As Gordon Douglas, his director for *Charge At Feather River*, sighed, "I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to work with Guy. On most sets you're always having to look around for your actors. But Madison's always right at your elbow, leaning on the camera, ready to go." Before Guy went on *The Command*, he revamped his medical officer part, giving himself a country-boy background to make it believable, pecking out the changes in person on six typewritten sheets.

But the most important lesson Guy has learned about the trade he was plunged into is that in a technical sense he is no Thespian and never will be. Like John Wayne, another graceless gift to Hollywood, Guy has settled wisely on "not acting but reacting"—being himself, Guy Madison, in every part he plays.

WHILE ALL THIS professional progress has been developing for Guy Madison, in his private life he has remained a dangling man. Bound by loyalty and devotion to his sick wife, Gail Russell, Guy has dwelt in a state of suspension, unable to enjoy any of the tempting fruits of his success or to make any permanent personal plans. So in an ironic way he has not been tested. But now, just as his money, fame and

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popularity are stacking up to a peak, Guy has his freedom to do with all of that what he chooses.

Legally, of course, Guy Madison is still married to Gail. But they have not lived together for well over a year now. The divorce which Guy gallantly wanted Gail to seek—after their life together became impossible—has yet to be granted. But it is just a matter of time. Already property settlements have been made, and every detail ironed out. Guy himself has cross-filed for divorce to bring that on-and-off matter to a head. When you ask him if there is any chance of reconciliation, his answer is a flat no. For him the sad affair is finished, although his friends believe he will be tied emotionally to the green-eyed, nervously frail girl for a long time.

After their separation, Guy rallied to help both times Gail found herself in trouble—as a falsely accused meddler in the Chata and John Wayne domestic mess and shortly afterward when she was arrested for drunken driving. He has said that he is not sure he will ever experience love for any woman quite the same as his was—and perhaps still is—for Gail. He has also said it was just as much his fault as hers.

Just the same, the final decision after years of hopeless indecision is for Guy Madison like shedding a suit of constricting armor. And already there are indications that Guy is ready, as he says, to “bust out and live a little.”

In his monastic three-room apartment in Westwood where he has lived for a year with only a bed, chair, dresser, work bench and two television sets, Guy is unrolling plans for a ranch style house and swimming pool on a high Mulholland Drive lot overlooking Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley. It will cost him around \$50,000 and the furnishings and décor several thousand more. Construction starts right away.

The pickup truck he used to jolt around Hollywood in has been traded for a sleek, blue Lincoln Capri. He got it on a tie-up discount, but still it cost important money.

The sports clothes, jeans and outing shirts he used to wear have given way to conservative, tailored suits. Recently he ordered six at a crack, and he left for his last trip to New York looking like a Princeton senior in charcoal grey flannel and a black knit tie.

He has joined the swank Lakeside Golf Club. He is having a .375 Magnum rifle expensively custom built for a big game safari in Africa he hopes to make with Howard Hill next March.

He is seen around frequently in places he used to shun, expensive restaurants like LaRue and Romanoff's, nightclubs like Ciro's and Mocambo. Recently when nineteen-year-old Barbara Warner invited him to a Mocambo party given by her father, movie tycoon Jack Warner, after the premiere of *King Richard And The Crusaders*, Guy not only went, but when his date's father was delayed, acted as co-host in a smooth and engaging manner.

He is taking out a succession of girls, most frequently Sheila Connolly, an ex-model turned tv and movie actress.

GUY MADISON is rapidly becoming a vogue among Hollywood's more sophisticated circles. Not long ago Eva Gabor discovered Guy at a soiree, gasped, “He's wonderful!” and quickly paraded him before her international set. Hedda Hopper invariably invites him to her smart parties, which he tells friends, he likes best of all Hollywood shindigs. In turn he takes the gay gadabout to premieres and other top Hollywood affairs. Jaded Talulah Bankhead's remark about Guy when she first spied him has been passed around

until it's a *mot*: “Dahling—you make all the other buckaroos I ever met look like fugitives from Abercrombie and Fitch!” Joan Crawford has maneuvered to know Guy better with a co-starring idea in mind. Sheltered heiress Barbara Warner, smitten when Guy worked at her pop's studio, boldly asked a friend to arrange an introduction.

But if you asked Guy Madison whether or not he would ever follow in the fancy footsteps of Clark Gable or Gary Cooper and wind up something totally different from what he started as, Guy probably wouldn't know what you were talking about. If he did, he wouldn't know the answer. And if he did know he wouldn't tell you. Guy is no chatterbox. To a straight question he'll come back with a straight answer but it's liable to be little beyond yes or no. On the subjects of hunting, the outdoors, guns and especially bows and arrows Guy can open up a little, but about his intimate affairs, no.

If Guy himself has qualms or apprehensions about any subtle threats to his integrity, he would be the last to voice them. “As long as I've known Guy and as close as I've been to him,” says Helen Ainsworth, “I've yet to hear him complain or explain. And that includes the hungry days when he was borrowing a hundred from me one week and the next week I was borrowing it back.”

THERE IS NO indication that Guy is considering marriage or that he has fallen in love again. If you ask him about the first, he comes right back with a question that's hard to answer: “How can I? I'm not even divorced.” As for the second, nobody knows. He met dark-haired Sheila Connolly at the Pan Pacific Sports Show last spring and she has been his steadiest. But there are others, including Barbara Warner and Eva Gabor. He has also been linked with Joan Diener in New York and Virginia Grey in Hollywood—but both these supposed romances were columnists' dream-ups.

This, like everything else, can change as other things are changing for Guy. In his next picture, *Five Against The House*, he'll drop the true-blue heroics and play a character who gets involved in nasty trouble with the law. Even his friends have advised him against this job but Guy feels it's time to show he can change his pace. Asked if he was at all worried about the result, he said, “No, I've got a good director.”

But no one can dictate how Guy Madison will conduct himself in the day-in-day-out role of a lionized hero which has come his way at last. That's up to him. Certainly he will change. Change is the basic law of life and if he didn't grow in some direction he wouldn't be very bright. The only question is, which way will it be?

So far, no one around Hollywood or scattered parts believes Guy Madison is in any immediate peril. Or, if he is, that he won't know what to do about it before it's too late. But you never can tell. The track ahead he must travel is loaded with red boards flashing danger signals. One who doesn't think Guy will get derailed is Helen Ainsworth. “Guy has proved,” she says, “that he belongs to himself. He knows what he's up against and he won't let it change him.” As evidence that Guy isn't worried, she brings out a sterling cigarette box he gave her last Christmas. The lid is engraved with Guy's own handwriting: “With deep appreciation for our friendship,” it reads, “and faith in our continued success.”

Rory Calhoun, still Guy Madison's chief cheer leader, puts it another way. “Don't worry about the Tiger,” he scoffs. “Did you ever hear of one really changing his stripes?”

END

count your blessings

(Continued from page 45) so active that people began to worry.

"Her husband is a top obstetrician," one friend said. "How come he lets her do all these things? I thought pregnant women weren't allowed to fly or even to drive."

Ann's answer is, "I had the most wonderful pregnancy. Jim urged me to keep active as long as I felt well. And I felt perfect right down to the end. Having him near me so much of the time gave me a great sense of security, so that I was never worried and could go on with my work. And Jim taught me to look upon childbirth as something natural and easy."

Ann had a fairly easy time with Timothy Patrick McNulty, who arrived weighing seven pounds, one and a half ounces.

With his blue eyes and dark hair, Tim, according to Ann's Uncle Dan, "is the spittin' Irish image of his father."

Ann, who wears a size seven dress, gained only fifteen pounds during her pregnancy—"because Jim kept me active and I didn't sit around adding weight"—and after Timmy was born, she snapped right back to size seven again, a vivid contrast to Elizabeth Taylor, who gained thirty-five pounds during her pregnancy and then had trouble slimming down.

Ann nursed Timmy for six weeks. At the end of his third month he weighed fourteen pounds.

"Timmy," his mother says, "is really the kindest, best-natured baby. I sing to him and when I hit a high note, he turns his head and looks at me in amazement."

"He's a darling and so easy to take care of. I'd heard so much about those 2:00 A.M. feedings and parents not being able to get any sleep. Well, I give Tim a bottle at about 10:30 P.M. and he sleeps through to 6:00 A.M. Elsa Kelly, the girl who helps me with Timmy, agrees that he's a darling."

AUNT CIS, who is Ann's guardian, says, "I don't know of any parents who get more fun out of a baby than Ann and Jim. They take little Timmy and put him on a towel. And he just laughs and laughs, and you can see Ann bursting with joy. She can't pull herself away from him."

"The baby hasn't been sick a single day since he was born. Just give him enough to eat, and he's content. A regular Irishman, that one."

Ann, of course, finds motherhood so delightful that she's determined to have "lots and lots of children. We've even picked out the name for a daughter," she adds. "Maureen Alanna. Jim comes from a large family, and we want one, too."

Although pregnancy didn't interfere with Ann's career, one might expect that motherhood would. But here again Ann has shown her reasonable sense of values.

"I've worked so hard and so long," she says, "and I love acting and entertaining so much that I just couldn't stop after marriage or childbirth. Jim understands that. He knows how much acting means to me, and that's why he wants me to continue just so long as I'm happy."

Shortly after Ann gave birth to Timmy, her agent reported that she was in great demand throughout the country.

"A series of personal appearances," he confided to a reporter, "could bring her in a quarter of a million bucks."

Because she didn't want to be very far from her infant son, Ann agreed to open her nightclub act at Topps, a dinner club in San Diego. She sang there a few nights, wowed the customers, then drove back to Jim and Tim.

A week later she agreed to sing at the Sacramento Fair. "But only for one weekend," she said. "September 10 to 12."

With Aunt Cis and Mac Newman, her



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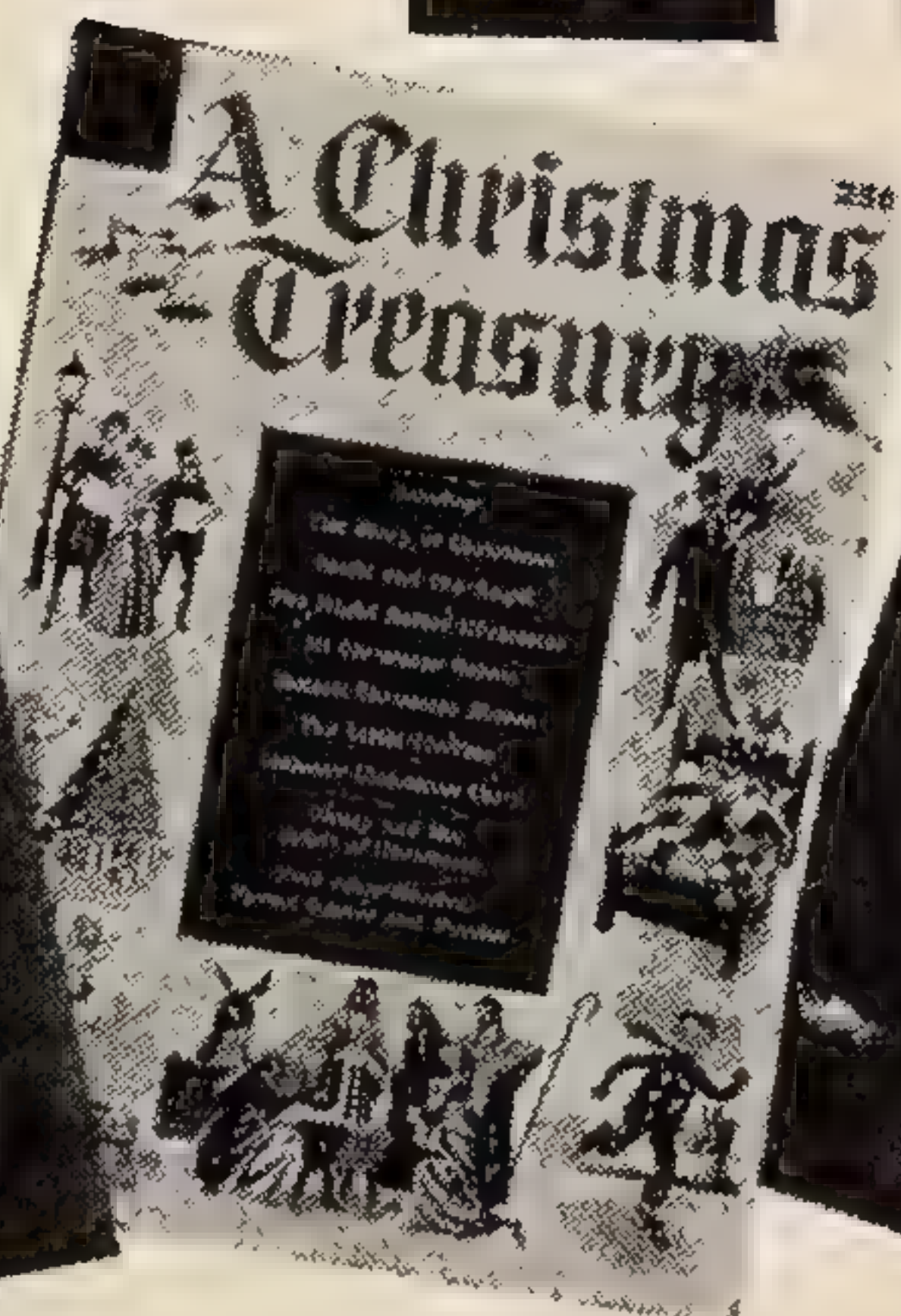
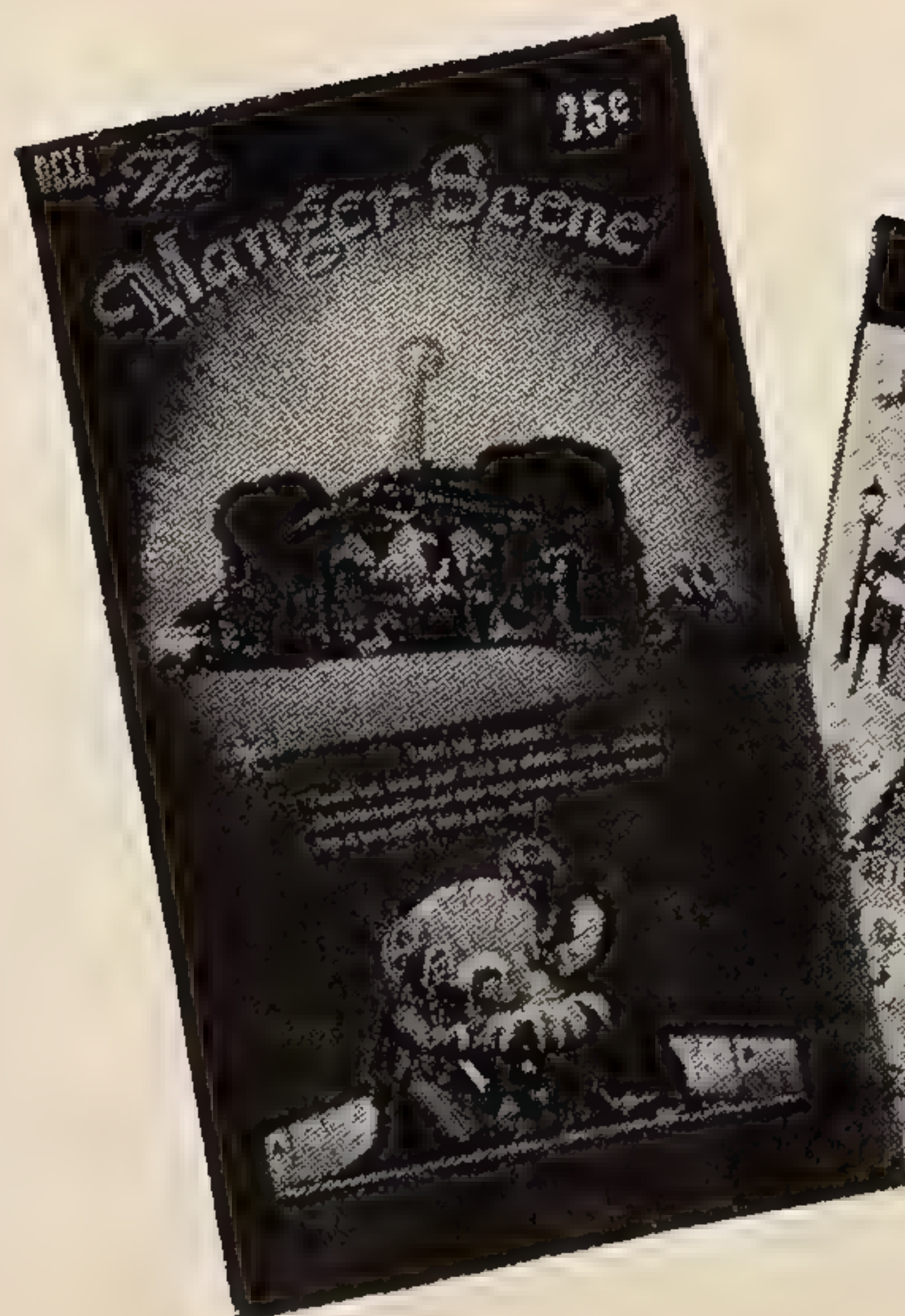
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musical arranger, beside her, Ann boarded a plane and flew up to Sacramento. She checked in at the El Rancho Hotel, then drove to the Fair Grounds. On three successive nights she broke all the existing records. And on each of these nights, of course, she phoned home to talk to her doctor and find out how little Timmy was.

Following her Sacramento appearance, Ann flew to Las Vegas where she sang for almost a month at \$10,000 a week.

As TIMMY GROWS, Ann expects to spend more and more time with him and the other children to come. Eventually she will make only one or two pictures a year.

"Before I opened my nightclub act," Ann recalls, "Jim and I and Timmy all spent a little time at the La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club. We just romped around on the beach. Those wonderful times when you're together with your family really count. They mean so much. And we hope to have lots of them. But still, I'm not giving up my work."

It was Bing Crosby who first spotted the will of iron in Ann. "She looks so small and fragile," Crosby said, almost seven years ago, when he made *Top O' The Morning* with her, "but she's got an awful lot of drive. There's nothing in Hollywood that's going to stop this kid. One day she'll be able to handle the best musicals in the business."

Howard Hawks, the producer-director, is in Egypt filming his new movie, *Land Of The Pharaohs*. The story was written by Harry Kurnitz and Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. Kurnitz returned to New York yesterday, and explained how this \$4,000,000 movie came into being. He had been lunching at his favorite sidewalk cafe in Paris some months ago. The waiter there always serves him extra pieces of sugar. Kurnitz started to pile the lumps of sugar on the table until they formed a pyramid. Hawks chanced to pass by, noticed the pyramid of sugar and said: "Harry, there might be a picture in that."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

ANN WAS BORN on August 16th, 1928 in Mt. Kilso, N. Y., and christened Ann Marie Kathleen Assumpta Blyth. When she was four her father died. A year later her mother took her on a tour of the various radio stations in New York, and the child got singing jobs on stations WJZ and WOR. At the age of five, she was earning money.

She was a tiny, cheerful child with long hair in ringlets down the back of her neck. Because her family was devoutly Catholic, religion assumed importance early for Ann. She was confirmed at the age of nine at St. Stephen's School.

During that same year her mother enrolled her in Ned Wayburn's dramatics school.

Ann can remember only one year when she wasn't working in show business. That was the year following her sensational dramatic job in *Mildred Pierce*, a role for which she won an Academy Award nomination. It was in 1946. She was sixteen.

That winter, tragedy struck. Ann went to Sun Valley for a vacation, and while she was tobogganing, the sled overturned. Her back broken, she stumbled to an automobile and was raced to the hospital.

Bed-ridden, in a cast for seven months, Ann "prayed" her way to health. For another six months she wore a tight-fitting steel brace.

Other than during this period of con-

valence, Ann has always been occupied with show business. In the words of her uncle Dan, "That girl is a trouper from away back. Ann has known very little else."

HER BIG BREAK came when she was thirteen. She played a role in *Watch On The Rhine*, which ran on Broadway for eleven months and on the road for nine. When the play reached Los Angeles, Ann was given a contract by Universal. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world," she said.

She attended the studio school three hours a day, and everyone on the lot regarded her as a wholesome, religious, daintily attractive girl. But she showed little sex appeal potential, and few imagined that she would reach stardom.

Donald O'Connor, who acted opposite Ann when she made her film debut in *Chip Off The Old Block*, remembers that "Ann was a nice, sweet kid." And Ann, in turn, remembers that "Donald went out of his way to be helpful to me."

The following year Ann was loaned out to Warner Brothers for *Mildred Pierce*. Then came the toboggan accident.

When she recovered, Dick Long, now married to Suzan Ball, took her out to a preview—he was one of her first dates—and Ann was ecstatically happy. Then her mother died.

ANN WAS EIGHTEEN. Over the years her mother had been more than a mother. She'd been friend, manager, playmate—Ann's whole world.

With her gone, Ann felt terribly alone. Her Aunt Cis and Uncle Dan Tobin came out to Hollywood and rented an apartment, and their niece moved in with them. But Ann was inconsolable. She just could not understand why God should have taken her mother. For a while she knew nothing but bitterness.

Then she found the cure for this sorrow, too, in prayer, religion and work. Ann was cast in *Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid*. Aunt Cis and Uncle Dan rented an eight-room house and, for the first time in her life, Ann had a bedroom of her own. She decorated it with miniature dolls, hung a crucifix over the bed.

In the five years from 1946 to 1951 Ann acted opposite Charles Boyer, Bing Crosby, Bill Powell, Mario Lanza and Tyrone Power.

A perceptive and discerning girl, she learned much from each of these. Of this period in her life a friend says, "Her work meant everything to her. Whether this was of her own choice, no one knows. But somehow love and romance seemed to be escaping her. She went out on dates with Lon McAllister and Roddy McDowall and Dick Clayton and Dick Contino. But somehow it never amounted to anything.

"Whether Ann was inhibited or whether the boys liked her as they might like a sister, I've yet to find out. But I do know that Ann was never in love until she fell for Dr. Jim McNulty. By then she was twenty-five."

ANN MET DR. JIM through his brother, Dennis Day. She was scheduled to dine with Dennis and his wife, and Dennis brought Dr. Jim along as the fourth.

After the first dinner date, Dr. McNulty phoned for a second and then a third. And in Ann's words, "We went together for about six months before Jim could get up enough courage to propose. When he finally did, I got so weak and fluttery I almost fainted. Honestly, I had to lie down."

In subsequent conversations Ann made it clear to her fiancé that she could never give up her career.

"I wouldn't want you to," Dr. Jim said. "Not after all your years of work and struggle. I'm sure you'll be able to work

things out."

Ann's marriage last year was one of the most fashionable in Hollywood history. More than 2,000 fans gathered outside St. Charles Church in North Hollywood. Inside, before some 500 guests, Cardinal McIntyre performed the ceremony, announcing a special blessing from Pope Pius XII.

Following their Lake Tahoe honeymoon, the McNultys returned to the two-story farmhouse they'd bought in North Hollywood, not too far from Uncle Dan and Aunt Cis.

Ann was committed to make *Student Prince* at MGM. Many evenings after the day's last "take," she would race home in her Cadillac and fix dinner for Jim, only to get a last-minute phone call from the hospital. "Dr. McNulty has gone into the delivery room. He said not to hold dinner."

"Being a doctor's wife," Ann says, "I've learned a lot, especially about the unpredictable routines of obstetricians. Whenever Jim and I go anywhere he's got to check in with his office. The stork waits for no man. And I never know next when he'll be gone on a phone call's notice."

ANN IS MORE IN LOVE with Jim now than she's ever been, but she is a realist who knows that being a doctor's wife entails responsibilities and sacrifices. She realizes that she must share her Jim with the entire community and that in a doc-

tor's life, his patients come first.

Ann knows, too, that doctors are circumspect, that their code of ethics is in many ways in opposition to show business. Just before she left for her Las Vegas nightclub debut, Ann attended the opening of the Ice Follies in Los Angeles. Jim was with her, but when it came time for the television interview, he declined to get within camera range. Ann was interviewed alone.

She understood. Doctors are extremely careful to avoid anything that smacks of advertising or personal publicity.

Ann also realizes that she is destined to attend many previews and premières alone because her husband is on call twenty-four hours a day.

As for Dr. McNulty, who is ten years his wife's senior, he has limitless faith in her judgment and sense of organization. Ann is a self-reliant young woman of quiet competence, and the doctor knows she does not undertake more than she feels capable of handling well.

Even so, both her career and family cannot expand indefinitely. As Mrs. McNulty becomes blessed with more and more children, she is going to have correspondingly less time for screen work and personal appearances on tv and in nightclubs. When that time comes, no one doubts that Ann Blyth's good sense will again guide her to the right solution—and to the greatest possible happiness. **END**

sound of thunder

(Continued from page 56) who once wrote, "Their rising all at once was as the sound of thunder heard remote." Which, translated into Hollywood idiom, means that they fell all over their feet to get to Bob Francis after his initial appearance on the screen.

But that was later. While the *Caine* was in production, he was every bit as welcome as a virus. Unaware of and therefore undistressed by the news, Bob was chin deep in the greatest adventure of his young life. Imagine a raw kid trying to hold his own in the company of such old pros as Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson and Fred MacMurray! "But they all helped me," Bob is the first to point out.

Even Ferrer, whose screen characterizations are sometimes said to be distinguished by a certain smokehouse flavor?

"Listen, nobody can ever prove it by me that Joe's a ham!" Francis says emphatically. "He went out of his way to be helpful. And I'll tell you something else: any time there was a scene where either one of us could have the close-up, Joe always saw that it went to me. He didn't have to do that; he was the star. Do you consider that the action of a ham?"

Joe's attitude is a pretty good reflection of the way most of Bob's co-workers feel. It isn't the helplessness of a tenderfoot that gets them—heaven knows he's anything but helpless. There is instead an undisguised eagerness to learn, a natural sweetness, a modesty that does credit to his upbringing, and the end result is that everyone puts himself out to see that Bob Francis gets a fair shake.

JUST ASK, and Bob will tell you that he came by one of those virtues—modesty—the hard way. On skis for the first time at eleven, he soon knew, more than anything else in the world, he wanted to win a berth on the American Olympic team. By the time he was seventeen Bob was well on his way. He and his older brother, Bill, owned three ski shops in the

southern California area, and Bob had become proficient enough to participate in every invitational tournament in the country. "I was also well on the way," he adds thoughtfully, "to having the fattest head in Pasadena."

One day, returning from an important tournament, he walked into their local shop and greeted Bill with elaborate casualness.

"Hi," said the senior member of the firm. "How'd you do?"

"I won." Why bother to go into the boring details—naturally he had won.

"Oh . . . Who else was entered?"

Bob shrugged and smothered a yawn. "Practically everybody who's any good."

"That's nice," Bill commented dryly. Then suddenly he grabbed his little brother by the shoulder, spun him around and knocked him through a bay window into the porch of the shop.

"I started to get up and opened my mouth to ask what happened," said Bob with a rueful grin, "and—wham! I was flat on my back again."

"Then Bill carried me back into the shop and started working me over verbally. He just laid it on the line about the way things were. Here I was, only seventeen years old, co-owner of a going business, standing a good chance of making the Olympic team. But instead of being grateful for my opportunities, as I should be, I had gotten too big for my britches. And he said that everything had been soured by this attitude I had taken on—our partnership, everything."

"What he said hurt terribly, worse than being belted on the jaw, because he was my big brother. And maybe it hurt a little extra because I knew he was right. I had been taking it for granted that everything should go my way because I was the greatest thing on skis. I left the shop and took one of my solitary walks. My pride was mangled and I was a little bit sore at Bill, but I couldn't get the things he had said out of my head. They added up to a lesson. No one can survive without faith in himself, without confidence, but there's a line that divides confidence from conceit. The name of that line is modesty."

Before Bob could learn whether he was

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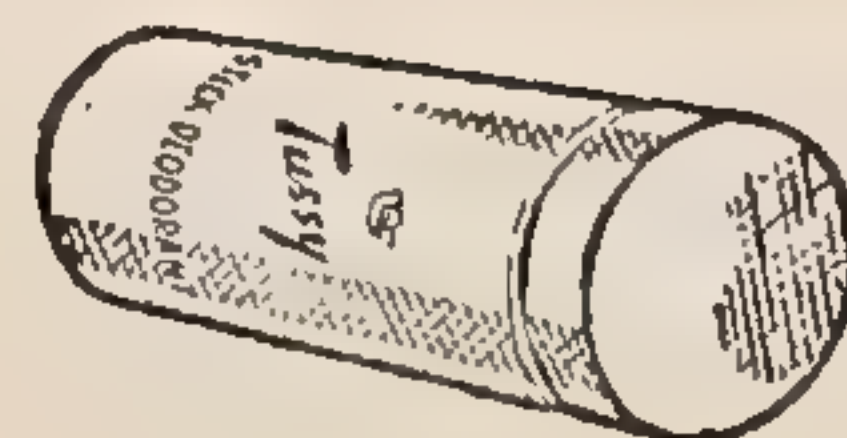
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indeed the greatest thing on skis, the Army informed him that it had other plans for his immediate future. He had been a busy young man up until that point. Although he and Bill had sold the shops for the very good reason that snow isn't the most reliable commodity in California, Bob's talents on the curved slats had brought a flattering number of offers to tour professionally. While he diligently turned them down, bid by bid, he also attended Pasadena City College as a psychology major, though he did so only because his parents took such a dim view of illiterate sons. And he had even had a brush with the magic of movieland.

It was one of Universal-International's talent scouts, searching for possible treasure on the beach at Santa Monica, who dug Bob Francis up out of the sand and whisked him off to the studio. Bob got a reading but no contract; he was sent instead to study with dramatic coach Batomi Schneider, who has been his friend and mentor ever since.

It was at this point that Uncle Sam opened his ever-loving arms, and Bob disappeared from the never-never land of Hollywood into the hurry-up-and-wait routine of Army life. Considering his established excellence on skis, it only figures, of course, that Bob should be sent to Alaska or some such place—but what kind of army sets its draftees to doing what they do best? Bob, the novice drama student, was stationed at Camp Roberts, California, to give instruction in Public Speaking.

OUR HERO WAS all of twenty-three, much too ancient to be flashing over snow-covered hills in pursuit of elusive ski records, when the Army let go. Turning his back on his first love, Bob set his stubborn young mind to the task of wooing the muse and winning a movie career. But if he was impatient, eager to double back on the time he had lost, Batomi Schneider was not. "You need more work, you are not ready," she said in her strongly accented words as she turned a completely deaf ear to his pleas for an immediate screen test.

Curiously, Bob's impatience found an unexpected ally in Batomi's own husband, a dramatic coach at Columbia. Whether Benno Schneider was less cautious than his wife or more sure of Bob has never been established; in either case, he called Bob at the home of his parents in Pasadena and asked if the lad could appear at the studio two hours hence.

"I was probably there in twenty minutes, hanging around outside the door till it was time to go in," Bob admits with engaging candor. "Even if I didn't know why Benno wanted me."

They didn't tell him why he was there, those great, established men like Stanley Kramer and Director Edward Dmytryk whom he met for the first time that afternoon. They merely said they'd like him to do a reading. "Here," one of them said, tossing him the top script from a pile on the desk. "Here's something you can read from."

And thus are movie stars created. The script clutched in Bob Francis's feverish fist was *The Caine Mutiny*, and even after he had studied it, even when he read the lines for the great men, Bob didn't know that he was being considered for the role of Willie Keith. *The Caine*, as he fondly refers to it, just happened to be a handy script. He thought. Some hours later, having talked with Benno, with executive Max Arnow, with studio head Harry Cohn himself, a Pasadena boy named Robert Charles Francis steadied his shaking hand enough to affix a scrawled signature to a contract—and Willie Keith had come to 74 life.

WHEN HE IS ASKED, as inevitably he must be, whether his life has changed, Bob is apt to bait his questioner with little-boy gravity. "Why, yes," he'll say, "now I like oatmeal." It turns out that at West Point, where he worked in *The Long Gray Line* for John Ford, the cadets are served oatmeal for breakfast. Bob ate with them and liked it, so from that day to this his morning meal consists of oatmeal, two eggs with toast and a quart of milk. And the reason he teases about it is that he still can't believe that what he eats is of any interest whatsoever to anyone else in the world. He has an athlete's appetite for steaks, backs away from Chinese food, and can't be convinced that anyone cares.

As a matter of fact, Bob considers his whole life so normal and uneventful as to be dull. "Please," he says despairingly, "I'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know, but nothing ever happened to me

vestigations brought to light the facts that she was a secretary who couldn't care less about getting into movies, who liked books and quiet dinners in out-of-the-way places, who looked like a modern Dresden doll in a white swim suit. Who added up to a girl Bob Francis could like very, very much.

Lest the hearts of feminine readers be broken too soon, let it be made clear that Bob is not on the brink of marriage, not formally engaged. Dorothy is, he says, his steadiest girl.

"I'm not in a position to propose to any girl," he says reasonably. "I'm just getting started—again, just like any other guy my age, regardless of his business. The studio took a big chance on me and I owe it to them to apply myself to my work for the next few years."

"I do try to keep everything in the open with Dorothy. She always knows where I am, what I'm doing, and if I'm with another girl, she knows why."

The changes that have come about in Bob's life are mixed, sort of, but he considers the majority of them beneficial. He has more clothes than ever before, a jazzy, second-hand Cadillac coupe, and he earns more money. He has had to take a bachelor apartment in town. "It got to be too much, this driving back and forth from Pasadena every day. I'll probably spend as much time at home as I do at the apartment, but for nights when I have late classes or something to do for the studio, I just had to have a place here. What do my parents think? Well, good Lord, I'm twenty-four years old. They certainly don't expect to have me underfoot for the rest of my life."

THE ONE THING that has troubled Bob in his new life is the human personality. Introvert that he admittedly is, he is genuinely interested in other people, and he has had a couple of sad lessons to learn. One is that there is no middle ground for the actor. "Once people learn that I'm an actor," he commented, "they either want to devote the whole evening to hearing about Hollywood or they shy away from the subject entirely, as if there were something wrong with it. I want to find out what they do and think and feel, I want to know about them—but I get embarrassed when they avoid mentioning my work as tactfully as if I drank to excess or had just gotten out of an asylum."

Those are the people on the outside. Then there are the pros. On his first cross country Personal Appearance tour, Bob met the press of a certain eastern city at a cocktail party, an experience he will remember. He was immediately buttonholed by a lady journalist, slightly the worse for alcoholic wear and of a nature to become belligerent under the influence of same. She did not like the film version of *The Caine*—why had Stanley Kramer made thus-and-so changes? Stanley had made them, as a matter of fact, at the specific request of the U.S. Navy, but this seemed hardly the time and place to explain such things. Instead Bob made some polite, smiling reply which was not at all satisfactory. The lady felt that the script was an unforgivable botch and, what's more, every role was miscast—why, in the book, Willie had been a rosy-cheeked, slightly chubby young man!

"She kept snapping up those cocktails," Bob recalls in awe, "and inside an hour she thought that I was Stanley; she started jabbing her finger into my chest and asking how *dared* I cast Bogart as Captain Queeg? I could feel my ears burning and my collar getting damp as her voice got louder and more shrill, but I was trapped. Finally two men reporters, who must have been used to her, lifted her gently by the elbows and carried her out. Man, what

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that hasn't happened to every other guy my age. My father was a mail carrier, my mother a housewife. I wanted to be a ski champion where maybe some other kid wanted to be a G-Man. I went to public school in Pasadena and to the First Baptist Church there. I attended college more to satisfy my parents than anything else. When the time came I did my hitch in the Army. There just isn't anything different or fascinating about me. Nothing unique ever happened."

WHICH MIGHT lead one to believe that all guys Bob's age meet their steadiest girls in the most extraordinary ways. He was doing a pretty normal thing, giving the glad eye to an attractive girl in the car next to his at a traffic stop, when she pulled out—and was smacked by another car traveling seventy mph against the light. The horrified Bob extricated the girl, dazed but unscathed, from the wreckage, and looked at her worriedly; she was so tiny that he wondered if the impact of the collision might have collapsed her like an accordion. Subsequent inspection, however, proved that Dorothy Ross was naturally four feet, eleven inches tall, naturally blonde and naturally inclined to tan beautifully. Even more extensive in-

an introduction!" He still looks dazed.

EVEN IN HIS own element, the studio, Bob was bothered by people for awhile. "They stared at me. It was only natural, I guess; I was just a guy from Pasadena and nobody in show business knew anything about me. I'd look around and see them studying the way I held a cigarette, the way I walked or combed my hair or cut a steak. Trying to figure me out. I got so self-conscious that I was miserable, wondering what they thought and what might be misinterpreted. So off I went for my solitary trek along the beach to think it out. What I decided was, 'The heck with it. This is the way I am, and if the studio liked me well enough to give me a contract, I'd better stay the way I am.' After that, I could relax again."

That Robert Francis has arrived is indicated by the fact that he is even on the blacklist of a columnist. "Not Miss Parsons," he explains in some haste. "She has been wonderful in the things she has written about the picture and me."

Seems that after a premiere Bob and about ten other people were in a nightclub and seated across the table from him was the unnamed columnist. She had a mad on at Stanley Kramer for some inexplicable reason and she elected to take it out on Bob. After staring at him for some time, she said vaguely, "Oh, yes, I remember you. You're the young man who plays that bit role in *The Caine Mutiny*, aren't you?"

The young man's pride was stung, his blue eyes glinted, but his mother would have washed his mouth out with soap for rudeness to an older woman. "Why, yes ma'am, I am," he answered pleasantly, "but it was really too insignificant to mention, so why don't we forget about it?"

He should have known that most columnists never forget anything. Thereafter, when one of Bob's pictures was shown to the press, she reviewed the performances of everyone down to the bit players, concluding with, "Robert Francis was also in the cast."

Typically, Bob holds no animosity. He's doing his job as well as he knows how, he has beautiful manners, and he has done nothing for which he should apologize. Among the attributes with which he was endowed is a healthy independence that will allow him to become nobody's whipping boy. No amount of modesty will, or should, change that.

THIS LARGE, lean and handsome character has undeniable imperfections. There is an unexpected impish quality to be guarded against. "We had another luncheon interview to do the other day, and I started thinking about poor Dorothy, about how bored she must be, having heard my life story so many times." This particular Dorothy is not his charm-sized girl friend, but a Columbia publicist "So I decided to liven things up for her and make up a new life story. I explained to the writer how Hollywood had discovered me just as I was about to sign for another Broadway musical. I talked about the three children and the divorce and the other woman involved."

He was grinning from ear to ear as he remembered it. "Dorothy never said a word—maybe she was speechless—but her eyes were out on stems before I apologized to the writer and said it was all a joke on Dorothy."

How would you feel about such devilment if you were a publicist in charge of this individual? Well, if you had the usual number of red corpuscles and a sense of humor, as Dorothy has, you, too, would probably go around muttering, "I'm going to kill him!" And, just as she does, you'd love the guy.

END

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change of heart

(Continued from page 53) being told around most of Hollywood: Pier Angeli and Jimmy Dean had it real bad—that yen for each other described as love.

On the Warner Brothers lot the story was old hat. Ever since *The Silver Chalice* and *East of Eden* had begun, Pier, twenty-one and Jimmy, twenty-three, had been exchanging visits, spending every spare minute together.

How had the romance begun?

According to one girl who knows Pier well, "It had something to do with rebound. When Kirk Douglas suddenly decided to get married, I think she was a little hurt. She says that she and Kirk were never in love, just good friends, and all of that. But he was the first man of any consequence in her life and I know she felt very friendly toward him.

"Kirk also thought the world of her. Mama wasn't enthusiastic about this affiliation. But last year Pier took Kirk all over Rome showing him the sights. And he gave her gifts, and I saw them together lots of times. And it looked to me like much more than 'just friendship.' That's why I say that when Kirk ran off to Vegas and married Anna Buydens, Pier was a little taken back. After all, the one man in her life had been taken out of circulation.

"At twenty-one a girl needs a beau, so it was only natural for Pier to keep her eyes open. That's how come she took up with Jimmy Dean."

PIER'S VERSION of the origin of her friendship with Jimmy Dean makes no mention of Douglas.

"I never," Pier insisted in her cute Italian accent, "went to see any other actor work but Jeemee. We hear one day on the set that there is this keed on the Kazan picture, you know, the picture Elia Kazan is directing. They say he is very good.

"I say to myself, 'Anna, maybe you better look.' So I look. I watch Jeemee act. He is good, very good. I was amazed. I have never seen a young actor like Jeemee. I have great respect for his talent. We are introduced.

"Soon he is visiting my set. I am visiting his set. Just visits. That's all."

"Haven't you and Jimmy been dating?" Pier was asked.

She smiled graciously. "We were so busy working, there was not much time."

"You mean that in all the weeks of your friendship you two never went out?"

"All right," the diminutive actress said. "I will tell you. But do not make it sound that we are chasing over the country, that we are flying to each other. This is the truth.

"One evening after these visits on the set, Jeemee asked me to go out. We went to a restaurant, to Frascati's. His parents were there. He introduced me. They are wonderful people. Then Jeemee, after his picture was finished, had to go to New York.

"I drove him to the plane, and Debbie Reynolds was getting on the same plane, too. She was flying to New York with her mother. Yes, to see Eddie. So I introduced Jeemee to Debbie. I do not, excuse, I did not want them to be lonely. On a flight, a trip, it is good to talk.

"Anyway, when Jeemee got to New York he called me and said, 'Debbie is a very nice girl but we did not talk. She was very sick most of the trip. Then I fell asleep.'

"Jeemee is what they call, well, you can say he is my close friend."

Pier was asked, "How close?"

She smiled and said, "The closest."

"Are you in love with Jimmy Dean?"

"I do not think," Pier told the questioner, "that you understand me. I was raised in Italy, very strict, very close. My parents with me all the time. It is that way in Italy. In America young girls have more freedom. They meet somebody—how you say?—they meet some guy and fall for him? That is the saying, no? They get married. If marriage is not successful, divorce.

"Since I was born I believe in marrying one time. Was how I was raised. A girl is married one time. I will get married only one time. So I must be sure.

"Jeemee is a wonderful boy, a great actor. But we are very young. He will soon be twenty-four. This is first year for me I am allowed to go out alone. There is a very old joke in Hollywood. If a boy dates me they say he must also date my mother, my two sisters, my dogs and my parakeets. This is not true any more.

"I am allowed to go out alone on dates. Of course, I call my mother on the telephone from the outside—" (Pier laughed heartily at this) "—but I am now free and twenty-one. There is a responsibility in being free.

"You cannot meet the first guy and fall in love right away and there you are. No, it is the wrong bit." (Pier's speech is punctuated with theatrical slang, "bit" being a show-business synonym for act, routine, way.)

"I must grow up first before I fall in love."

Anna Pierangeli is of course, at twenty-one, a full-grown young woman. In attitude and outlook, however, she is naive. ("The reason I took Kirk Douglas around Rome. The poor boy. He was so alone. He knew no one there, no girls, no friends, nothing.")

Pier's naivete is the result of maternal over-protection, of too much careful clois-

tering. Her background explains this.

Anna and Marisa Pierangeli, twins, were born on the Italian island of Sardinia. As children they were taken to Rome where Pier's father, Luigi Pierangeli, soon became well known as an architect and builder.

When Pier was six years old, World War II broke out in Europe, and as Pier grew up she learned much of death and fear and suffering.

PIER, UNDERSTANDABLY enough, doesn't like to talk about it, but when she was ten the Nazis moved in and occupied all of Italy. It was unsafe, even for ten-year-old girls, to walk the streets of Rome even to and from school. There was a perpetual shortage of food. Pier remembers her father bicycling into the rural areas north of Rome to bargain with the peasants for fresh vegetables and a little milk.

She knows, too, that it was the strain of the war years that eventually weakened her father's heart and killed him only a few weeks after she had finished her first American picture, *Teresa*, and had signed a contract to come to Hollywood.

"I do not like," she says, "to talk about the past. The present is much nicer, and the future is always the best time for a girl."

Pier's mother had been an actress in Italy. Upon marrying she left the stage.

When Pier was offered a small part in *Tomorrow Is Too Late*, a neo-realistic Italian film directed by the great Vittorio DeSica, her father said no. Luigi Pierangeli did not want his daughter in show business. But gradually Pier and her mother wore him down.

Pier was supposed to play a young girl confused and terrified by the advent of maturity and love. And as DeSica recently said, "As soon as I saw the child, her

DICK HAYMES:

besieged, beleaguered and bedeviled

Now his ex-wives have added new headaches to Dick's and Rita's worries.

■ A few weeks ago the California Superior Court ordered Dick Haymes to be thrown in jail—that is, if the sheriff could find him.

The charge: Haymes' wilful failure to pay for the support of his (and Joanne Dru's) three children, Dick, Helen and Barbara Haymes.

Dick's third wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, also threatened Dick with prison unless he paid her alimony.

When these announcements hit the press, a wave of sympathy arose for beleaguered Dick.

"Why don't these ex-wives leave Dick alone?" one attorney demanded. "The Government is trying to deport him to Argentina. Why don't they let him fight one case at a time? He'll pay them off eventually. His ex-wives are being unreasonable."

Joanne Dru, Dick's second wife, heard about this in London where she was making a film with Errol Flynn. Joanne's career has been going well, six pictures in two years, and she realizes that many people can't understand her reluctance to relax the legal pressure against Dick, who is broke.

Joanne's explanation: "When I was married to Dick he got behind on his Federal income tax payments. Two years after Dick and I were divorced, the Government took 50% of my income to pay his back taxes. They took about \$45,000 from me. That's why I'm determined to make Dick pay the maintenance allowance for his own children. Right now he owes about \$4,500. If he gets deported I don't imagine we'll ever get a cent."

Says Nora Eddington Flynn—Haymes' third wife: "I divorced Dick because he wanted his freedom to marry Rita Hayworth. He agreed to pay me \$100 a week starting September 24, 1953. He paid one week's alimony and I haven't had another penny from him. They tell me that if he gets shipped back to Argentina, I can go whistle. That's why I'd like a few bucks from him right now."

Haymes, who has earned more than \$5,000,000 in his thirty-eight years and has nothing but trouble to show for it today, says, "If they'll only give me a chance I'll try to straighten everything out in time."

fragile body, her sensitive face, I knew she was the right one."

When Pier was granted paternal permission to play the part, she fainted after an actor kissed her during the first take.

Sheltered, watched over, kept away from boys during her adolescence, Pier came to Hollywood a frightened, inhibited girl.

Time, American ways, and half a dozen motion pictures have made changes but she is still emotionally afraid. And Mama Pierangeli is still afraid that someone will hurt her little girl. Now that Pier is twenty-one, Mama permits unchaperoned dating, but this is merely to avoid the eventual rebellion that springs from repression.

Actor Jimmy Dean, on the other hand, is far from repressed or inhibited.

He is a member of what is euphemistically termed "the T-shirt school of actors" or "the Kazan school."

He has been compared to Marlon Brando in behavior, dress, speech and manner. He is also a talented actor. His performance in *East Of Eden*, for example, is outstanding. This picture was directed by Elia Kazan (*Pinky*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *Streetcar Named Desire*, *On The Waterfront*). Kazan is an excellent judge of talent.

Dean had a role in a Broadway play, *The Immoralist*, which ran last year. His performance in that production was so good that he won an award as the most promising newcomer of the year. Kazan thereupon tested and signed him for *Eden*.

During the production of the picture, Jimmy was introduced to Pier Angeli.

"Her soul," he says, "she's got a beautiful soul. Strikes you right away. Doesn't have to open her mouth. Just look at her. Beauty. Get it? Beauty. Sheer, overwhelming beauty."

"Sure, I like her. But right now I'm in no position to take care of her. She deserves the best. I'm no hustler. Never have been. Can't hustle a buck. I don't need dough. Never had any and got along fine. If I get some dough I like to spend it on records. Like good music. Things like that."

Dean reported to Warner Brothers wearing a T-shirt and was immediately stamped an off-beat character.

"Who cares what they call me?" he asked. "The serious artist has always been misunderstood."

He was raised on a farm in Fairmont, Indiana. His mother died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by an aunt and uncle. Pier calls them "his parents."

Unlike Brando, who, as a child, had no desire to act, Jimmy has been acting "ever since I was a kid." At Fairmont High School he won the Indiana State Dramatic Contest as the state's best actor. He also

won letters in baseball, basketball and track. A year later he went west and enrolled in the University of California at Los Angeles.

James Whitmore, then under contract to MGM, got to know young Dean and told him that there might be a place for him in Hollywood.

"After two years at UCLA," Dean says, "I got fed up and took the bus to New York and started making the rounds for an acting job. Didn't know the ropes. Didn't have much dough. Got lonely and scared. Used to spend all day in the movies."

Eventually, Dean hired out as a hand on a yacht whose skipper was connected with show business. The skipper got him an audition for *See The Jaguar*. It was a beautifully written allegorical play but it lasted on Broadway only a very short time.

Jimmy then began making the rounds of the tv casting directors in New York and gradually got enough work to live on. Last year Billy Rose cast him in *The Immoralist* and this year Kazan had him make his screen debut opposite Julie Harris in *East Of Eden*. Simultaneously, Pier Angeli was loaned to Warner Brothers for *The Silver Chalice*.

While the pictures were in production, Jimmy concentrated exclusively on Pier. They would lunch in the studio's Green Room each afternoon, watch each other work in front of the cameras and spend their spare time together.

With Jimmy in attendance, Pier seemed to blossom, to become more gay. A hairdresser remarked, "Whenever Dean walks on the set the lovelight comes into that chicken's green eyes."

As for Dean, when asked about his feelings toward Pier he shakes his blond head and says, "She's a doll, that one, a rare and beautiful doll. She's so different from all the rest of the dolls I've seen in pictures. She's young but she's got depth and philosophy. She's gracious with people, knows how to handle them, something I've got to learn out here."

"Do you think that eventually you two kids will get engaged?"

"You mean me and Miss Pizza? Who knows? Right now I'm too neurotic."

And this was the final word on the subject.

No wonder the film colony was completely unprepared for Pier's sudden announcement that she would marry Brooklyn-born Vic Damone. A casual friendship that no one took seriously—except Pier and Vic—turned out to be the news item that caught all the Hollywood news hawks napping.

END

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meet maggie mcnamara

(Continued from page 57) luckily the name was almost the same. Maggie isn't one to explain much anyway and by then—after all that had happened to her—she wasn't too surprised at anything.

That was only three years ago, and now Maggie McNamara is a celebrity in her own right. That Chicago play was such a hit that it ran for thirteen months, sent Maggie on to Broadway, and then to Hollywood, where the movie version caused quite a stir with the censors and won an Academy nomination for Maggie. This year *Three Coins In The Fountain* is making golden box-office noises second only to *The Robe* at Twentieth Century-Fox. And McNamara will go so far as to do Shakespeare in the one she's making now, *Prince Of Players*.

Maggie McNamara's appearance is still

deceiving. She still looks as though she just stepped out of *Seventeen*, on whose pages she used to appear as a model. She still wears the same kind of clothes. She weighs just ninety-six pounds soaking wet and stands five feet, one, in flat shoes. The rest of the McNamara chassis, while artistically and provocatively arranged, could slip through a transom with ease any time Maggie should get locked out of her room.

The girlishly-innocent face is crowned with a mop of raven hair cropped to an Italian bob, furthering the illusion that twenty-six-year-old Maggie is a fugitive from the truant officer. When she was working on *Three Coins In The Fountain*, Maggie showed up one morning wearing black-rimmed glasses and packing a script under her arm. Gibby, the guard, informed her kindly that U.C.L.A. was just over the hill. She had to wait in the reception room until her statement that she was Miss McNamara, the actress, was verified.

MAGGIE McNAMARA's cute, little-girl appearance has been her fortune. Without it, chances are she'd never have hit the Hollywood gold mine. Maggie didn't know beans with the bag open about dramatics and cared even less until her fresh, fascinating face showed up on the cover of *Life* Magazine some six years ago and, to her amazement, started Hollywood studios bidding. She started acting lessons and appeared in a four-day flop on Broadway. But Maggie blossomed because she found a lucky part custom-tailored to her deceptive façade. As Patty, the naively-wise little pick-up in *The Moon Is Blue*, Maggie provided the kick by looking as dumb as a doorknob while she made fools of sophisticated men-about-town William Holden and David Niven. In *Three Coins* it was the same—a ga-ga little secretary romped off to the altar with worldly-wise prince Louis Jourdan through some clever footwork behind her gaucherie. Maggie surprised her audience along with her prey.

In person, if you don't watch out, you're likely to fall for the same charming trap—the round, innocent eyes, the hesitant speech, the frail little figure. Added to a sincere shyness and reluctance to talk about herself or show her face in public places, Maggie is already a minor sort of mystery girl in Hollywood. Although she has camped there a respectable spell three separate times, she has yet to go to a nightclub or anywhere that a guy can get a good look. Most of the time she's been without her husband, who writes tv shows back in New York, so she spends her spare time studying. The minute she gets off a movie hook, Maggie kites right back to New York believing, like Fred Allen, that California is great—if you're an orange.

Maggie signed to make pictures for Darryl Zanuck, but she was loaned out to Producer Otto Preminger for her first. Then her home studio called on Maggie to make *King Of The Khyber Rifles*. Maggie read the script and said, "No, thanks." Her bosses as firmly said, "Yes." She still said, "No." They spanked her with a suspension.

But Maggie McNamara has no regrets. When she was called back from the coat closet and offered *Three Coins In The Fountain*, Maggie promptly said yes, had a dream trip to Rome and—well—look what happened.

This ability to emerge from any doubtful situation glowing like a rose may trace back to the luck of the Irish. Her father, Timothy McNamara, emigrated to America from County Cork; and the Flemings, her mother's tribe, came from Galway by way of England.

Marguerite Ann Mary McNamara, as they tagged her, was the third daughter. Older sisters Helen and Cathleen and younger brother Robert made a pretty big family for Tim McNamara to support in the Great Depression on a chauffeur's pay—just when the rich were frantically divesting themselves of such luxuries. When Maggie was nine the financial strain and other things split the family. Her mother, Helen, found a job as a beauty operator and made a home for the kids.

Maggie didn't get far from home base all during her girlhood, which she remembers as being 'on the solitary side.' All around her Manhattan was busting with excitement, drama and adventure, but Marguerite stayed rooted like the dainty posy she's named after right in Washington Heights. She roller skated sedately on the crowded sidewalks, her long, blonde tresses (they turned black later on) flying and no wildly adventurous ideas beneath them—least of all the gaudy vision of becoming an actress. Maggie got all her romance and escape from books. She'd raid the public library for a stack almost as tall

as she was and find a place by herself where she could get lost in fairy tales and legends, her favorite being the bloody, dragon-baiting saga of *Beowulf*. The only time Maggie showed a girlhood flash of show business ambition was after a performance of the Ballet de Monte Carlo. That excited her so visibly that a friend, close enough to be called aunt, staked her to dancing lessons and for a while Maggie's shyness was lost in dreams of a ballerina's career. Trouble was, each time she toe-danced before the Ballet Arts School pupils, she'd giggle with embarrassment and that would bring her right down flat-footed. If you'd have predicted that self-conscious Miss Marguerite McNamara would someday lead the spotlighted life

THE BLIND LEADING THE BRAZILIAN

In São Paulo, Brazil, during our film festival, I was at the Cine Marrocos where I walked past Fred MacMurray. As he was talking to somebody, I stood quietly by his side. He finished talking and then

without even giving me a look, he took me by the arm and led me through the hall towards the street. I said nothing till we reached the street; then I asked him for his autograph. It was only then that he noticed that it was me and not June Haver he was escorting. He was very confused and asked me to excuse him—and again got more and more confused for he thought that he had been apologizing in vain and I did not know any English!

Jurema Oliveira
São Paulo, Brazil



of an actress, you would have been credited with a hole in the head.

Maggie kept right on being the shy one at school. Soon after her operation, she memorized every word of *Rip Van Winkle* and the whole book of *The Man Without A Country*, a feat she's still pretty proud of. Her grades zoomed and at thirteen she was ready to enter the Starbenuller Textile School to study commercial art and fashion.

THE CAREER OF Maggie, the Beautiful Cloak Model, started while she was still in the Textile School and again not because of Maggie's ego but through another one of those family friends. This one, an amateur photographer, draped Maggie in a Chinese costume one Sunday afternoon and took a picture. "It wasn't a very good picture," says Maggie. "I looked like Paddy's Irish Lotus Blossom," but everyone said it was artistic and that she posed just like a fashion model.

So armed with the homemade glamour shot, Maggie slipped into her most chic outfit, a green-and-white checked summer suit, rolled her hair on top of her head and, accompanied by her mother, invaded John Robert Powers' famous glamour hive. The receptionist looked at the Lotus Blossom study and shuddered but took another look at Maggie and gasped. Instead of enrolling her in the Powers finishing

school—as Maggie had rashly hoped—she buzzed Powers himself and said she had just what he'd been looking for. Right about then young fashions were sweeping the nation and Maggie got a job that day. She modeled white knit snow mittens although it was ninety in the shade.

Pretty soon Maggie was all over the style catalogues and fashion magazines—and she swung her Brewster hat box—badge of the Powers girl—up Madison Avenue with a sassy swagger. She got her fee upped to \$20 an hour. With her ageless face and figure it looked as if she'd go bobby-soxing along in fashion poses until she got arthritis. But another girl named Maggie changed that when our Maggie was nineteen.

THIS MAGGIE's last name was Swope, and she was a fashion editor of *Life* Magazine. Cooking up a spread on basket-weave handbags she had Sharland, the famous woman photographer, build it around this cute McNamara kid. The day the proofs came in she called Maggie and informed her excitedly, "Don't hold your breath—but it looks like you might be on the cover!" That's a top break for any young model.

"Ha!" said Maggie, knowing a thing or two about life by then—and about *Life* Magazine, too. She would be lucky if she showed up on page 109 by the time the bright young men shuffled things around.

So instead of holding her breath, Maggie went up to Highland Falls that weekend for some fresh air and got so giddy she fell off a bicycle, blacking both eyes, puffing her lip up like a toadstool and scratching a waffle design across her nose. When she limped into her house her mother told her, "A Mr. David Selznick called."

"Who?" asked Maggie wearily. The man who made *Gone With The Wind* meant nothing to her.

"—and Dick Avedon."

"Wow!" exclaimed Maggie. Avedon is a top fashion photographer and he never had given her a tumble before. It dawned that she must have made the *Life* cover after all and a dash to the corner drug-store confirmed it.

John Powers straightened out Maggie on who David Selznick was and went with her to see him at Hampshire House, where, despite the fact that she looked like something Kid Gavilan had just worked over, he talked about a Hollywood contract and sent her to a drama teacher to prepare for a test. The test wasn't made but she was offered a stock contract and turned it down on John Powers' advice to learn something about acting before she gave up modeling. Her Irish luck was riding high. Six months later Selznick stopped producing pictures.

Maggie's dramatic debut was in *The King Of Friday's Men*, an Irish fantasy that the Abbey Players had done, and she got the job because of her leprechaun look. Again her shamrock delivered, because she was all set to take off for New Orleans to visit her roommate's folks when the producers offered her the spot. She's never been sorry she canceled her reservations, because while the arty stage job lasted just four days at the Playhouse it drew critical cheers for Maggie McNamara and led to her real break in *The Moon Is Blue*. A month later, indirectly, it got Maggie a husband.

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DAVID SWIFT is a big guy from Minnesota who grew up in Laguna Beach, California. After doodling Donald Ducks and such at Walt Disney's Studios, he progressed to radio writing. By now he's a top tv writer, who originated *Mr. Peepers* and owns a hunk of the show. The Morris agency which handled Maggie's career, handled Swift's business, and that's how he spied this picture of Maggie. Dave Swift looked and swore right out loud, "That's the girl I'm going to marry!"

This involved a brassy phone call, a blind date, a stand-up on Maggie's part, another try, a proposal after a nine-day courtship, and a marriage before the month was out. There wasn't time for a honeymoon because Dave was sweating out a tv script and Maggie was loaded—rehearsals for *The Moon Is Blue* by day and an Equity Library Theatre performance of *You Can't Take It With You* at night. In fact, Maggie remembers disgustedly that the day after their wedding she had to show up for rehearsals at the grim hour of ten A.M.

After Mag's sensational run in Chicago and a two-month Broadway triumph substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes, the Swifts had a breather and flew off on their delayed honeymoon to the Virgin Islands. There Dave, who had gone for a skin-diving rig, complete with underwater cartridge spear, exploded the thing on the first day's dive and it sank out of sight. Most of his honeymoon was spent plunging vainly to recover the expensive equipment.

Maggie had read the map wrong, routed them to a British Island instead of a French one, or vice versa, fouled up their passports and landed herself in all kinds of international complications. But their misadventures made the honeymoon a howling success for the Swifts. As Dave's best friend, Bob Sweeney, swears: "Dave and Maggie are a couple of strictly offbeat characters with Charles Addams senses of humor."

ALTHOUGH they are separated pretty often by their two careers, the Swifts are a self-sufficient corporation, close as two peas in a pod and steady long distance customers of A. T. & T. Home is a Manhattan apartment but they seem to be always crossing the country by plane, train or in their Ford convertible, which Maggie still can't drive. She's not the athletic type. Sometimes under pressure she'll tap out a miniature golf game, coast downhill on a bike or push a bowling ball listlessly down an alley, although there's always the danger that the ball will take Maggie along, too. But usually she won't walk across the room if she can get a ride.

But she'll stay up all night—and often does—playing charades, murder, Scrabble or some such wit-teasing game. Most of this takes place at Bob and Bev Sweeney's house. Bob, a tv actor, was Dave's best man at their wedding and they're the only close friends Maggie has in Hollywood. The way she's going she's not likely to collect a crowd.

The nearest Maggie has come to a Hollywood whirl was the gala *Egyptian* premiere, but at the last moment she begged off because she was starting *Prince Of Players* the next morning. Even when she was up for an Academy Award in New York last year, McNamara passed the event which could possibly have Oscared her over nationwide television. She didn't pack an evening gown for this Hollywood trip and never wears makeup, on screen or off. The only jewelry she wears is her plain gold wedding band and some earrings she picked up in Rome. But she confesses a weakness for pearls, if and when she can afford them. Before that, however, Maggie wants a house in the country out from

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New York and some more trips abroad, preferably to Scandanavia, a hangover urge from Beowulf. And then there's the family she wants, boy first, then a girl and her son's name is already picked out—David, naturally. Maggie thinks that's the most beautiful of all handles and when old friends call her husband by his nickname, "Bud," her Irish flares. "How can you disgrace such a beautiful name?" Mrs. Swift rages.

MAGGIE'S CHANCES of realizing most of these private dreams seem fairly remote at present. Producers are standing in line, in Hollywood and on Broadway, too. As Bob Sweeney observes, "She's one of those dedicated actresses, all out and wrapped up. Maggie would rather create something good for a \$30,000 B picture than walk through a \$3,000,000 epic. Money isn't her object—she's out for the top."

There doesn't seem to be much doubt about that. And while Irish luck may have shoved her into the dizzy galaxy of show business, Maggie is not counting on those shamrocks to yank her up to the stars. The perfectionism which has made her almost a Hollywood recluse carries on wherever she goes and when she's on a job conventional holidays mean nothing. In love as they are, the Swifts have never even celebrated a wedding anniversary. In New York Maggie still studies dramatics with coach Herbert Ratner and sometimes dancing with Martha Graham.

Eva LeGallienne coached her for the Shakespeare in *Prince Of Players* wherein Maggie is tackling big league stuff like the balcony scene from *Romeo And Juliet* with expert Richard Burton. "When I put on a few pounds I'll do *Lady Macbeth*," she promises. "I'm mean enough for the part."

Nobody who knows Maggie McNamara believes that for a minute. The consensus is that the diminutive Maggie packs a heart as big as a watermelon and just as soft. "Maggie carries a torch for the rights of man," says her chum Norma Crane, who was with her in that ill-fated first Broadway play and is visiting with her in Hollywood right now. "The only thing that really makes her mad is disloyalty or injustice." And her agent calls Maggie "the worst business woman in the world, because," he explains, "she can't stand to hurt anybody."

So the prospect of Maggie McNamara ever coming across convincingly as a murderess is a workout for the imagination of her friends, as is the prospect of extra pounds. They know how she forgets to eat when she's working, nibbling nothings all day long and settling for a steak late at night after a spot of sherry. Maggie practically lives on steaks and salads, both non-fattening, and milk gags her—so the chances of there ever being much more of Maggie McNamara to spread around seem pretty slim.

BUT SO FAR Maggie's ninety-six have been all the weight that's needed to send out a solid beat. When she hit the stage in *The Moon Is Blue* one critic looked, listened and wrote: "Tonight Maggie McNamara was the irresistible force that made all of us in the theatre immovable objects."

The effect has been essentially the same out of Hollywood. Or, as witty Clifton Webb mused, thoughtfully watching Maggie spark up scenes for *Three Coins In The Fountain* with the McNamara charm, "She's a tiny thing, isn't she? But then, so is the atom."

has kelly found her man?

(Continued from page 30) her concerns her quick romance with Ray Milland. Grace was under the impression that the Millands were separated when Ray became infatuated with her. This was incorrect, and she diplomatically got rid of Milland.

As for her other leading men, her dates were for friendship, not love. And then, too, there have been those she definitely did not date—such as Stewart Granger, with whom she made *Green Fire* for MGM and equally happily married Jim Stewart.

Love did not enter Grace Kelly's life until last summer when Oleg Cassini, forty-two, dress designer and former husband of Gene Tierney, attracted her attention. Then Grace dropped her leading men out of her private world and began to con-

centrate on Cassini.

Oleg has long been in demand as an ardent, witty, charming and intelligent escort.

He also has an affinity for romance, so last August when Grace had to journey to the French Riviera for location shooting on *To Catch A Thief*, Oleg found that he had business on the Riviera, too.

At Cannes, Cassini and Kelly were virtually inseparable. When Grace was gambling for small stakes at the Monte Carlo casino, so was Oleg.

On Carleton Beach, Grace and her mustached friend sunbathed together, swam together, went boating together.

GRACE, WHO GOES swimming in a conservative bathing suit, explained at the time that she and Oleg were merely acquaintances.

"Right now," she said, "I don't feel that

I can combine marriage and a career. My career is just beginning and it requires constant care and attention. The same thing, I think, is true of marriage.

"At the moment my career is getting most of my attention. Certainly I'm interested in marriage. What single girl isn't? But I don't think I could mix them at this particular time."

THAT'S WHAT Grace said in Cannes. And oddly enough, no one believed her. According to one European, "Kelly claims she isn't interested in marriage. But Cassini certainly is. He is occupying the room directly across from her in the Carleton Hotel. He has admitted to friends that he is crazy about her and hopes to marry her."

"Kelly is not well known here. Only *High Noon* has been released. But she is very striking and unusually ladylike. She and Cassini are inseparable. No doubt this is a serious love affair, as Cassini is not the type to go chasing rainbows. He probably will leave for Paris a day ahead of her."

From Paris, the same man observed, "No doubt now about Kelly-Cassini *entente*. Seems he knew her back in New York when she was a struggling young tv actress. Then he was still married to Gene Tierney but separated. Currently Cassini is showing Kelly most of Paris. Yesterday he took her to the Jacques Fath party. She dressed very simply, as usual. She is such a fresh, clean-looking girl, she looks as though she spent the night on a bed of mint. Cassini confided that he will drive her to Le Havre when she sails for New York (then flies to Hollywood). She is joining Cary Grant and Betsy Drake at Le Havre. Probably, Cassini will not sail with her.

"He is very shrewd and diplomatic about the press. Undoubtedly, he will join her in Hollywood where she goes to finish the Hitchcock picture. My guess is that Cassini will wear her down, probably marry her before the year is out. The Paris reaction to Kelly was very good, although the men were surprised to see an American actress who isn't built like Monroe.

"Hitchcock says Kelly is a fine actress who has many of Ingrid Bergman's qualities. Newsmen find her careful and unresponsive. She is a tough interview, no anecdotes, no color, speaks in measured sentences. Cassini is hitting forty, tops her by fifteen years. He is the first Hollywood and New York figure younger than her father to get serious about her. She definitely appeals to older, sophisticated men. We hear she has a younger sister very pretty, more flesh on her bones.

"She and Cassini have worked out a travel system whereby he arrives in town a day before or a day after she does. Then they get together. There has been absolutely nothing between Kelly and Cary Grant, despite some rumors."

WHEN GRACE KELLY arrived in Hollywood to complete *To Catch A Thief*, Oleg Cassini (Grace calls him "Oleeg") was not far behind.

Cassini told reporters he had come to Hollywood on business. He has been a studio dress designer for many years.

"Who's he kidding?" asked one reporter. "Everyone knows his business is Kelly."

Oleg visited her on the Paramount lot practically every day. They lunched and talked and tried to dodge the questions of more inquiring reporters.

"You and Grace going steady?" Cassini was asked one afternoon.

"We're friends," he admitted. "When do you friends plan on getting married?"

Cassini smiled. He is thin, dapper and pleasant.

"That sort of question," he said, "has to be answered by the lady in question."

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- ☐ New Movies
- ☐ John's Other Life (John Derek)
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ Aim For The Stars (Eddie Fisher)
- ☐ Has Kelly Found Her Man? (Grace Kelly)
- ☐ Always Lead With Your Heart (Alan Ladd)
- ☐ Beauty Fair
- ☐ Papa Loves Mama (Jane Powell)

- ☐ Kings' Row
- ☐ Count Your Blessings (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Rock Hudson's Romance
- ☐ Love Came First (Cyd Charisse, Tony Martin)
- ☐ Change of Heart (Pier Angeli)
- ☐ Sound of Thunder (Bob Francis)
- ☐ Meet Maggie McNamara
- ☐ Right Guy (Guy Madison)
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The lady in question was in her dressingroom. The reporter said, "I assume you're gone on her."

Cassini grinned. "Yes." He nodded. "She is certainly beautiful. Grace has a classic beauty and depth—much depth. She is really a very fine person."

"When do you think you'll make her Mrs. Cassini?"

Oleg shrugged. He made no secret of his love for Grace. He admitted that he was hanging around Hollywood just to spend his time with her.

But Kelly parried most of the questions about Oleg with practiced verbal agility. "He is a good friend. . . . No, I'd never think of eloping. . . . Quite naturally I like him. . . . Any wedding announcements will come from my parents in the proper manner."

One afternoon when she was showing her young sister around the hotel grounds, Grace was asked how she had liked her business trip to the Riviera.

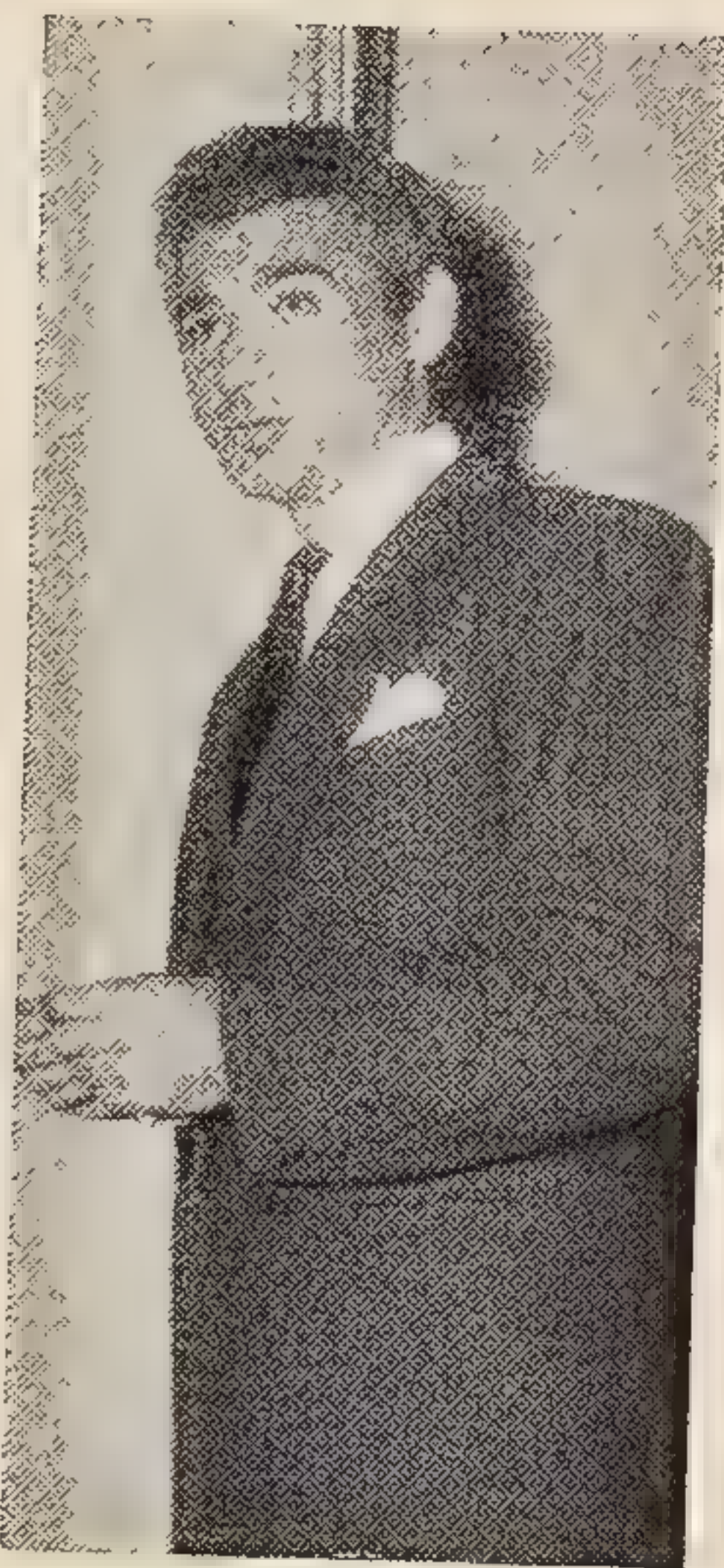
"I had a fine time," she said.

"What is this about you and Oleg Cassini? Anything serious?"

"The weather in France wasn't too good," Grace said. "But we all managed to have fun."

MAN WITH A SECRET

Around three years ago I recognized Jeff Chandler standing outside a CBS studio. I asked him for his autograph and mentioned that we almost had the same birthday; he was born December 15, 1918 and I was born on the 17th of the same year. "Shhhh," he said, "don't tell anyone. At least, you don't look it!" Mrs. J. L. Robbins Garden Grove, California



"After you finish *Thief*," she was asked, "what do you do?"

"I'm going back to New York, and for six months I'm going to do all the things I haven't had time to do. I'm going to rest and shop and sleep and—"

"Get married?" she was interrupted.

"I really must be going," Grace said.

TWO DAYS LATER, however, when Cassini was with her on the set, a reporter said to Grace, "Now, tell me, what is there about Cassini that you really like?"

For the first time in her Hollywood career, Grace stammered and lost her poise.

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"It's very simple," the reporter said. "You like Cassini. Everyone knows that. Why do you like him?"

Grace looked at Oleg, and her face reddened. Oleg chuckled.

"I haven't even told Oleg why I like him," Grace said. And then quickly, "My, I'm late now. I've got to change."

That week end Grace and Oleg attended the Sonja Henie party, and to the 300 guests it was apparent that what Oleg and Grace felt was love, pure and simple.

One actress remarked, "Those two behave as though they are already married. And they make a very handsome couple, Oleg with his dark hair and dark mustache and Kelly with her blonde loveliness."

A few days after that party, Grace packed her bags and with Liz Taylor and Laraine Day caught a TWA plane to New

York. Cassini had pulled out of Hollywood a day before. His friends said that next time he returned to the coast he would return with Grace Kelly Cassini.

Love being a mercurial, unpredictable quality, Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini may be man and wife as you read this. If they are not, they soon may be unless, of course, they have found some major disagreement.

It seems unlikely, since Cassini is not the type of fiercely independent man who would insist that Grace give up her acting.

Grace has a long-term contract with MGM, and while she has only made one picture for that studio and, in confidence, she regrets signing that contract, she is nevertheless a professional actress who would not like the idea of abandoning a career that has just rolled into high.

ONE OF HER close friends says, "Grace has reached the age when she needs a husband. She is twenty-six. She comes from a large family and has always wanted a family of her own."

"She has also wanted to prove that she could carve out a career for herself. She's proven that very nicely, I think. Hers is the most sensational start of any young actress in years."

"She comes from a wealthy Irish family, and she didn't need to become an actress because she needs the money. She wanted to prove to herself that she could make it on her own. And she has. Whether she will marry Oleg Cassini I don't know. But if she does, I believe that she will probably make one good picture a year."

A NEW YORKER who knows Cassini and his brother Igor (who writes a society column under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker) says, "Oleg has always been attracted to young women of beauty and wealth."

"Many years ago he married patent medicine heiress Madcap Mary Fahrney. I think they eloped to Elkton, Maryland. It was around 1938 and Oleg was the Madcap's fourth husband. He was only a kid at the time, twenty-five, I think, and after the elopement, there was a remarriage, a regular Russian Orthodox affair."

"Mary sued him for divorce, charging infidelity. The next time I heard of Cassini he was out in Hollywood, running a dress shop or something. Gene Tierney fell for him and they eloped on a plane to Vegas. I don't think it was a long courtship."

"I don't know what loused up Cassini's marriage with Gene. I know she offered to give up her career to save their marriage but a mutual friend quoted her as saying, 'Oleg doesn't want me without a career.' Anyway, Gene filed for divorce in California. I guess it was in April of 1952. There were all sorts of jealousy charges. Gene won the divorce and Oleg agreed to pay \$63 a week for the support of his two daughters, plus 10% of anything he earned over \$10,000 a year. Gene waived alimony; she said she didn't want a cent for herself."

"If Gene marries Aly Khan and Oleg marries Grace Kelly, I don't want to be a killjoy, but I don't think either of those marriages will work out."

"My reasons? Very simple. Gene and Grace are American-born and American-bred. Khan and Cassini are Europeans with European attitudes. And I've yet to meet the European who looks upon his wife as an equal."

"Kelly and Tierney are proud and independent. They won't take a back seat to anyone. Besides, there's another thing about European husbands; once their wives start growing old and losing their beauty, they start looking around."

In any case, Grace Kelly is no child. At twenty-six, after years of working, she should know her own heart and mind. **END**

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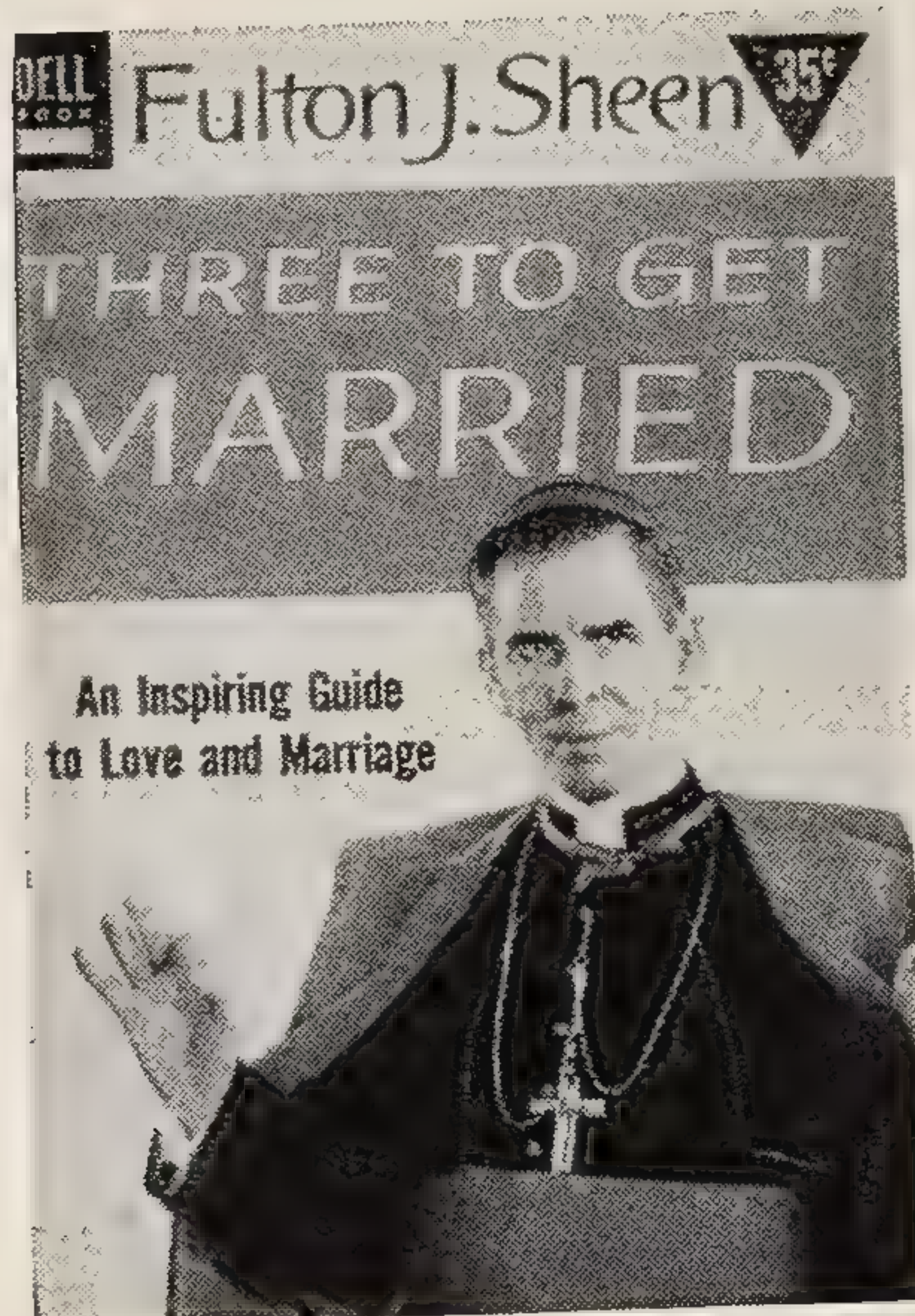
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aim for the stars

(Continued from page 29) Frankie. What do you know—every time I sounded much better!

I thought to myself, "I'm good. Nobody knows it, but I'm good. As soon as they find out—Bam! I'll be right on top." And I aimed for the top.

It's a lucky thing I had patience. It was a long time waiting before my career went Bam! More often it got stuck—Squash!

Right from the start in my life I liked to sing. There was a good reason. You all know how, in a gang of kids, every member tries to be outstanding in some way? There is the big, strong, natural athlete who comes first, of course. Then there is the daring kid, and then the funny boy, and so on down the line until you come to the shrimp whose claim to distinction is usually only a freakish one—he can imitate the noise of a car skidding around a corner, or maybe, by crossing his eyes and sticking out his tongue, he looks just like Milton Berle when Milton crosses his eyes and sticks out his tongue. Well, I was a shrimp and I couldn't imitate a skidding car or look like Berle. But I could sing. I was most alive when I sang.

I don't mean that the fellows used to get down on their knees and plead with me: "Ah, gee, Eddie, please sing us a song!" Come to think of it they never even asked me once. But when I did sing they would grunt as if to say that this was something I could possibly get away with. And man, how this would fill me with pride! I'd think, "Gee! I really belong, I'm one of them!" Even today I think I'd be ready to sing all night if I thought it would get me an appreciative nod from one of my old gang!

WHEN I GOT my first loot as a singer I was seven years old. I was fifteen when my voice won me my first job.

The loot was a cake. I was entered into a neighborhood competition. Every other contestant was a girl. As the only boy I came out and sang "On The Good Ship Lollipop," and another number which I didn't remember too well then and have certainly forgotten by today. Anyway, the mothers in the audience must have been fed up with daughters, or else they just felt sorry for me because I was the only boy; anyway they gave me the biggest hand.

When they handed me the cake I took a big bite out of it right there before I handed it to my mother to bring home. This was just a natural precaution. I had two brothers and four sisters and in our family a kid who didn't watch out for himself could easily lose out when it came to such rare delights as cake. We wouldn't cheat anyone out of his staples, but dessert was fair game for all. How many times have I heard someone ask at the table, "Hey! What happened to my pie (or cake or ice cream)?" and heard everybody else respond in surprised tones, "What pie (or cake or ice cream)?"

This may give the idea that we were not children of the wealthy. To keep the seven of us alive my father really had to scrounge. So did we a little.

One of my earliest recollections is of pushing a baby carriage through alleyways of the city. I was a little ashamed, not of pushing a baby carriage, but of the bag of food in it that had obviously come from the welfare office. Like a lot of families in those days we found it necessary to go on relief. Now any time I see a certain shade of blue in a shirt, and particularly if there is a white stripe effect too, it throws me right back to these days because this was the color of my shirts then

—shirts that came to me from the local branch of the welfare service.

MY FIRST PROFESSIONAL job was singing on a radio show at WFIL in Philadelphia. The salary was fifteen cents a week—carfare. When I got so I did some pretty good shows I was raised to fifty cents a week. Bernie Rich and Joey Forman, my two best friends (and they are my best friends today and sitting not ten feet away from me as I write this in Hollywood), were on the same show with me as actors. They got the same kind of money. In time we went to five dollars, and then to seven and a half dollars and even ten.

When I am asked if I started at the bottom I think I am entitled to give them the answer I always give: "The bottomest."

I haven't mentioned my first pre-professional work as a singer. This was in my father's grocery store when I was about four years old. Customers who paid cash instead of charging their purchases were entitled to ask for a song from me. The only trouble was that I was shy; it was hard for me to get started. It is to this day. My first song in a radio show, the first entrance I have to make on the stage or the nightclub floor, is a tough one.

I know from experience that you have to have a tremendous amount of self-confidence to get anywhere. How else can you keep going all through the years when it seems like you never will? As a matter of fact, I have no real sense of accomplishment, certainly no strong feeling of security, right now. Rather it seems to me that I have a finger hold on a rung somewhere on the way to the top and it will take an awful lot of struggling just to stay where I am, let alone climb any further. But that's what I am shooting for—further. Nothing lower than the stars.

Jean Simmons spotted Mike Romanoff in the 20th Century-Fox commissary the other day and commented: "Poor Mike, probably can't afford to eat in his own restaurant."

*Sidney Skolsky in
The New York Post*

I CAN REMEMBER my father's making a big sacrifice to get me a piano and start me learning to play. That was bad enough. But how did we both feel when after two lessons I had to give up; piano was not for me! My teacher couldn't understand it, my father couldn't understand it, and I didn't get it either. But the truth was that despite having a singing voice I was a little short on the kind of brains needed to learn and produce instrumental music.

A friend of mine gave me a good tip. "Maybe this should be a lesson to you," he said. "Concentrate on one thing only. Your voice. Stay on that one road. Forget all the others."

That's what I did. But, as I say, it was a long road.

In 1946 when I was seventeen I started making trips to New York with the idea of meeting song people and crashing through to something. I thought I got somewhere when song publishers got to know my voice and estimated it was worth about ten dollars to have me sing their numbers for important radio and recording artists in hopes these stars would use them. It was a job that had a certain saddening effect on me. I would sing song after song, altogether I guess up to a couple of hundred—and yet none was ever a hit! It made me realize how hard it is to catch success.

One day I sang two songs to the late Buddy Clark, "Spring In December" and "Where Flamingos Fly."

"You demonstrate songs so well I'll just

have to take these and use them in my program," he told me.

But nothing, just nothing, kept on happening. Nothing happened even when something happened. Something which seems big comes your way and yet you haven't actually gained a step. In 1948, for instance, I was signed by CBS to be shifted into a big program at the first opportunity. Wow! Then, for a year I tried out for shows, ten of them, and for one reason or the other flopped in all of them.

Sometimes the decisions were delayed. Often I was a live candidate long enough to have my heart cracked when the final decision was made. One of the programs I auditioned for was *Sing It Again*, the big network show that eventually proved to be such a hit, and everyone thought I had made it. I went back to Philadelphia after the audition feeling certain I had hit.

I told my family and my friends that I expected a phone call any moment summoning me back to New York. Two nights later we were listening to the radio when we heard an announcement about the show. "Tune in next week, when CBS presents *Sing It Again*, starring Alan Dale!"

My father looked at me a little angrily. "Who told you you could change your name?" he asked.

"It's changed," I said, "but not to Alan Dale. There is a real Alan Dale and a wonderful singer. My name is mud."

THAT WAS RADIO. In my early days I also flopped nicely in stage shows and in recording. Very few people know, and maybe I shouldn't remind anyone, that I was supposed to be one of the singing stars in Michael Todd's musical hit of some years back, *As The Girls Go*. Mr. Todd auditioned me. As a matter of fact he gave me a real chance and heard me sing on five different occasions before he made up his mind. On each of the first four times he said, "There is something there. I'm not sure. I'll have to listen again." After the fifth time he said, "Well, it's definite now. You won't do."

Mannie Sachs, then talent head of Columbia records, told me I had nothing to worry about. "Eddie, you'll hit so big and make so much money you won't know what to do with it," he said. After which I had almost a full year doing nothing but sitting outside his office and figuring how to spend my money when I got it. Mannie meant well. Eventually he would have got me started, I'm sure. But he was a busy man. Sitting there I watched Buddy Clark walk into his office, Frank Sinatra walk in, Dinah Shore walk in. But I never got in any more.

With important stars to worry about Mr. Sachs couldn't spare much time for me. And besides that, I was young. But that isn't the way I figured then. It seemed to me that I had been fighting to get somewhere for years and it hurt me that around my home I was still taking, not making, as far as money was concerned.

I was still only seventeen when I got a call to come to New York again, this time to actually go to work singing with two orchestras—the Buddy Morrow band and Charlie Ventura's. I sang only a few times with Morrow, and after four weeks with Ventura I wasn't getting along because I didn't fit in with his musical style. Yet the big thing was that I was singing with a band in and around Broadway; to me this was it, this was the way to the stars.

I SING LOVE songs. I have no particular style. I sing love songs and I sing them the way I feel them. This makes it difficult for me to fit in with an orchestra that has a definite style of its own and colors everything played or sung in its own way. Here was my trouble when I was with



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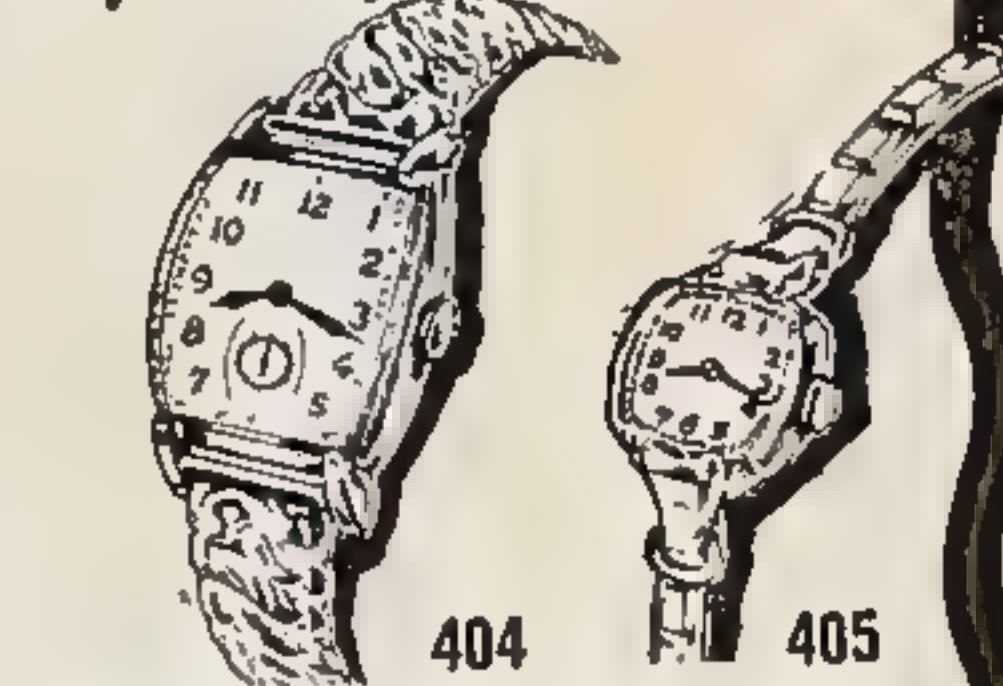
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*Trade Mark

Charlie Ventura. After a while I got a hunch that it would be only a matter of time before I would be fired.

It wasn't a happy prospect even if the job wasn't paying much money. I was young enough not to worry too much about cash on hand. So were my friends for that matter, the boys who would come up from Philly to give me courage and make sure the New York guys were not kicking me around.

We were a pretty crazy bunch of Philadelphians, sometimes sleeping seven to the room—the little room I had taken in a Broadway hotel so I could look out of the window and be dazzled by the neon bonfires all around Times Square. I remember nights when we were broke (again) and would prow through the Automat looking for open food windows. Quite often you would be lucky and run across an unlocked dish, usually apple pie.

There was a night when four of us were so hungry we got into a pillow fight in my room just to keep from thinking about food. Soon the place looked like a snowstorm. Worried about what the manager would say, and knowing I didn't stand in too well since I owed at least three weeks in back rent, I tried to stuff the feathers back into the pillows. It was no use. Every time any of us moved, or even breathed, for that matter, the feathers would puff out and escape and another blizzard was on. Finally someone got an idea that seemed to make sense. "Let's wet the feathers," he said. "Then they won't fly up any more."

We did. We threw water all over the room and soaked everything. Ten billion feathers stuck to everything and most of them were still sticking when morning came. The manager didn't throw me out of my room that morning—he just didn't let me back in when I came home that night!

I was still with Ventura and worrying about when the ax would fall when my life was saved, you might say, and my chances for a future greatly increased, by a man by the name of Mangle—Manny Mangle. He heard me sing one night at the Post Lodge on the Boston Post Road and sent for me to come to his table. He said he thought I ought to audition for the new show at the Copacabana Club in New York. He said that if I liked the idea he would get me an audition the next day.

I AUDITIONED and I was lucky enough to beat out 200 other boys for the job—singer for the production numbers in the show. And now I was really in a great spot to be seen and discovered. For all this, of course, I could thank Mr. Mangle. Who was Mr. Mangle? A big producer? A showman friend of the Copacabana people? No. Every night when I sang at the Copacabana I would see Mr. Mangle, and seeing him would remind me that you never know who your best friend is or where your next boost is coming from. Mr. Mangle worked at the club. He was a waiter there!

Years before, walking around Philadelphia, I knew that I needed to learn about dozens of things unrelated to music before I could even get anywhere as a singer. I would have to become a person and be liked for that generally before I could hope to be recognized for any specific ability and to be helped on to achievement. And I also knew that the people who could help me were somewhere in the city and that sooner or later we would meet. I think every successful artist in the world can look back to such meetings. The man I credit with giving me my basic opportunity, in that he helped me to help myself, is Skipper Dawes, today an executive with Paul Whiteman's organization.

I was about thirteen and Mr. Dawes was

a radio producer at that time in Philadelphia. He not only gave me a berth on one of his programs, but he and his wife took considerable pains to civilize me. It was either Mr. Dawes or Mrs. Dawes who first taught me how to comb my hair. They invited me to their home, a lovely place in Brookline, and there for the first time in my life I got an idea of the beauty and refinement that fills the lives of some people every day.

And of course Mr. Dawes gave me technical help. He taught me to sing out, to transmit into tones the feeling conveyed by the lyric—to live the song.

BUT WHILE you meet people who will help you, their intent does not always mean they will always have the right notions about you. One of my early music teachers, Mr. Jay Speck of Southern High School in Philadelphia, who meant well, I know, was convinced that I would lose my singing voice before maturity.

To go on in the face of a prediction like this isn't easy; I had to be really pig-headed in my confidence in myself. It seems to me that there is no such thing as having just a feeling you can make good—it's got to be a strong feeling that overrides everything else!

Incidentally, Mr. Speck had me come down to Southern last winter and sing for the students. After my song I thought I'd kid him so I told the kids about his prediction that I would lose my voice. He quickly ad libbed, "And what did I tell you?"—and made me feel as dumb as I used to be when I was in his class.

But kidding aside, I think most performers in this business will tell you that success depends pretty much on these three things: having a goal and setting it high; willingness to take repeated disappointments and keep fighting back; and, most important of all, being lucky enough to get the backing of people who are able to help you. I know that in my case, I am as much the product of these people as I am of any efforts of my own.

THAT'S WHY in any appraisal of myself I also must think of my present manager, Milton Blackstone, of Mr. Dawes and his wonderful understanding of my handicaps and inadequacies early in my career, of Manny Mangle, Bernie Rich and Joey Foreman, of Mrs. Grossinger at Grossinger's resort in the Catskills, where I got so much valuable experience, and of Eddie Cantor who heard me sing there and gave me my biggest break. There were many more, too, who gave me a boost just when it was most needed. I'm thinking now way back to "My Papa" and his customers who used to come to his grocery store. They were the ones whose smiles first gave me the idea that instead of annoying people with the loud noises that came from my throat I could actually please them. I'm still surprised about that!

END

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love came first

(Continued from page 50) "You tell us right out, Mr. Charisse," Cyd's father demanded, "does our little girl have what it takes or doesn't she?"

Charisse watched this tall, dark, too-thin girl from Amarillo perform. She was lithe, intense, caught up with the spirit of the dance. She moved with grace, expression and agility. She seemed to be so promising that he said in all truth, "She's got what it takes, all right. But she needs work, of course."

Charisse offered to supervise her instruction if Cyd would remain in Hollywood. "Will you let her stay?" he asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Finklea glanced at Cyd. The girl said nothing but her eyes begged for their consent. The parents looked at each other. Their faces reflected a profound struggle. No parents want to relinquish control of a daughter, an only daughter, just as she approaches womanhood. And yet no parents want to stand in the way of a talented, ambitious child and perhaps earn her eternal resentment.

CYD'S PARENTS finally worked it out. Cyd was to stay in Hollywood, live with their friends, the Crumleys, and take dancing lessons from Nico Charisse.

During the next three years in Hollywood, Cyd developed into a superb dancer.

Nico Charisse fell in love with his pupil when she was fifteen. That year Cyd got a contract with the Ballet Russe. A month later her father died. Cyd rejoined the Ballet in Europe and in a little while Charisse followed her to France, proposed marriage and was accepted.

Of this impetuous marriage, a friend says, "It was a big mistake right from the start. Nico was in love with Cyd, but she was too young to know what love was all about. There she was, fifteen or sixteen, beating around Europe, frightened and lonely. Her father had just died. She had no one to turn to. Nico showed up and proposed. The poor scared kid said yes. Then the war broke out and he took her back to Hollywood."

"What did she know about marriage or keeping house? Nothing. She brought her maid, Lindy Lee, from Amarillo. Her mother came to help when she was pregnant."

"Cyd's mother never understood Nico Charisse. When he lost his money she couldn't understand why he didn't take a job as a truck driver. Cyd, of course, tried desperately to find work. She was young and beautiful and talented but somehow she couldn't get a break. She had small parts in half a dozen productions, but nothing to get public notice."

One afternoon at MGM, Harry Warren, the only composer to have won three Academy Awards, watched Cyd rehearse a bit for *The Harvey Girls*. He pointed her out to producer Arthur Freed. "Keep your eye on that girl," he urged. "She's got talent and sex appeal and that's a tough combination to beat."

Fortunately, Freed did not forget those words. It was he who wanted Cyd for *American In Paris*. It was he who put her in *Singin' In The Rain*, and it's Freed who is currently Cyd's biggest booster.

AS CYD'S CAREER moved into second gear and she got a contract at MGM, her marriage slumped. In 1947 the Charisses were divorced. Cyd and her mother got custody of Nico, Jr., and the father got visitation rights.

This divorce did not disillusion the dancer. Rather, it set her to thinking seriously about marriage. Cyd was twenty-five and she decided that what she wanted most in life was a husband and a happy home.

Cyd admits that when she met Tony Martin, "I didn't think he would make the right kind of husband. My agent, Nat Goldstone, was having a party. Tony was one of his clients, too, and it was Nat who introduced us. Tony took me to Chasen's for dinner, I guess. And then he hopped around from table to table greeting old friends. Frankly, I was burned up. I didn't know then that he loves people and he has to greet them all. Anyway, he asked for another date and I quickly said I was very busy."

"I thought that was the end of Tony and me but sometime later Nat Goldstone called again and asked if I'd like to attend the premiere of *Black Narcissus*. 'Your date,' he added, 'will be Tony Martin. What do you say?' I said I would try anything twice."

"On that second date Tony, of course, was just wonderful. And ever since it's been the same way."

One of the top Hollywood executives began to negotiate for Irving Berlin's services for a movie. Berlin named the fee he wanted. "But, Irving," said the executive, "why do you want so much? You'd have to give the money to the government anyway." . . . "That's right," said Berlin. "But it's my government, too, and I'd like the pleasure of giving it to them."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

After the Martins were married in 1948, Cyd's studio suddenly began to offer her big, meaty roles. Whenever she felt they impinged upon her marriage she turned them down. Her friends were amazed. Cyd explained that with Tony beside her she was at peace with the world. Her attitude toward a career became almost fatalistic. "If I ever become a star," she said, "I don't want it to be at the expense of my marriage."

In 1951 after she had organized her household and was secure in her marriage, Cyd accepted a dancing role opposite Gene Kelly in *Singin' In The Rain*. She scored so solidly that the studio gave her the role opposite Fred Astaire in *The Band Wagon*. Gene Kelly saw her, demanded and got her for *Brigadoon*.

Cyd is being nominated for practically all of the musicals Metro is planning. Having seen through the illusion of fame, she accepts her good fortune with calm.

"It's great," she admits, "to be in outstanding pictures, but it's greater still to have a family to share your happiness."

RIGHT NOW both Cyd and Tony are approaching the zenith of their careers. Tony Martin is not only starring in a Metro musical, *Hit The Deck*, but he has his own tv show, his own radio program, picture and recording contracts, plus personal appearance box office records that still stand at Chicago's Latin Quarter, Las Vegas' Flamingo, and Los Angeles' Coconut Grove.

"It's a funny thing," observes a family friend. "Tony and Cyd are gentle, non-pushing people. They've been around a long time. Neither of them seemed to be going anywhere in a hurry. They fell in love and got married and suddenly their careers are booming. They've never played studio politics. They've never stabbed anyone in the back. Everyone in Hollywood loves them and all of a sudden they're big successes. Go figure it out."

Mack Millar, Tony's press agent, thinks he has the answer.

"Tony and Cyd definitely prove," Millar asserts, "that it pays to be in love." **END**

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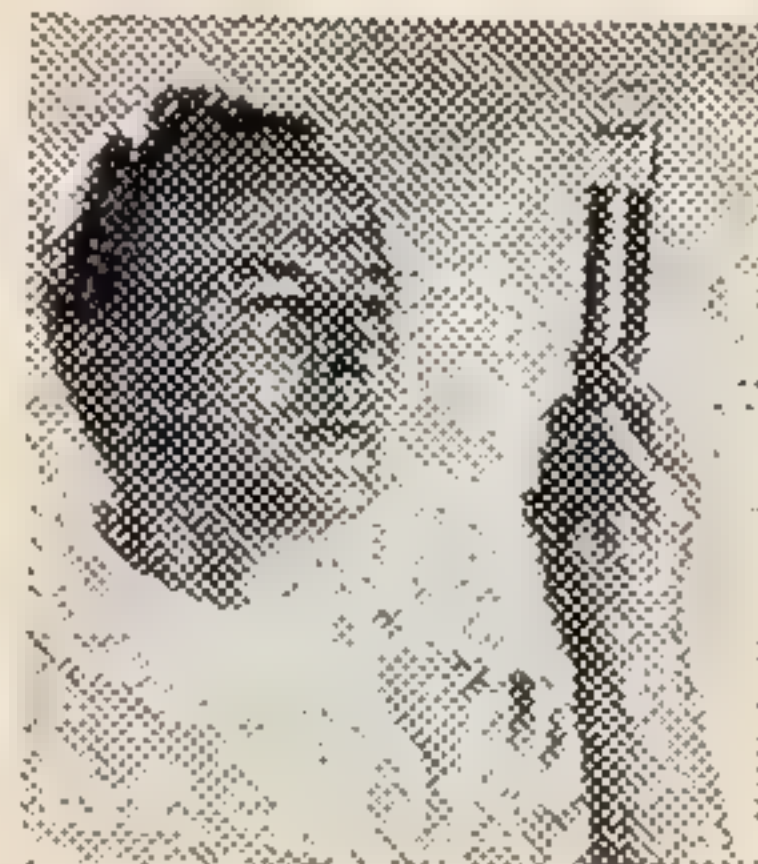
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papa loves mama

(Continued from page 38) been settled. But as the day wore on, she grew more and more jumpy. "Like a schoolgirl," she vows, "waiting for her first beau." Not because he was Pat Nerney. By any name, he'd have produced the same effect. Battling emotional problems for months on end, a carefree evening was like something remembered in a dream. What if she couldn't laugh? What if she couldn't think of anything to talk about?

But when Pat arrived, she stopped worrying. Blessed with the gift of gab, he easily bridged those first awkward moments, sent Jane's spirits soaring, made her forget herself. They did exactly what she'd been longing to do—dined in style at the Luau, danced at all the glamour spots, dropped heartache in the lap of gaiety for a night and never hit home until four A.M. Weary but shining-eyed, she thanked him. "It's been wonderful, Pat."

"For me, too. Can we do it again?"

"I'd love to."

EXCEPT FOR A PRIOR engagement to attend a premiere with Jacques Mapes, she never again dated anyone but Pat. Except when she went out of town, no day passed without their seeing each other. It wasn't planned. They never said, "Let's go steady." They slipped into constant companionship for the simplest of reasons. He wanted to be with her and she with him. They took comfort in the fact without trying to dissect it. Enough for both that they found it good.

"What drew us together at first," says Jane, "was mostly loneliness." Since Pat's divorce from Mona Freeman, he'd squired many girls and been serious about none. From the day he met Jane, no other girl existed. He fell soon and hard, without any ifs or buts. Engagingly candid, he didn't care who knew it. "She's one in a million. Sure I'm in love with her. Madly." He told her so at frequent intervals. At frequent intervals he'd ask her to marry him. Sometimes the question brought a smile to her eyes, more often a cloud. "I don't know, Pat. It all sounds very fine, but I've got to think things through. My decree won't even be final till next August. Let's just wait and see."

If she was less confident than he, it's because the years have dealt her some painful blows. She's no longer the visionary who believed in fairy tale romance and knights on white chargers. At twenty-one she married Geary Steffen for what was intended to be a lifetime. It turned out otherwise. She's not the first to wake up to the realization that young love can be a mirage, nor will she be the last. Only Jane was expected to live with the sham and like it. When the Hayworths divorce, people shrug. For Powell, set up as the model of a happy wife, divorce became a catastrophe. The notion seemed to prevail that, if she wasn't happy, she ought to pretend to be happy for her public's sake. The trouble with this picture is that she can't pretend, and that marriage is a private affair. For her honesty in breaking clean from an empty life, she headed into a tempest of disapproval.

THEN PAT CAME along with his warmth and laughter and devotion—easing her hurts, flooding her days like sunlight. His quick mind exhilarated, his humor charmed her. She loved his love for people, and his rare capacity for drawing joy from every moment of living. But she remained fearful of her own response. "Is it because I've been lonely that I feel this way? Is it Pat I want or is it just a companion for my loneliness? That's what I've got to make sure of."

He respected her qualms. Beyond periodic offers of heart and hand—which he couldn't help—he exerted no pressure. "I'll hold still, Janie. As long as nobody else tries to muscle in."

"There's no room for anyone else. I aim to get real well acquainted with a guy named Nerney. And give him a chance to get real well acquainted with me."

Both had busy schedules. After *Athena*, Jane flew to Brazil for the Film Festival, returned to make *Seven Brides*, played an engagement at Las Vegas. With his brother, Pat runs the Ford agency which belongs to their father and he hopes for an agency of his own some day. An astute businessman, a tireless worker, he's on duty two nights and every other week end. To see each other daily, they had to budget their time, cut down on other social activities. Once or twice a week they'd dine out. They took the children, including Pat's Monie, as often as possible. But Jane, incurably domestic, prefers to do her own cooking.

This proved an eye-opener to Pat. "Movie stars don't cook! Not after slaving all day at the studio! Come on, we'll go to Romanoff's."

"We're staying right here. Now listen and don't try to upset my routine. I've got a maid who fixes supper for the kids. I've got a woman who does the cleaning once a week and another for the ironing. But I'm boss in the kitchen. I don't want somebody always underfoot, telling me what I can do and what I can't. A cook in the house would drive me out of my mind. So settle down. I'll have dinner on the table in forty-five minutes."

THEIR EVENINGS were quietly spent. Once in a while they'd take in a movie. Pat's idea of the perfect picture was *Seven Brides* for seven days. Having seen it twice, Jane called a halt. "What's twice?" he demanded indignantly.

"My limit." So they'd listen to records. Pat owned a fine collection, which little by little he deposited at Jane's. "They're piling up. You ought to take some of them home."

"They like it here," he said firmly. "Let 'em stay."

Mostly they talked, getting to know each other in small ways and large. He discovered unexpected shynesses in her. Cajole as he might, she'd never sing for him. The harder he begged, the tighter she'd clam up. "But I don't understand, honey. You sing for mobs."

"That's different. That's professional. It's embarrassing to sing for one person. Sort of show-offy."

"Don't you sing round the house? Don't you ever sing for the kids?"

"They won't let me," she chuckled. "When I have to practice sometimes, all I hear is, 'Oh Mommy, you sing too loud!'"

She discovered that he could spout on any given subject. This delighted her. She admired both his fluency and his fund of knowledge. She also enjoyed ribbing him. "I merely asked you what time it was," she'd remind him. "I didn't ask you to make a clock." (To make a clock is now one of their pet running gags.) She discovered his generosity. "It's obvious that money burns a hole in your pocket. If we ever marry, I'll have to deal with that. Because I'm the saving one."

"When we marry," he amended.

HER RELUCTANCE to commit herself didn't mean that she avoided the discussion of marriage. On the contrary. To escape its pitfalls, she felt that they must discuss it, explore their viewpoints in the light of a possible future together, determine whether their differences were basic or superficial.

They discussed her work. "My career

means a lot to me, Pat. I'd never give it up."

"I'd never expect you to. Any more than you'd expect me to quit selling Fords."

"There are times when I'd have to be on the road. I might even want to do a Broadway show. It would mean separation."

"Look, Janie, let's get this straight. I'm no hanger-on. I couldn't flit hither and yon on my wife's trail. I've got a job, too, that's darned important to me, and I'm sticking with it. I won't pretend that I'd like your going off on the road or to Broadway—or for that matter, even as far as Pasadena. To be brutally frank, I'd hate the whole idea. But if you must go, you must, and I wouldn't squawk. You'd have to take my word for that."

They discussed children. "I think six," said Jane, "is a nice number."

"I'm all for big families," said Pat.

"I believe in discipline. Fresh children aren't for me."

"Fresh children are out."

Jane's kids aren't fresh. But Geary has reached the I-don't-want-to stage and she sometimes finds it necessary to banish him briefly to his room. Not when Pat's around, though. "You can get him to do almost anything better than I can. How?"

"Black magic. Marry me, and I'll let you in on the system."

He'd bring Monie over to dinner. Grown-up for her seven years, she spread a maternal wing over Geary and Sis. "They're more fun than dolls," she decided, "because they move without pulling a string." Equally quick to adopt Jane into her circle, she proposed calling her one morning as she and her mother were about to leave for the east.

Mona glanced at the clock. "It's only seven, darling. You might wake her up."

"Oh, she won't mind that a bit." On the bedtable, Jane's telephone shrilled. "You don't mind, do you?" asked Monie's treble.

"Of course not," answered a slightly bewildered Jane.

"Well, goodbye then."

"But, Monie, you haven't even said hello yet."

"I'll say hello when I come back. And I'll send you a postcard."

THE MONTHS PASSED. Pat canceled a trip abroad, planned for July. "I'd rather take you on a honeymoon instead." But as August and the day of decision drew near, a change came over him. He dropped his refrain of, "Marry me, marry me, marry me." Under the surface sparkle ran a graver current.

"Anything wrong, Pat?"

"Uh-uh. Just indulging in some quiet thought. About us. And how I've been crowding you. I won't any more, Jane. You know how I feel. I'll never feel any different. But from here on in, I'm giving you elbow room. I'm not going to ask you to marry me again. It's up to you now."

He stuck to his word, aware that a man's importunate love can sometimes persuade a girl she's in love, too. If anything could have drawn them closer, it was that gesture of selfless understanding. Consciously or not, Jane's heart had already made its decision. But her head said: "Wait. Be very sure. For his sake and for your own." When the time came, head and heart merged into one. Looking back, all her images blended into a figure staunch and tender, a man she could trust as well as love. Looking forward, the years stretched empty without Pat beside her. Thus the big question answered itself. It wasn't a companion for loneliness she wanted, but Pat, with his strength, his loyalty, his fun and kindness.

The moon was almost full that August evening. Her pulses quickened, taking her back for a moment to last November.

What was it she'd said to herself? He's a nice red-headed guy who means nothing to me. Her blue eyes turned to the guy who had come to mean so much. "Let's go see what the moonlight does to the garden." It turned the garden into a place of silvery enchantment. For reasons too intricate to untangle, tears rose in her throat. Choking them back, she slipped her hand into his. "You said you'd never ask me again, Pat." His fingers tightened on hers. "So I'm asking you," she finished softly.

Pat designed the ring. Ruser of Beverly Hills made it. Ruser's makes many beautiful rings, but considers this one unique. Its yellow-gold tendrils are set with ten fancy-colored diamonds (ten carats in all) ranging from bronze through green to canary. "You don't gather unusual colors like that in a minute," they'll tell you proudly. "We collected them over a long period of time." They'll also tell you, laughing, how Pat would appear every day in a state of fever. He didn't exactly prod them, merely dropped broad hints at five-minute intervals, like, "When can you have it ready? Tonight? Tomorrow?"

Finally it was finished. He picked it up one morning on his way to the agency. But the notion of waiting till evening to give it to Jane filled him with acute frustration. Evening was an eternity away. He broke for the phone. "Honey, I've got the ring. Can you come down for it?"

"To the shop?"

"Where else?"

A giggle escaped her. "That wouldn't be very romantic. Let's compromise. I'll fix dinner for you tonight, and you give it to me here."

"On one condition. Before dinner, not after."

Two weeks later they went together to see the wedding band—a contour ring with three diamonds, which slides into the engagement ring and completes the pattern. Meanwhile Jane had surprised him with a gold cigarette case.

"He hasn't," she declares, "a selfish bone in his body, which is sometimes good and sometimes bad. What's bad is, he doesn't think enough about himself. Now, we all know you can get along great if you never own a gold cigarette case. It's a luxury. Still, he'd wanted one for years to match his lighter, and he could afford it. But no. 'It's crazy,' he'd say, 'to buy anything like that for yourself.' So I got a terrific bang out of buying it for him and, the way he acts, you'd think it was the Kohinoor. Ross Hunter gave us a beautiful announcement party. There was an arbor with lovebirds, there were two flowered hearts on the mantel with JANIE and PAT spelled out, and there must have been well over a hundred people. I doubt if one of the hundred missed Pat's cigarette case. He'd dash up to people he didn't even know, eyes shining like a kid's, and haul it out. 'See what Janie gave me?' It embarrassed me," she confesses, smiling. "It also made me feel a little weepy."

IN HER OWN way, without making a big thing of it, Jane told the children. "How would you like Pat to come and live here?" Since Pat was their friend and playmate, they liked it fine. "When?" Geary asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Some time soon."

"Okay, he can have my bed and I'll tuck him in." Later he insisted that Pat try out the bed for size. "You're too long, but don't worry, we'll scrunch you up."

That settled, his elders concentrated on other details. Busy at the studio, Jane had neither time nor inclination for an elaborate trousseau. "The few things I need, Helen Rose is designing. Minus Dior flat chests. Pat hates them, and I'm glad. Even if he liked them, I wouldn't wear them."

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His dream of a honeymoon abroad is coming true. If *Hit The Deck* is finished on time, they'll leave around the fifteenth. Otherwise they'll wait till January, since nothing would induce them to spend Christmas away from the children. For the time being, they'll live in the house Jane bought not long ago. Having moved in so recently, she's understandably reluctant to move right out. So they've built a clothes closet off the bedroom for Pat, and Pat's lovely pictures glow from the livingroom walls.

An art lover as well as a music lover, he collects French impressionists. Promptly on the heels of their engagement, and to Jane's dismay, he arrived bearing treasures. "Oh no," she protested. "I'd feel like a thief in the night."

"What's mine is yours. Or, like it says in the book, with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"But not yet, Pat."

"You going technical on me? Now let's hang this Renoir where it'll do the most good."

rock hudson's romance

(Continued from page 46) then there was Betty Abbot, walking across the floor and out the door, alone. Shortly thereafter she returned to the States. Rock stayed in Europe.

That's what they say, with at least a faint ring of authority.

At once, there began the question-and-no-answer period. What happened? Why? What happens next? Betty Abbott, on her way home to Hollywood, was not available for questioning. Rock, ever the gentleman, was available but not loquacious. He spoke highly of Betty and neatly dodged all questions about their romance.

AFTER THAT, of course, came the speculations. And very interesting, and very varied they were. First, and most startling, Barbara Rush, Rock's co-star for two pictures, was mentioned as a new romance. The cast believed that Barbara's marriage to Jeff Hunter was shaky; they knew that she and Rock enjoyed each other's company. Publicity men attached to the company talked the rumor down; whenever a star is at loose ends, they said, his or her latest co-star is nominated as the next big love. Nothing to it, they said. But when Barbara, home in America, announced her separation and forthcoming divorce from Jeff, talk began again. It hasn't stopped yet.

But Barbara was far from the only Other Woman discussed. The name of the very cute Contessa, so lightly passed over before the flare-up, was revived, repeated and dragged into countless debates. She's his new romance, said some. Betty's apparent indifference to Rock's dates with the lovely Italian concealed a rightfully jealous anger.

Pretty, cultured, intelligent, of honest-to-Pete noble birth, the resident of a most excellent little palace—what unsophisticated American boy, having grown up in poverty, having once earned his living as a truckdriver and mailcarrier, could fail to be impressed? Add to that the fact that Maria is known as the Italian equivalent of "a real good Joe," knows many Hollywoodites and can chat with them in delightful English about movie-making and movie-makers—and what bright, young, male movie star could fail to have fun? Especially at the Venice Film Festival, with all the attendant gaiety of international show-people, all the romance of one of the world's most romantic cities. If it isn't love, circumstances can make it feel like a reasonable facsimile, said the

THEY STILL DON'T see eye-to-eye on the subject of cooks. Once they're married, Pat's putting his foot down. He won't have her shuttling between hot studio and hot stove. Jane figures they'll compromise. "We might have a woman in once or twice a week. But nobody's going to shove me out of my kitchen."

There's also a minor difference in another department. "Pat thinks we should keep the first year for ourselves. I'd like a child right away. Since I want six, I might as well get started. Geary and Sis aren't really babies any more, and I can't stand the idea of not having a baby round the house." An impish grin scattered her ruefulness. "You know, there's nothing much cuter than a redheaded baby."

As you read this, the bells will be ringing for Jane and her guy. All shadows past, their hands will be joined, their faces lifted to the bright promise ahead, their hearts warm with the wishes of many friends. To which we add our own—for long life and health and joy and as many little redheads as the stork allows. **END**

advocates of the Jealous-Of-Maria Theory No wonder Betty walked out!

Nonsense, said a cameraman who knew all three. Maria is a terrific kid, but Rock hardly knows her. A couple of dates, a few dinners at the Danelli Roof, however romantic, don't constitute a romance. And if Rock were the impressionable type, why would he have been going with Betty all this time? Being a script-girl takes brains and efficiency—but it's not likely to send autograph-hunters into a tizzy. If Rock wanted to be impressed, aren't there enough glamour girls in Hollywood to do it? What he looks for in a girl, he said, is obviously the girl.

No, THERE'S something far more important, far deeper, involved than a few evenings with Another Woman. One of Rock's closest friends takes the floor.

"You can believe it or not, but Rock was nowhere near as close to marriage as people thought. He admires and respects Betty very much. They might, in time, reach an understanding. But the understanding right now is that Rock is very much a bachelor and intends to stay that way, concentrating on his career, which is at its peak.

"Knowing Rock, I'd say his chances of marrying Countess Maria are as good as the possibility that he might leap to the altar with Betty. Rock is not the leaping type. I know that he likes Maria very much, but I think it's a safe bet that he will be as single this time next year as he is now!"

It sounds like sense, so the discussion takes it from there. Rock's career is undeniably growing by leaps and bounds. He's no longer just a teen-agers' idol—however exciting that may be. He's an actor now, a good one, in demand for roles that take more than a beefcake build and a strong, handsome face. And to those who knew Rock during that whole, memorable European-Irish stay, there have been changes made in more than his career. Rock Hudson, the man, is growing just as fast!

Could be, an older grip offers, that it's just these changes that have caused trouble for Rock and Betty. When they met, they were both contented people. Rock was getting his big build-up, his fabulous fan-mail, his world was in great shape. Betty was pretty, popular, highly respected in her field. They liked each other, maybe loved each other, certainly, they felt sure of each other and of themselves. Perhaps Betty could have married Rock then, but the studio preferred him

single, and they were in no hurry. Rock's mother gave her public and printed blessing: "I certainly hope Roy does marry Betty. She's a wonderful girl and so right for him." Maybe a few people disagreed: a man who worked with them on several films said, "Betty worships the ground Rock walks on. He has a growing tendency toward arrogance and she encourages it by allowing herself to become this ground he walks upon!" But remarks like that were infrequent. Most people saw no arrogance in Rock, nothing at all slavish in Betty's devotion.

BUT THEN came Europe—and change. All of a sudden Rock Hudson, who once laughingly admitted he had never gone to college because he never made a B average in his life, was hungry for knowledge. He bought books. Big books, on serious subjects, and he read them. He bought records, but they weren't pops; they were classical. He bought a set of oil paints. Rock has always had a talent for drawing, but now for the first time he considered it seriously enough to try oils on for size.

These are the signs of growth, and growth is not always easy. It involves an often painful re-examination of what a man is, what he wants, what he has. Sometimes it involves a re-organization of his life. Betty Abbott loved and was loved by the old Rock. Surely she could not object to the maturing process taking place, but she could fear it. Would she and this new Mr. Hudson know each other, understand each other, want each other? Fear does strange things to people.

The crew members with *Captain Lightfoot* in Ireland go along with this. Betty realized that Rock was slipping away from her, they say, and became a little demanding. People sympathized. She had given her time exclusively to him for a couple of years. She wanted to know where they stood. Apparently, she forced the issue of their relationship. Rock didn't have the right answers. He was in a period of transition and he didn't know the answers. Betty walked out of the restaurant and—anyone here got another theory?

But you don't need another theory. Bit by bit, the story falls together. Some of the bits aren't sad at all. Like the long, exciting one of their tour of Europe. Perhaps it was that very cross-continent trip that sowed the seeds of change in Rock—but it was fun while it lasted!

IN FACT, the day his studio informed Rock Hudson that he was going to Ireland to star in *Captain Lightfoot*, the big guy broke into the widest grin in Hollywood. This was manna from heaven; he had been itching for a trip to Europe, and now he was to get one on the house. And at that time he was overjoyed to hear that Betty Abbott would be script girl. Rock being a guy who never had time for a trip, what more could he ask?

Well, there was something . . . As he sat there, the wheels began to turn in Rock's mind. Suddenly he hopped up and got his long legs to moving in the direction of the set on which Betty Abbott was working. "Hey," he said, drawing her aside, "I've got an idea . . ."

His idea was a pre-picture tour of Europe. This being a pair of nice, clean-minded kids, they never considered making the trip alone. There may be established movie stars who travel abroad with their current lights of love sans chaperon, ignoring raised eyebrows, but in his own mind Rock Hudson will never be that well established. For Betty and him the trip was only possible if they persuaded Barbara Rush to go along as chaperone, (interesting in the light of later events!) for

the mundane reason that splitting expenses three ways would put them all in less of a bind and, last but definitely not least, because they had had so much fun with Barbara in the past. Barbara was delighted.

SHE AND BETTY flew to Paris together, Rock having gone some days in advance to make arrangements—and that may have been a mistake. Rock had spent his time with Ginger and Jacques Bergerac in Rome and Rock had fallen in love . . . with the Eternal City. He saw nothing else, he talked of nothing else when he met their plane. Thereafter, regardless of what it was that Barbara and Betty admired—landscape or cathedral—the Rock brushed it off scornfully. "Nothing, just nothing," he'd say. "Wait till you see Rome!"

The girls finally became so wearied of his one-line theme song that they dreamed up a duet in answer. Not terribly original but apparently effective, it consisted of, "Oh, shut up!"

They had two glorious days of seeing Paris under the guidance of Jacques Bergerac and his bride, and on the third day they packed, arranged contact points with a studio representative, and rented a car. At three o'clock that afternoon, with Rock at the wheel of a Kaiser-Frazer, the trio started off to see Europe.

"Betty was the bookkeeper, Rock the chauffeur and I the linguist," Barbara wrote her family. "And I must say we got along very well. We did try to share the driving equally, but I'll bet Rock drove as much as Betty and I together."

They all saw Europe, but Rock also photographed practically every square inch they visited—and they covered a lot of ground, being eager and healthy enough to drive till four in the morning to reach a particular destination.

"Rock was such fun on that trip," the girls said later. "Not only because he was always ready to take over when we were tired. He was so considerate—there must have been places he wanted to see especially, but he just went along with whatever we wanted to do. Besides, his enthusiasm is so contagious—and when he laughs! When something really tickled Rock, he laughed from so deep inside that you couldn't help thinking, 'How young, how wonderful!' and feel warmed all over."

Food . . . that's what Rock had a bee in his bonnet about then. In New York he had discovered a dish called *canaloni* for which he developed an insatiable appetite. He begged for it in every Italian village they visited, only to be met by blank stares from the cafe owners and merciless ribbings from his feminine companions. They thought he made it up.

In the end Rock was victorious, as usual. The hotel at which they registered in Piacenza was managed by a gentleman who spoke reasonably good English, having spent two years in America. When the tired girls went up to their rooms, Rock was chatting away with the man with his customary puppy-dog friendliness and the energy they found so awesome. Came dinnertime and the girls descended to the dining room—what was served with a flourish? *Canaloni*, of course. It turned out that Rock had spent the entire afternoon in the kitchen, collaborating with the manager and the chef to improvise the meal.

The trip would not have been complete without at least one "incident." On the way to Nice the three Hollywood kids somehow got involved in an Italian bicycle race, which Barbara Rush describes as "an Olympic free-for-all." By the time they got out of it, there were only a few more precious days left before they had a picture starting in Dublin, and both girls wanted to go back and soak up some more Parisian atmosphere. Rock elected to stay in Nice



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and soak up some sunshine. It was an amiable parting—but coming events do have a way of casting their shadows before them.

It was in Dublin, where *Captain Lightfoot* was filmed that people began to remark at the change in Rock. Barbara insists, "I've never known Rock to be more thoughtful and considerate. As an example, he saw an advertisement in an American magazine about some sweater made there in Ireland, and he must have visited every shop in Dublin to get sweaters like that for Betty and me.

"Not that we didn't fight," she added. "We did, like cats and dogs. In the Shelbourne Hotel, where we stayed during the picture, Rock and I shared a sitting room. Naturally, we couldn't both have bedrooms adjoining it, so I chose a room on another floor. That's when we fought—about who was going to have the use of the sitting room for interviews and things like that.

"But that was childish bickering, of course. On the whole, I doubt if anyone could ask for a sweeter guy to work with. I can remember a few times when we had especially hard days, when we all felt homesick and too tired to bother about anything. Those were always the times when Rock had rented a car, had arranged our dinner at some quaint, charming place he had found, and spent the evening knocking himself out so that we couldn't feel any way but good. He can't stand people not to be happy."

On the other hand, an American journalist visiting the Dublin location said sourly, "Say, what's with this guy, anyhow? He wants to meet certain people, see certain things, and you go out of your way to fix it up because he's a fellow American. Then, at the last minute, he says, 'I don't feel like going. See you later. Good night,' leaving you to explain the best way you can. As soon as he finds out you're a newspaperman, he clams up. He's moody and almost arrogant when he does open his mouth. What gives with this guy?"



EXPERT OPINION

A few years ago my father and I attended a play on Broadway. At the end, as we started up the aisle, my father looked straight into the face of a very attractive girl and, thinking I was behind him, half-turned and said, "Isn't she a pretty girl?" A man's voice replied, "Yes, I think so!" The very pretty girl was Betsy Drake and the man's voice was Cary Grant's!

Marilou O'Connor
Providence, R. I.

One of Rock's good friends, also in the picture, came to his defense. "Rock's different. He has some kind of extra-perception that makes him sense right away how

a stranger feels about him. I've never seen Rock antagonistic to the press, but if he ever is, I would think it's because some of them are so cynical. You know, they come around for an interview and ask all the questions, but they already know the answers in advance. They've interviewed hundreds of movie stars, and they've got Rock tagged before they ever see him—a big, dumb hunk of muscle who makes the teen-age kids squeal. Sure, he clams up. Their stories are already written; why should he bother?"

This is from a guy behind the camera—one of the first to notice what every one saw later. "You know what's happening? Rock's growing up, and it has him confused. We began to get the idea when he made *Obsession* that this wasn't going to be just one more leading man hanging around on the screen till the bobby-soxers got tired of him. We got a glimmer then that this boy could be one of the finest actors around. Well, he did some scenes in *Lightfoot* that will knock your eye out. He even had us applauding. And he's beginning to feel the power within himself. On this picture he first realized that he could dominate a scene, control it and the other actors in it by what he did, and make it into anything he wanted. I think it scared him. Rock works hard, but he's an instinctive actor first of all, and when instinctive people start thinking, they're in trouble.

"Because Rock can't simply shut thought off in a convenient little compartment labeled 'Acting.' He has started to think about the rest of his life. Before, he was a happy-go-lucky guy who liked things the way they were and didn't want to change them until they soured. Now that he's an actor, he feels responsible about his pictures. And he doesn't know what he wants any more. That's it. I'd say he's pretty mixed up."

When the picture was finished, Rock went back to his beloved Rome. There he went on collecting the books and records. There, he went on thinking seriously about his acting and, like the man said, the thought spilled over into every phase of his life. Betty had gone home. Was she waiting for him to follow, contrite and apologetic? Did he want to apologize—and for what? Was she hurt, angry, indifferent, maybe even relieved by their breakup? How did he want her to feel? Like the man said, he didn't know what he wanted. What hurt most was not knowing if he wanted Betty. He couldn't build a marriage on a love gone stale, but in his own heart he was far from sure that it was over. And both of them would have to wait and suffer until he knew. That is, if Betty would wait. Round and round it went. He just didn't know.

Except for one thing. Rock knew that he wanted to come home—alone—via a slow freighter. He wanted time, he said, "to read, to listen to music, to paint and to think things out." He didn't say what the things were.

Rock's good-and-great friend, agent Henry Willson, who was also in Britain at the time, was positive that the boy would die of boredom on such a voyage and assured one and all that he would persuade Rock to fly back to New York with him.

To which boast one of the feminine members of the company promptly inquired, "Why don't you try leaving him alone, instead?"

At this point, that's probably the best thing that anyone can do. Rock and Betty are not irresponsible children, but adults with an adult problem. Given time, they will work it out in an adult way. Given time, they will once again know their own hearts—no matter which way the decision goes. And they will be better, more mature people for having seen it through.

END

always lead with your heart

(Continued from page 33) commissary or elsewhere, the proceeds return to the Ladds, and the Ladds to the chickens.

In his younger days, Alan demonstrated a talent for flipping hamburgers, writing newspaper copy, and swimming fifty yards in a remarkably short time. But the bent for construction and design might reasonably prove to be the very thing to support a retired actor who unaccountably finds himself stoned out of the corral, should such an unlikely thing ever happen.

Alan's ability manifests itself in two ways; affirmatively—Alsulana Acres is his baby, including much of the manual work—and in the form of muttered critiques, all on the constructive side.

To illustrate that, let us say that Sue and Alan are spending an evening at a friend's place in Holmby Hills, a posh Los Angeles neighborhood where the Ladds likewise maintain a residence. Pretty soon there is a murmuring from Alan, low at first like a dynamo heard from a distance, intended only for Sue, then clear and distinct, as his critical faculties break their bonds. What tormented Alan this night was the presence of a too small window looking out on a sweeping view. He choked manfully for a while, then expounded his theory. Sue gave him The Look, as she usually does at that particular point, and said through a bright, stony smile that yes, dear, but has it occurred to you that perhaps they like it this way? With the overtone suggestion that Sue and Alan would have a little talk on the way home. Alan subsided, but he had made his point. They should be kicking the wall in by now.

odyssey, Alan stared moodily at the floor of the main house at the ranch and declared himself out of a job.

His position was sound to the extent that he wasn't working. It was unsound in view of twenty-seven scripts piled in a corner, awaiting only his okay.

"Alan," Sue Ladd told a friend recently, "starts worrying any time a pile of prospective stories gets down to the point where he can see over it. I can hear him now. 'Well—looks like they don't want me any more.' Then he moves the furniture around. Getting ready for his new career."

But she speaks thus tenderly, not mockingly. It is well known to all Ladd's intimates, and to his wife best of all, that having to leave pictures could break his heart. His profession, by most accounts, is the third of Ladd's four fundamental loves. The first, naturally, is Sue and the children. The second is the ranch, an inseparable part of his being. And the fourth is Hollywood—not the generic term meaning any place in Southern California where films are being made, but the geographic segment of Los Angeles called Hollywood.

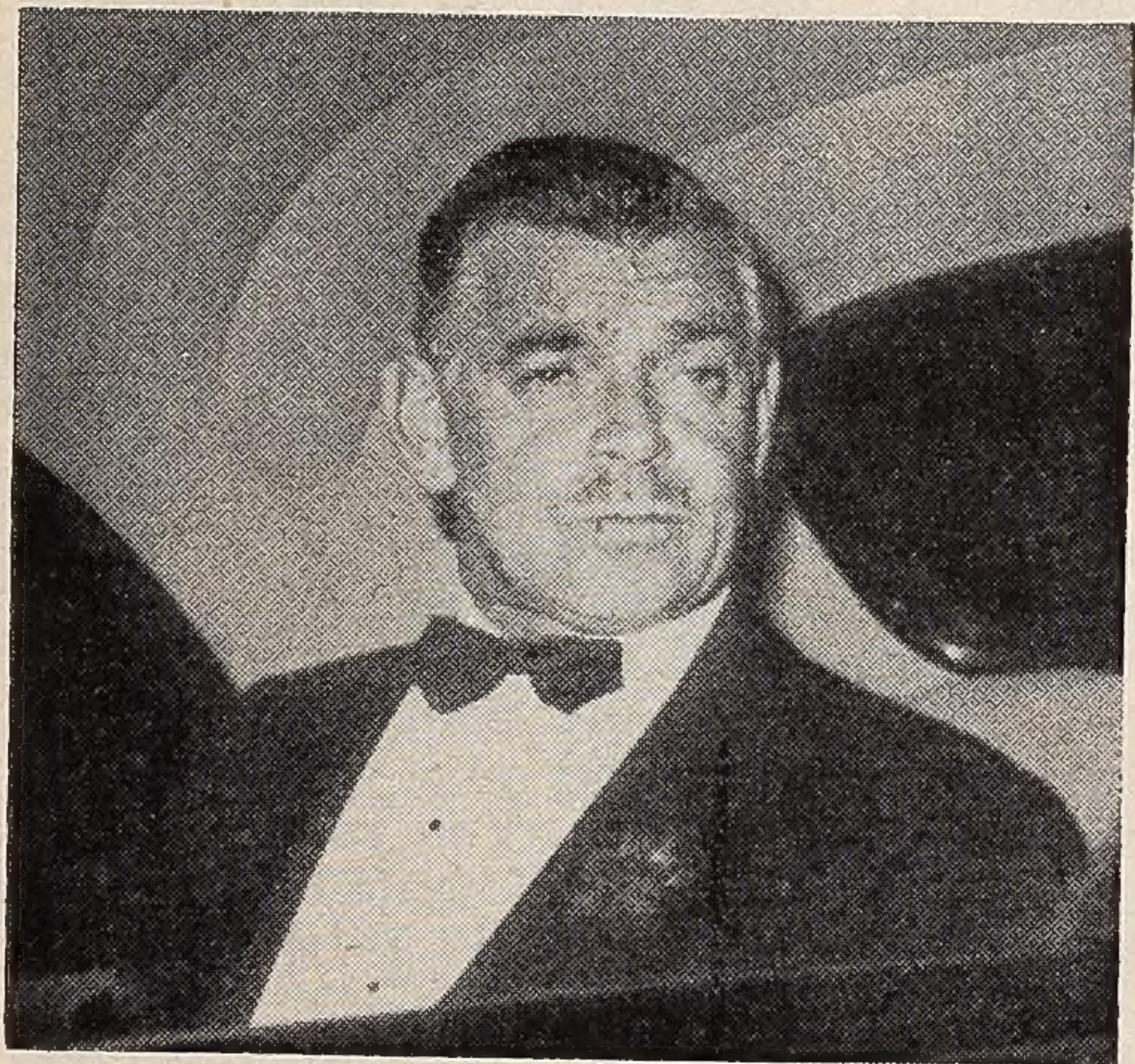
"When I die," he told Sue, "bury me there. Not too far from Hollywood and Vine."

THERE IS NO PART of motion pictures that does not fascinate Ladd, no reward from the industry for which he is not profoundly grateful. He began as a grip at Warners' and he still carries his card. He wants to act as long as he can, but if that wanes, there will be directing and production. He formed his own company now, and quite recently bought his first story, a business about a cop framed into jail who comes out of the jug feeling mighty

HEY THERE!

When I pulled my auto to a stop at a Ventura Boulevard intersection I noticed a familiar face in the car beside me. Figuring the handsome actor would be embarrassed to see me staring, I casually turned away. But to my amazement I heard a rambling, nonsensical whistle directed at me. I then realized that he was trying to attract my attention in the hope that I would recognize him. I shyly acknowledged Clark Gable's persistence, and in an instant a worried look disappeared from his face and he was smiling and beaming at me! Incidentally, Mr. Gable surely can't carry a tune!

Nancy Wyatt
Fresno, California



It's not always like that. On the more disciplined evenings, Alan manages to restrain himself until they've left. But then the redesigning gains momentum. In all seriousness, this could serve as his backstop. He's good at it.

NO ONE, not even Sue Ladd, is able to account in whole for her husband's recurrent spasms of anxiety, his suspicion that he is astride a skittish mount that might throw him at any time. Although he constantly gives thanks for his success and blessings, he is always mindful of the fears and anxieties of the depression years.

Alan Ladd is at the moment in the full flush of his career; in the opinion of many, he is the most truly famed and entrenched star of his time. This is not to say he will not go still farther onward and upward with his craft. But for the most of his profession, even those in his own giddy bracket, what he is right now represents the end of the rainbow.

But one night not long ago, shortly after the Ladds' return from their European

vengeful about it. The children have some of this corporation; it's part of the long-range trust system by which he has pledged himself to their security.

Ladd will play the cop. He is well adapted to roles conveying a sense of smoldering violence. But the cop is not a nasty sort. Ladd thinks it would be impolitic of him at this stage to play any more killer roles. His first spectacular hit was the role of Raven in *This Gun For Hire*. Raven was a fellow with no moral flaw except that the prices he charged for killing total strangers seemed to some of his employers outrageous. Ladd now tends to regard Raven as no worse than a mixed-up kid, but would not essay a repetition. Meanwhile, he's up for a co-starring stint with June Allyson, another worry-ridden itinerant with whom Alan has a lot in common. Ladd was as reluctant to quit Paramount and the security it represented as June was to quit MGM. Both were reasonably sure they would starve to death and both dreaded breaking off established ties of friendship.

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Ladd's return home from his first day at Warners' (or his first since the grip period) was marked by a surprising exchange with his wife.

"You know something?" he told Sue triumphantly. "They were wonderful to me! Everybody was swell!"

"Well, for pity's sake," said Sue. "Why shouldn't they be? Are you a monster?"

"No, but the grips and everybody!" crowed Mr. L. "They remembered me. What do you think of that? They thought they'd stick me with some of the old grip language, but they couldn't. And believe me, that's a special language!"

"So what were you scared of?"

"What was I scared of? Everything, I guess. For all I knew, they'd treat me like an actor."

Ladd's friends think he is mortally sensitive to any change of "star behavior." He is a warm and friendly man, the kind of man who, if he were not himself a star, would regard with contempt and hostility a star who employed overbearing behavior. So he thinks and feels from the opposite point of view. This lends him a curiously engaging facade, which in essence is the absence of any facade whatever. It is not at all the same as the professional Regular Guy. A star bending over backward to be one of the boys is apt to be an embarrassing spectacle. But Ladd is simply Ladd, neither more nor less. Success has changed Alan, yes—but all for the better in things like confidence, poise, and happiness. His innate decency has never been touched.

Evening comes to Hidden Valley like a benediction. Evening comes to almost every place like a benediction, but in Hidden Valley, it really puts its back into it. That is nice for Alan and Sue Ladd because they have a ringside seat—the ranch terrace that sits a brisk hundred feet above the valley floor and looks away at the pasture land and gathering shadows. Back to your right as you face the valley is the stable area and the chickens and the main house. Right behind you is the barbecue pit and the rumpus pavilion, and the pavilion rafter on which one night Macdonald Carey knocked himself cold as a well-kept salmon. Carey had just got word by phone that his dog had had a fine litter. He jumped for joy. The rafter stopped him in midflight, right square on the noggin. Carey settled to the ground like a tent when the center-pole is pulled. Ladd got him to a hospital very fast indeed, and they tatted a record number of stitches in Carey's skull. The place on the rafter is now known as Carey's corner.

YOU THINK of a ranch somehow as rolling land and vast acreage, but Alsulana is not. It is snug between the macadam road and the hill behind it. Mostly it's a wonderful spot to watch the neighbors break their necks ranching.

Ladd sat on the terrace in denims and a bright red shirt, talking to an old friend, a photographer. The remarkable timbre of his voice was strong and resonant, perfectly audible from twenty feet. He rose to greet a guest, turning, and there was no change from five years ago, ten, twelve.

This was going to be a barbecue; a few friends, neighbors, relatives. A couple of studio workers, some people from Chicago. A name-dropper would have starved.

There are, as you know, four children: Alana, David Alan, Carol Lee and Alan, Jr.—Laddie. Presently two of them appeared on the road below, horseback, in a brisk gallop. Then a car came around the bend and passed them. They did not slow. Ladd walked to the edge of the embankment. "Okay!" he shouted. "That's all! Get 92 off the horses now!" He wasn't being tough.

He was rather frightened. Plainly, the kids had been taught to rein in when cars pass. He came back to the group. "They'll remember now. It was time for them to knock off anyhow. You been up to the house? Want a sweater? It'll be chilly pretty soon." He called to the people in the pavilion. "Anyone for sweaters? I'm going up to the house anyway!"

The house is the concentric heart of the Ladd family's being. It's comfortable, warm, handsome and unpretentious. Here Sue and Alan sit up nights talking, sometimes till four in the morning, sometimes till dawn. "And I'll never figure just what we talk about. I guess that's the best part of it." About pictures, anyway. The future. The present. Not often the past. Here Alan tries to perpetuate his self-delusion that he likes to get off by himself, away from it all. It never ceases to amuse Sue. By eight at the latest, he is prone to jerk nervously in his chair and snap his fingers. "Wonder what George is doing?" He rises and takes a turn around the room. "Or how about calling Craig and Lila? They should be home." There is a report in uninformed quarters that Ladd is shy and withdrawn. He is not. With friends, he is gregarious and outgoing. It is true that he is quieter than Sue, but then, most people are. That is not an observation, it is a quote from Sue, who takes life, career and family seriously but does not take herself too seriously. "Alan," she reported recently, "has to make his conversation against overwhelming difficulties. I think he does very well, all things considered. He got twelve words in edgewise a week ago Tuesday."

A film producer who recently made a movie abroad fell in love with the Italian star. When the production was over he flew home to Hollywood. In his sleep, that first night home, his wife heard him groaning: "Darling, I love you and you alone. Home, wife, career—all mean nothing, compared to you." Then he stirred, opened his eyes and saw his wife standing over him, scowling. The quick-thinking producer closed his eyes again, and continued: "Cut! Now bring on the horses."

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

THE STEAKS began to get themselves barbecued, with a manful assist from Ladd. Sue was doing service duty with appetizers. Tacos. Best tacos ever. Everybody (maybe twenty guests) was very happy. Down in the valley now it was dark. Alan came over and sat on a bench.

The children came and went. They are courteous, charming, beautifully raised. "One thing," Ladd said when they had gone, "I can't dig, and that's these picture people who say they wouldn't let their kids go into pictures. Me, I want the kids in pictures—if that's what they want. Carol Lee likes the idea, I think. She switched her major at UCLA to theatre." That's where she met fiancé Dick Anderson—perhaps her biggest interest in theatre.

Sue bit into her taco. It exploded. Tacos always do. "There's talk of a picture part for David," she said. He's the youngest. Seven. "Alan's all for it. Even badgering the producer. Alan thinks the younger he starts, the better. Alan thinks all the children should begin working early—maybe because he did. Make them realize that's what life is, mostly. He can't understand why they're not eager to."

There was a lively interruption at this point. A man ran up a tree. Nobody ever did understand exactly why. He was attached to the ranch.

"He'll break his neck," muttered Alan. He ran down to the tree and stood beneath it. "Come on down!" he called. "You'll break your neck!" The man didn't pay much attention. "Come on down from there!" yelled Alan. After a while, the man came down and Alan walked back to the party. Immediately the man ran up the tree again. Ladd sighed. Pretty soon after that, a truck came. The man jumped from lower limb of the tree into the back of the truck and was driven away. That's absolutely what happened. Later we found out he was trying to fix the lights.

At dinner, Sue looked around her and said: "You know something? We couldn't afford this place when we bought it. I'm not sure we can afford it now. But there's one thing I'm even surer of. Sometimes you've got to lead with your heart. The house was burnt down, you know, when we bought it. All you see here is Alan's labor of love."

"Not quite all," said Alan. "The masonry on that service bar over there, that's a funny thing. The fellow who did it came for ten days and stayed for two years. The way it happened—"

"Alan!" somebody shouted. "Where'd you hide the Worcestershire?"

"Just a minute," said Alan. "Pardon me." That's probably a good story about the mason. It never got told. Alan had something else on his mind when he came back.

"I was just thinking," he said. "There's a catch to all this. The ranch, I mean. You'll find the same catch in a lot of actor's homes. I love the place. For me, it's the beginning and the end and the middle. But I can live in it only on one condition, and that's that I spend most of my time not living in it. You know what I mean? Picture making pays the upkeep. At least, it makes the ranch possible. But where do pictures send me? Europe. Banff. Locations fifty or a hundred miles away, it doesn't matter. Even if I'm working on a home lot, it's not practical to commute from out here, so we live in Holmby. This is strictly between pictures. So that's the price. To have it, I have to leave it."

But there is no doubt he will leave it whenever he must. Ladd knows about prices. He learned the hard way. He ran a hamburger stand, missed many meals when he was younger, and nourished himself on jelly doughnuts and pop—the thought of which still gags him. You read about stars who had it rough, and some of them aren't kidding, but Alan Ladd? In spades!

IT WAS GETTING on toward eleven now, an appalling hour for Hidden Valley, and the guests were leaving. Sue went up to the hen house and began doling eggs in all directions. The lights along the valley were dwindling, and the air was sharp, like mountain air. Ladd stood on the porch of the main house and looked at it all.

"Got to get back to town tomorrow," he said. "Dubbing at Warners'." He sounded rather wistful.

"It won't be long," said Sue.

"Maybe we can come up for Sunday."

"Why not?"

"Then what? Turn around and go back again. I don't know, every time I leave it, it's harder. It should get easier, shouldn't it?"

"Remember what I said at dinner," said Sue. "It's what you get for leading with your heart."

"Okay," said Alan. "It's what I get. So I'll take it. It's better than not leading at all."

Well, there's a catch to every rainbow, a hook on it somewhere. But the Ladds will settle happily for theirs. It seems you can go home again, at that. Simply a matter of understanding the penalty and accepting it.

END

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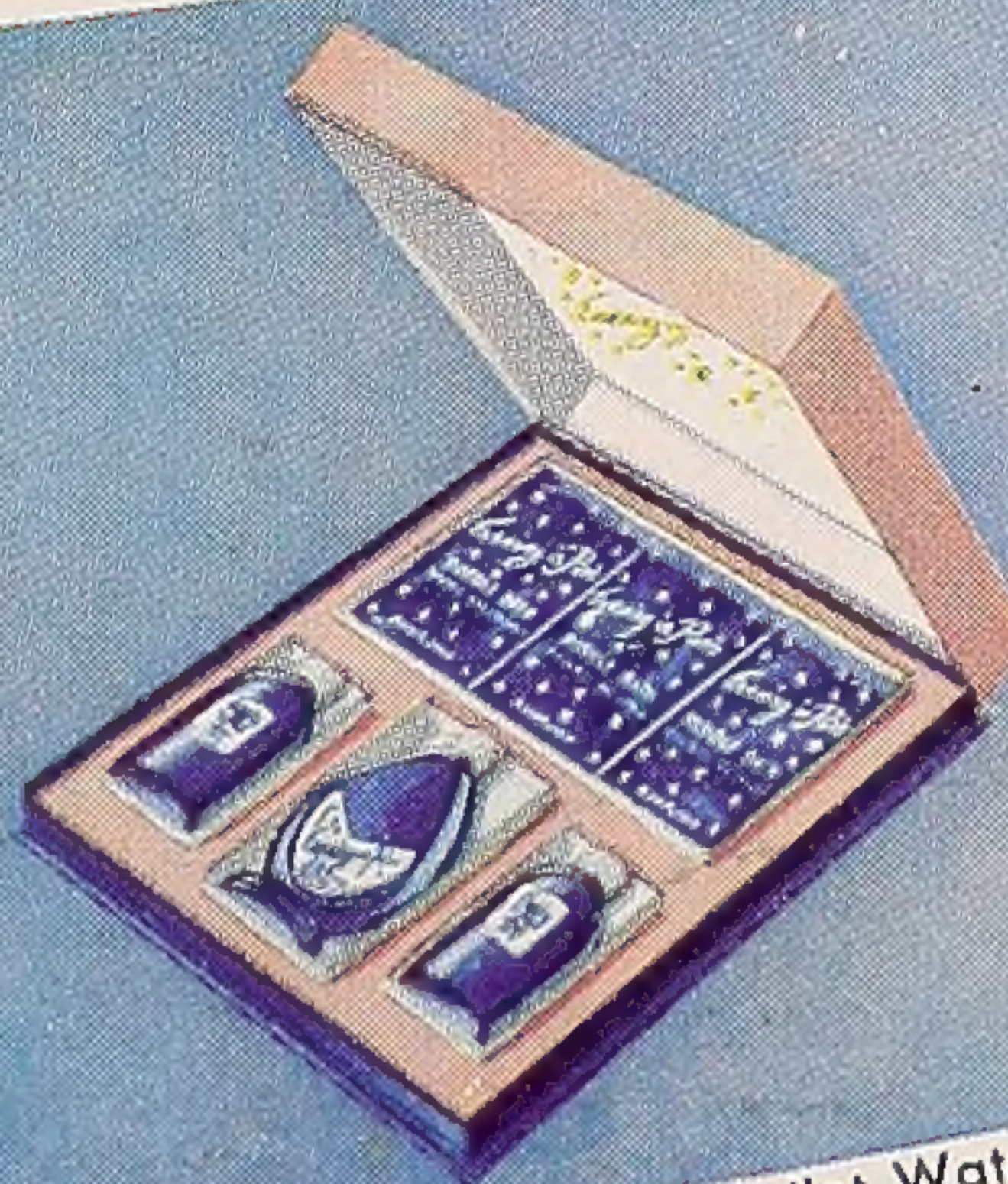
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your complexion!"*

Mrs. Fred Pittera, a lovely Camay Bride, says, "I've used new cold cream Camay from the minute I heard about it. And it's just wonderful! It's so luxurious, so mild and gentle. I love it!"

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN